The World's Story

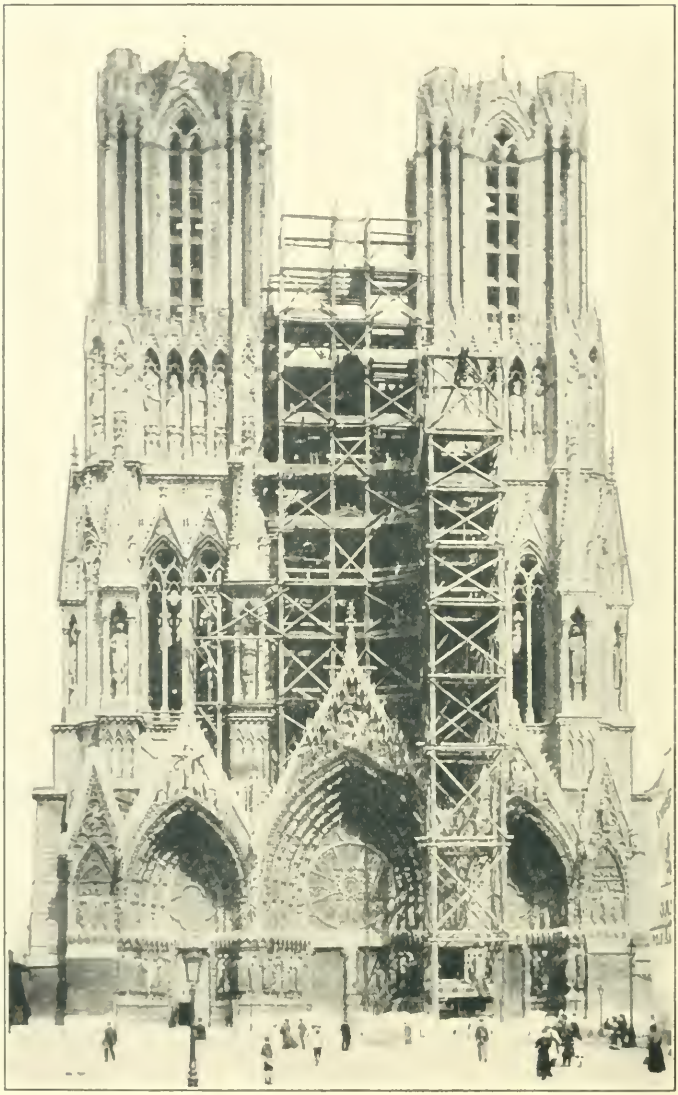
IN

FIFTEEN VOLUMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XV

First Edition



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THE CATHEDRAL AT RHEIMS

Next to the invasion of Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania, no single act of the Germans has so aroused the world as the bombardments of the Cathedral at Rheims — one of the noblest monuments of civilization. Its state in 1917 after nearly three years of bombardment was thus described by Grace Ellery Channing in the "Boston Transcript": —

"I had never seen the Cathedral itself, and it so swept over me in its battered beauty and the glory of its soaring façade that for an instant it blotted the German out.

"There, then, it stood, the thing of wonder, the thing which had stood through centuries and their wars, untouched, unharmed. . . . Hands of many dead masters had lifted it up into the air and wrought upon it, until it had become one of the most eloquent expressions of the dumb soul of man — of that wonderful animal, man; the touching witness to that in man which no other animal has. History, religion, art, all were inscribed here; it was one of the sacred stone-books of the world.

"And seven centuries — think of it! — had so held it, had passed over it with all their tumults, their conflicts, their crimes, and left it — still sacred. . . . And then think that to-day, in the twentieth century, in an age which abhors war as an idea, in times grown humane, a country more than most enlightened, whose banner-word is *Kultur*, has fired upon Rheims Cathedral, not once, not through some passionate and desperate and desperately disavowed error of an underling, but again and again, and yet again, and is firing still.

. . . "Nothing but the formidable strength of its masonry has kept the great monument standing till now; all about it are the ruins of walls only a little less massive. Shells have struck and dented and broken the Cathedral; but it still stands. How much more it can stand, architects perhaps know. There must be a limit of resistance; apparently there is none of bombardment. The very day after our visit Rheims was shelled again; it has been shelled every few days since."

THE CATHEDRAL AT RHEIMS

THE WORLD WAR

EDITED BY

HORATIO W. DRESSER, Ph.D.

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

VOLUME XV

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THE WORLD WAR

I

THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR

HISTORICAL NOTE

It is easy to state the main facts concerning the immediate occasions of the war and describe the actual events which led to it, but the question of premeditated causes is complicated and difficult. A Bosnian student assassinated the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary June 28, 1914, at Sarajevo, Bosnia. Austria sent a series of demands to Serbia, July 23, and these demands were met as fully as possible by Serbia. Austria was not prepared to accept any reply short of absolute surrender, and was apparently awaiting a pretext to make war. Accordingly, war was declared July 28 and hostilities began at once. On the face of it the war was merely local, but it immediately enlarged from a contest between a large nation and a small one into the greatest conflict between leading European nations which history has seen. The apparently simple origin of the war is complicated by any number of official documents which throw light on the action of the nations which so swiftly mobilized. Opinions on the significance of these official communications will long differ. The first need is, intelligent reading of the main facts showing how the Austro-Serbian war began; what efforts were made to limit hostilities to the two countries most directly concerned; how and why Belgium was invaded; why England declared war; and why the war took precisely the course it followed. It will then be possible to pass from the question of the mere cause of the war to an interpretation of the motives involved in the international conflict. One cannot correctly explain the origin of the war without also judging the nations in the light of actual methods pursued and deeds done. The results may then show, more plainly than the actual occasions, what nation or nations originated the war. As the war has gone on from year to year, it has become more evident to all that some of the nations were not only poorly prepared, but without desire for war. It has become no less clear that in other quarters plans for such a war had been long in process.

THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES

BY MAJOR F. E. WHITTON

To every Foreign Office in Europe that portion of the Continent known by the general title of the Balkans had long been the subject of uneasy speculation. It had gained for itself such appellations as thundercloud, volcano, danger-spot, and magazine, and one fraction of it, Bosnia, was to show that such reputation was not undeserved. That state had been handed over to Austria for administration after the Russo-Turkish War, and in 1908 was definitely annexed, the action of Austria being theatrically supported by Germany in the face of the joint protests of England, France, and Russia. Six years later the spark was lit in Bosnia which set all Europe ablaze. . . .

The population of Bosnia is overwhelmingly Slav both in race and in sympathy, but by a regrettable imprudence the visit of the Archduke was allowed to coincide with the celebration of an anniversary sacred to Slav national feeling. Whether it was this blunder that cost the heir-apparent his life is not certain; but, at any rate, the Archduke and his wife, who had accompanied him, were within a few hours assassinated by a Bosnian student. The thrill of horror which ran through Europe soon subsided and at first the tragedy seemed destined to be but a nine days' wonder. But in the weeks which followed Austria, convinced that the outrage was the outcome of anti-Austrian intrigue in Serbia, was

busily formulating her demands, and presented them on July 23d. The terms of the ultimatum were harsh in the extreme, and in her distress Serbia had recourse to Russia, the traditional protector of Slav peoples. On the advice of her ally Serbia forwarded her reply within the forty-eight hours allowed, accepting the demands with but two reservations. Austria's answer was to recall her ambassador, and two days later she declared war on Serbia.

The fact that Europe was grouped by treaties into what were practically two armed camps was sufficient to set the machinery of diplomacy working at full pressure throughout the Continent and to cause the other Powers to stand at once on the alert. Russia was disinclined to stand aside and witness the humiliation of her protégé by Austria, and France was bound to stand by Russia, although her direct interests in Serbia were infinitesimal. On the other side Germany and Italy were leagued with Austria by the terms of the Triple Alliance. Five Great Powers were thus immediately confronted with the possibility of war.

England was bound to neither side, but she did not fail to take an important precautionary step which circumstances rendered possible. A test mobilization of the Third Fleet had been carried out on July 15th, and a few days later the First, Second, and Third Fleets had assembled at Spithead for inspection by the King. Thence the various squadrons proceeded to sea for tactical exercises which terminated on July 24th. It had been arranged that maneuver leave should now be granted to the First Fleet. But at midnight, 26th-27th, this was cancelled by the Admiralty, and the Navy was ordered

to stand fast, and England was thus enabled to watch the course of events in comparative security.

On Wednesday, the 29th of July, the political tension of Europe had almost reached breaking-point. Austria was, indeed, actually at war with Serbia and was bombarding the Serbian capital Belgrade. England had dispatched part of her navy to sea while holding all her squadrons in home waters in a state of instant readiness; but there was nothing aggressive in her action, for her Foreign Secretary was making superhuman efforts to induce the Great Powers to summon a conference to mediate in the Austro-Serbian quarrel. Belgium — unfortunately caught in the middle of army reorganization — was hurriedly preparing herself for eventualities by mobilization. Germany had recalled her High Seas Fleet; German troops in Metz had been pushed forward to the frontier; and the German people were withdrawing their deposits from the savings banks in considerable haste. Russia had ordered the mobilization of her southern armies. France was anxiously inquiring of England what the action of the latter would be in case of a general conflagration.

On the following day the British Foreign Secretary made fresh proposals for a European council, but war loomed appreciably nearer every hour. Germany demanded that Russia should stop the mobilization of her forces, to which Russia replied that such step was technically impossible, and therein the German Emperor proclaimed a period of national danger. In England it was recognized that the gravity of the situation demanded every military precaution. All officers and men of the regular army who were absent from their units

were recalled by telegraph, while units in training areas were directed to return at once to their mobilization centers.

On the 31st of July the Foreign Secretary telegraphed to the French and German Governments asking whether they would respect the neutrality of Belgium provided it were not violated by another Power. France gave the required assurance; Germany did not reply. Austria had now issued orders for general mobilization. Belgium followed suit. The general anxiety had by this reached Holland and a complete mobilization of her forces was decreed. Switzerland was preparing to resist any violation of her neutrality. These were happenings ominous enough for one day, but graver news was yet to follow. Late in the evening the French ambassador was informed by his Government that French territory had been penetrated by German patrols.

These were, however, but the warnings of the tempest. The storm burst on the evening of Saturday, August 1st. About 5 o'clock Germany declared war on Russia. Orders were issued for a general mobilization of the German army, and similar instructions were promulgated in France. Money, always sensitive to political shock, reflected the magnitude of the disaster. In England the markets went to pieces, the Bank rate rose to ten per cent, and the London Stock Exchange was closed.

On Sunday, the 2d of August, a German force, comprised chiefly of some of the covering troops from Coblentz, advanced on Luxemburg. This Grand Duchy, about the size of an English county, had been declared neutral territory by a treaty of 1867. The object of the movement was to seize the railways running through

the state toward France, and to utilize them for the movement of German troops. At the same time three German army corps were moved toward the frontier at Aix-la-Chapelle ready for an advance through Belgium. There the War Office was laboring in frantic haste to place the country in a state of defense, and 30,000 navvies had all day been digging trenches round Liège. About seven o'clock in the evening a note was presented by Germany. If German troops were allowed to pass through Belgium without molestation her independence would be guaranteed by Germany, and the latter country would indemnify Belgium for all damage. The German Government asked for an answer within twelve hours. Some hours before this demand was made, England had assured France that, should the German fleet undertake hostile operations against the French coast or shipping, the British navy would render France every assistance in its power. The Naval Reserves were called up in the United Kingdom, and orders were issued by the military authorities for the precautionary period to begin. Troops were dispatched to supplement the garrisons of coast defenses, important bridges, tunnels, etc., upon the lines of railway were placed under guard, and the cable offices of the kingdom were submitted to military censorship and control.

During the day German troops definitely invaded France, for bodies of troops larger than mere reconnoitering patrols entered the country and penetrated several miles into the interior. These forces entered at seven different places between Longwy and the Vosges. The French had withdrawn all troops ten kilometers from the frontier in order to render it clear that Ger-

many was the aggressor. On the Eastern Front Germany had followed up her declaration of war with Russia by moving troops across the Polish frontier and seizing three towns on a front of a hundred miles, while at sea a German cruiser ineffectually bombarded the Russian port of Libau.

At 4 A.M. on Monday, the 3d of August, the Belgian Government issued a dispatch refusing the German offer, and during the day the King of the Belgians appealed to England for assistance. In Belgium the bulk of the armed forces received orders to concentrate on Liège. That afternoon the Foreign Secretary of England, in a stirring speech in the House of Commons, insisted upon the impossibility of England remaining inactive should the neutrality of Belgium be violated. Later in the evening German troops crossed the Belgian frontier *en route* for the attack of the fortress of Liège, and before the day closed the French and German Ambassadors had left Berlin and Paris respectively, and England was now faced with choice between peace or war. The 4th of August brought matters to a crisis so far as she was concerned. Early in the day information was received of Germany's offer to Belgium, and of the categorical refusal by the latter country. Later came the news that German troops had crossed the Belgian frontier. Instructions were at once telegraphed to the British Ambassador in Berlin directing him to obtain from the German Government an assurance that Belgium's wishes would be respected; in the event of this guarantee not being given, the ambassador was to return home forthwith. Midnight was the time fixed for the reply, but about 11 P.M. the ambassador received his pass-

ports and England and Germany were at war. Hostilities had, indeed, already begun. That very night the Hamburg-American liner Königin Luise was busily employed in laying mines off the eastern coast of Great Britain. . . .

WHY DID GERMANY INVADE BELGIUM?

BY S. S. McCLURE

It would have seemed to a detached and well-informed observer on August 1, 1914, that the invasion of Belgium by Germany would surely cause England to go to war.

The negotiations of 1912, in which Lord Haldane was so active . . . revealed very definitely England's views as to the neutrality of Belgium. Also when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, in 1870, Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Government sent an identical question to the Emperor of France and to the King of Prussia, as to whether or not either would violate the neutrality of Belgium. Later the British Government made an identical treaty with each of the two belligerents. . . . All the world knew that it would be very difficult for the most pacific government to keep England out of a war that involved the violation of Belgium's neutrality. . . .

But could Britain keep out of the war, even if Belgium were not in question? Hardly. War breaks out. Great Britain during the years of naval competition with Germany had massed nearly all her navy in the North Sea. France had undertaken to make good in the Mediterranean the withdrawal of England's warships from thence, and, in return, England had agreed to protect the northern coasts of France, which France had denuded when she massed her naval armaments in the Mediterranean. Further, public opinion in England would not let England stand aside while France was being crushed.

The moment that war should break out, Germany

would endeavor to hinder France's export and import trade. In a month or two England must have come in. No one can doubt this who remembers the diplomatic events of the last two years and a half between the United States and Germany.

If England were sure to enter the war in any event, what would be the chances of her coming in earlier if Belgium were invaded? And even if she came in immediately, would not the advantages of attacking France through Belgium greatly outweigh the benefit to France of Britain's immediately entering the war?

The genuine surprise of Von Bethmann-Hollweg, and in fact of the masses of the German people, shows that Germany did not count on the immediate entrance of Great Britain into the war. . . . Civil war in Ireland seemed certain. . . . Further, even should England immediately enter the war, it could make but slight difference. From a military standpoint England was almost as negligible as the United States. What would a hundred thousand troops signify in a contest in which millions would be engaged on each side?

The advantages to Germany, on the other hand, of an advance through Belgium would be incalculable. First, she could probably in less than six weeks envelop the armies of France and capture Paris. With her knowledge of the military situation and of the armaments of Germany and France, nothing was more absolutely certain to Germany than that her armies would be in Paris by the middle of September. And any student of the war to-day with the knowledge then available to the Germans would regard their belief as absolutely sound.

The great plan of the German General Staff was sim-

plicity itself. Germany's military forces would be placed on the Franco-German frontier in sufficient numbers to protect against invasion and occupy the bulk of the French military forces. Meanwhile an overwhelming army of over a million of the best-equipped soldiers in the world would sweep through Belgium, drive the French forces west and south, envelop them, achieve a Sedan on a colossal scale, and take Paris at its leisure. . . .

But by invading France through Belgium, Germany did more than win in battle. Modern warfare requires munitions on a gigantic scale. Modern war is a war of metallurgy. Nearly all the iron and coal mines of France and three fourths of her steel mills are in the northeast. When Germany intrenched after the battle of the Marne, she controlled most of the mineral resources — and hence most of the raw materials — of France. The war was won if France could not get materials by sea; and there was the submarine.

The enormous increase in Germany's resources and the starvation of France's industries rendered France absolutely unable to manufacture munitions, the more so as more than a third of all her manufacturing plants were in Germany's possession.

Further, the crops raised in the part of France occupied by the German armies are not applied to the needs of the inhabitants. They are taken by the German Government. When I was in Mannheim, in April, 1916, I was told by Herr Hirsch, president of the Corn Exchange, that he had a day or two before dealt with one thousand tons of wheat shipped from French territory occupied by the Germans.

Iron ore from the French mines is mined far in excess of the consumption of the mills, and is stored up in Germany. The forests are cut down and the lumber shipped to Germany.

It is estimated by the French Government that it will require two and a half billion dollars to restore the parts of France occupied by the German army. This does not include the loss to France from the exploitation of her mines of iron ore and coal, nor from the destruction of her forests.

The eastern frontier of France runs through the middle of the Lorraine iron deposits; and nine tenths of the metallurgical industries of the whole of France are concentrated in the Briey Basin, just across the frontier from Germany. If, the Germans argued, the Briey Basin was seized at the beginning of the war, the French would have lost more than a battle, because they would be deprived of the means of recuperation, and the Germans, on their part, would have gained "a victory without a morrow." . . .

By invading Belgium, Germany secured immeasurable advantages, incalculable because she at once increased her coal and iron resources so that her production was enormously increased, and most important of all, she crippled France at the very source for the manufacture of munitions. But this was not all. She stripped the Belgian and French mills and factories of all raw materials as well as of all useful machinery. Belgium and occupied France have thus been a source of great strength to Germany, at less than no expense.

BELGIUM'S PART

[1914]

BY EMILE VERHAEREN

[Attention centered upon Belgium soon after Germany declared war on Russia, for the country's neutrality had been guaranteed by treaty; and Belgium's part, for or against, was sure to have much to do with the development of the war as a whole. Preparation to meet any contingency began very early within Belgium itself. The forts were provisioned July 30th, the export of horses and vehicles was prohibited, and presently the movements of trains on the railways to Germany came to a standstill. Parliament was summoned and King Albert was ready to meet with courage and decision the inducements offered by Germany, whose plans to secure the immediate passage of troops were destined to meet a serious setback by the stout resistance offered at Liège. Belgium's resistance exasperated Germany beyond all precedent and led the way to the long list of atrocities inflicted upon the Belgians, the destruction of Louvain, the imposing of huge fines upon Brussels, and finally to the heartrending deportations of a later date. The following selection by Belgium's patriot-poet gives an inner view of some of the matters in question.

The Editor.]

The fury felt against us by the German officers dates from the very day of the war's beginning. We barred their road to France. The act had no meaning, no honesty to them. True to their traditions, they sought to buy us off. Calling our Government, as it were, into the room behind the shop, they asked, "For how much?"

And waited for the answer they expected, "For thirty pieces of silver."

But the answer was given by Liège, and Liège infuriated them. They lost thousands of men; by no means were they able to force the instant passage which was so essential to them. Behind our defense was France mobilizing. For England and for Russia we gained a precious respite.

The world jumped immediately to the conclusion that the fate of the war was already settling against Germany. Even this first check, given by a tiny nation in the cause of honor, was regarded as the death-blow. Certainly there was talk of peace. Three separate times did Germany approach us with proposals. The first occasion was in August [1914]. M. Davignon, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, received through our Minister at The Hague a long telegram which contained the following sentence: "The German Government is ready to take any steps in order to have Belgium on her side in the war with France."

Belgium's reply was prompt and definite: —

"True to her international duties, Belgium can only repeat her answer to the ultimatum of August 2d. And this especially as, since that time, her territory has been violated, a terrible war has been carried into her lands, and the guarantors of her integrity have promptly and loyally responded to her appeal for help."

Germany's second attempt was through political channels in Belgium, but it failed as ignominiously as the first.

The third of the peace proposals was made by M. Eyschen, a politician of Luxemburg, who toured the

neutral states, persuading them to issue a joint appeal for peace between us and Germany. Such a scheme could not have any result. Belgium, first of all, met it with point-blank refusal. . . .

In times before the war, those of us who dreamed of a greater Belgium had no visions of territorial expansion in Europe, nor of a colonial empire in Africa. What we pictured was a rebirth of Belgium, a rebirth essentially of the mind and spirit. We pictured certainly an ever-growing activity of trade and industry, but our desire was even more for a greater modernity and vitality of thought. We sought for Belgium the power of influence rather than of conquest.

And now we see the influence of Belgium stronger than it has ever been. It is true that for the moment our factories are silent, apparently deprived of the panting breath which is their life. But no one really thinks them dead. As soon as the war is over they will spring to life again: . . . as ever we Belgians shall be young and keen. Until to-day our nation has known no danger. We were too sure of the morrow. We lived like rich people who had no knowledge of want. War, we thought, was the business of others.

But war has come upon us, fierce and terrible, when we least expected it. . . . We were alone; we were few. . . . Into the old forts of Liège we threw ourselves in desperate haste. We had, as it were, to invent courage and resource for ourselves; we had to manufacture a tragic spirit of resistance. All that we did in a day, an hour, a moment. . . .

These early triumphs of Liège, and those that followed at Haelen and the Yser, have won for Belgium

the eternal honor, respect, and admiration of all. For three months we have held the vast German armies in our country; the armies that allotted to us three days. With the most convincing arguments of all we have challenged the dogma of their invincibility. We have caused them their first losses. . . .

The force of our resistance gave time to France and to England to arm themselves, to perfect their organization. . . . Our handful of soldiers at Liège and at Haelen represented, unconsciously of course, a great past of cultured civilization. . . . That is why this simple act of courage is so great. We need not dread comparing them to the deeds at Thermopylæ. At Liège, as in Sparta, a handful of men saved the world. . . .

THE REAL CAUSES OF THE WAR

[1914]

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

[In the early months of the war ex-President Eliot, of Harvard University, contributed to the "New York Times" a series of letters on the causes of the war which aroused an extensive controversy. In summarizing his part of the controversy Dr. Eliot expressed himself as follows concerning the German desire for world-empire.

The Editor.]

Each one of the principal combatants in Europe seems to be anxious to prove that it is not responsible for this cruelest, most extensive, and most destructive of all wars. Each Government involved has published the correspondence between its Chief Executive and other Chief Executives, and between its Chancellery or Foreign Office and the equivalent bodies in the other nations that have gone to war, and has been at pains to give a wide circulation to these documents. To be sure, none of these Government publications seems to be absolutely complete. There seems to be in all of them suppressions or omissions which only the future historian will be able to report — perhaps after many years. They reveal, however, the dilapidated state of the Concert of Europe in July, 1914, and the flurry in the European Chancelleries which the ultimatum sent by Austria-Hungary to Serbia produced. They also testify to the existence of a new and influential public opinion, about

war and peace, to which nations that go to war think it desirable to appeal for justification or moral support.

These publications have been read with intense interest by impartial observers in all parts of the world, and have in many cases determined the direction of the readers' sympathy and good-will; and yet none of them discloses or deals with the real sources of the unprecedented calamity. They relate chiefly to the question who struck the match, and not to the questions who provided the magazine that exploded, and why did he provide it. Grave responsibility, of course, attaches to the person who gives the order to mobilize a national army or to invade a neighbor's territory; but the real source of the resulting horrors is not in such an order, but in the governmental institutions, political philosophy, and long-nurtured passions and purposes of the nation or nations concerned.

The prime source of the present immense disaster in Europe is the desire on the part of Germany for world-empire, a desire which one European nation after another has made its supreme motive, and which none that has once adopted it has ever completely eradicated. Germany arrived late at this desire, being prevented until 1870 from indulging it, because of her lack of unity, or rather because of being divided since the Thirty Years' War into a large number of separate, more or less independent, states. When this disease, which has attacked one nation after another through all historic times, struck Germany, it exhibited in her case a remarkable malignity, moving her to expansion in Europe by force of arms, and to the seizure of areas for colonization in many parts of the world. Prussia, indeed, had

long believed in making her way in Europe by fighting, and had repeatedly acted on that belief. Shortly before the achievement of German unity by Bismarck she had obtained by war in 1864 and 1866 important accessions of territory and leadership in all Germany.

With this desire for world-empire went the belief that it was only to be obtained by force of arms. Therefore, united Germany has labored with utmost intelligence and energy to prepare the most powerful army in the world, and to equip it for instant action in the most perfect manner which science and eager invasion could contrive. To develop this supreme military machine universal conscription — an outgrowth of the conception of the citizens' army of France during the Revolution — was necessary; so that every young man in Germany physically competent to bear arms might receive the training of a soldier, whether he wished it or not, and remain at the call of the Government for military duty during all his years of competency, even if he were the only son of a widow, or a widower with little children, or the sole support of a family or other dependents. In order to the completeness of this military ideal the army became the nation and the nation became the army to a degree which had never before been realized in either the savage or the civilized world. This army could be summoned and put in play by the Chief Executive of the German nation with no preliminaries except the consent of the hereditary heads of the several states which united to form the Empire in 1870–71 under the domination of Prussia, the Prussian King, become German Emperor, being Commander-in-Chief of the German army. At the word of the Emperor this army can be summoned,

collected, clothed, equipped and armed, and set in motion toward any frontier in a day. The German army was thus made the largest in proportion to population, the best equipped, and the most mobile in the world. The German General Staff studied incessantly and thoroughly plans for campaigns against all the other principal states of Europe, and promptly utilized — secretly, whenever secrecy was possible — all promising inventions in explosives, ordnance, munitions, transportation, and sanitation. At the opening of 1914 the General Staff believed that the German army was ready for war on the instant, and that it possessed some significant advantages in fighting — such as better implements and better discipline — over the armies of the neighboring nations. The army could do its part toward the attainment of world empire. It would prove invincible.

The intense desire for colonies, and for the spread of German commerce throughout the world, instigated the creation of a great German navy, and started the race with England in navy-building. The increase of German wealth, and the rapid development of manufactures and commercial sea power after 1870–71, made it possible for the Empire to devote immense sums of money to the quick construction of a powerful navy, in which the experience and skill of all other shipbuilding nations would be appropriated and improved on. In thus pushing her colonization and sea-power policy Germany encountered the wide domination of Great Britain on the oceans; and this encounter bred jealousy, suspicion, and distrust on both sides. That Germany should have been belated in the quest for foreign possessions was annoy-

ing; but that England and France should have acquired early ample and rich territories on other continents, and then should resist or obstruct Germany when she aspired to make up for lost time, was intensely exasperating. Hence chronic resentments, and — when the day came — probably war. In respect to its navy, however, Germany was not ready for war at the opening of 1914; and, therefore, she did not mean to get into war with Great Britain in that year. Indeed, she believed — on incorrect information — that England could not go to war in the summer of 1914. Neither the Government nor the educated class in Germany comprehends the peculiar features of party government as it exists in England, France, and the United States; and, therefore, the German leaders were surprised and grievously disappointed at the sudden popular determination of Great Britain and Ireland to lay aside party strife and take strenuous part in the general European conflict.

The complete preparation of the German army for sudden war, the authority to make war always ready in the hands of the German Emperor, and the thorough studies of the German Staff into the most advantageous plans of campaign against every neighbor, conspired to develop a new doctrine of "military necessity" as the all-sufficient excuse for disregarding and violating the contracts or agreements into which Prussia or the new Germany had entered with other nations. . . .

This German view of the worthlessness of international agreements was not a cause of the present war, because it was not fully evident to Europe, although familiar and of long standing in Germany; but it is a potent reason for the continuance of the war by the Allies

until Germany is defeated; because it is plain to all the nations of the world, except Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey at the moment, that the hopes of mankind for the gradual development of international order and peace rest on the sanctity of contracts between nations, and on the development of adequate sanctions in the administration of international law. The new doctrine of military necessity affronts all law, and is completely and hopelessly barbarous. . . .

United Germany has for forty years been putting into practice, at home and abroad, the doctrine of force as the source of all personal and national greatness and all worthy human achievements. In the support of this doctrine, educated Germany has developed and accepted the religion of valor and the dogma that might makes right. In so doing it has rejected with scorn the Christian teachings concerning Humility and Meekness, Justice and Mercy, Brotherhood and Love. The objects of its adoration have become Strength, Courage, and ruthless Will-Power; let the weak perish and help them to perish; let the gentle, meek, and humble submit to the harsh and proud; let the shiftless and incapable die; the world is for the strong, and the strongest shall be ruler. This is a religion capable of inspiring its followers with zeal and sustained enthusiasm in promoting the national welfare at whatever cost to the individual of life, liberty, or happiness, and also of lending a religious sanction to the extremes of cruelty, greed, and hate. . . . To this ideal state every German owes duty, obedience, and complete devotion. The trouble with this supplement to the religion of valor is that it dwells too much on submission, self-sacrifice, and discipline, and not enough on indi-

vidual liberty and self-control in liberty. Accordingly, when the valiant men got control of the Government and carried the nation into a ferocious war, they swept away with them all the devotees of this romantic and spiritual state. . . .

The present war is the inevitable result of lust of empire, autocratic government, sudden wealth, and the religion of valor. What German domination would mean to any that should resist it the experience of Belgium and Northern France during the past three months aptly demonstrates. The civilized world can now see where the new German morality — be efficient, be virile, be hard, be bloody, be rulers — would land it. To maintain that the power which has adopted in practice that new morality, and in accordance with its precepts promised Austria its support against Serbia and invaded Belgium and France in hot haste, is not the responsible author of the European war, is to throw away memory, reason, and common sense in judging the human agencies in current events. The real cause of the war is this gradually developed barbaric state of the German mind and will. All other causes — such as the assassination of the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, the sympathy of Russia with the Balkan States, the French desire for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, and Great Britain's jealousy of German aggrandizement — are secondary and incidental causes, contributory, indeed, but not primary and fundamental. If any one ask who brought the ruling class in Germany to this barbaric frame of mind, the answer must be Bismarck, Moltke, Treitschke, Nietzsche, Bernhardi, the German Emperor, their like, their disciples, and the military caste. . . .

GERMANY'S MILITARY MASTERS

[1917]

BY WOODROW WILSON

[TIME enables those who understand the international situation to speak with more confidence. President Wilson, in an address delivered at Washington, June 14, 1917, at a Flag Day celebration, set forth in detail the reasons why the United States entered the war, and made the following summary of the causes of the war as a whole.

The Editor.]

THE war was begun by the military masters of Germany, who proved to be also the masters of Austria-Hungary. These men have never regarded nations as peoples, men, women, and children of like blood and frame as themselves, for whom governments exist and in whom governments had their life. They have regarded them merely as serviceable organizations which they could by force or intrigue bend or corrupt to their own purpose. They have regarded the smaller states, in particular, and the peoples who could be overwhelmed by force, as their natural tools and instruments of domination. Their purpose has long been avowed. The statesmen of other nations, to whom that purpose was incredible, paid little attention; regarded what German professors expounded in their classrooms and German writers set forth to the world as the goal of German policy, as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs, as preposterous private conceptions of German destiny, than

as the actual plans of responsible rulers; but the rulers of Germany themselves knew all the while what concrete plans, what well-advanced intrigues lay back of what the professors and the writers were saying, and were glad to go forward unmolested, filling the thrones of Balkan States with German princes, putting German officers at the service of Turkey to drill her armies and make interest with her Government, developing plans of sedition in India and Egypt, setting their fires in Persia. The demands made by Austria upon Serbia were a mere single step in a plan which compassed Europe and Asia, from Berlin to Bagdad. They hoped those demands might not arouse Europe, but they meant to press them whether they did or not, for they thought themselves ready for the final issue of arms.

Their plan was to throw a broad belt of German military power and political control across the very center of Europe and beyond the Mediterranean into the heart of Asia; and Austria-Hungary was to be as much their tool and pawn as Serbia or Bulgaria or Turkey or the ponderous states of the East. Austria-Hungary, indeed, was to become a part of the Central German Empire, absorbed and dominated by the same forces and influences that had originally cemented the German States themselves. The dream had its heart in Berlin. It could have had a heart nowhere else! It rejected the idea of solidarity of race entirely. The choice of peoples played no part in it at all. It contemplated binding together racial and political units which could be kept together only by force, — Czechs, Magyars, Croats, Serbs, Rumanians, Turks, Armenians, — the proud States of Bohemia and Hungary, the stout little commonwealths of the Balkans,

the indomitable Turks, the subtle peoples of the East. These peoples did not wish to be united. They ardently desired to direct their own affairs, would be satisfied only by undisputed independence. They could be kept quiet only by the presence of the constant threat of armed men. They would live under a common power only by sheer compulsion and await the day of revolution. But the German military statesmen had reckoned with all that and were ready to deal with it in their own way.

And they have actually carried the greater part of that amazing plan into execution. . . . Austria is at their mercy. It has acted, not upon its own initiative or upon the choice of its own people, but at Berlin's dictate ever since the war began. . . . The so-called Central Powers are in fact but a single Power. Serbia is at its mercy, should its hands be but for a moment freed; Bulgaria has consented to its will; and Rumania is overrun. The Turkish armies, which Germany trained, are serving Germany, certainly not themselves, and the guns of German warships lying in the harbor of Constantinople remind Turkish statesmen every day that they have no choice but to take their orders from Berlin. . . .

II

THE GATHERING OF THE ARMIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

Events followed thick and fast after the Austrian and Serbian troops were called out, and Russia began to mobilize forces preparatory to the invasion of Austria. July 30, 1914, the Kaiser gave Russia twenty-four hours in which to halt mobilization and explain why forces were massed on the frontier. Then, as the answer was not forthcoming, the Kaiser signed the order for mobilization.

When war was declared, Germany and Austria were ready with huge armies which had long been in training for war on a vast scale, with guns and ammunition, and with every kind of equipment needed for a prolonged conflict. Russia possessed a large army, but without the system and the resources, without the guns and ammunition, required for such a war. France, too, was in a measure prepared, and able to put a large army into the field. But in England the forces were relatively small. Hence England naturally enlists our attention, if we would know how a great nation may meet the demands of a sudden and unexpected war taxing all resources to the limit. In August, 1914, England had only 750,000 men, including the territorials and partly trained men, those liable for foreign service and those available for home defense. The regular army, with the reserves and special reserves, numbered but 450,000. The remainder were supposed to need six months' training before they should become first-line troops. For the moment, about 100,000 were serving in India and other distant stations. Lord Kitchener immediately called for 100,000 men from nineteen to thirty years of age, to be enrolled in new formations as service battalions, and to constitute the first expeditionary force when properly trained. These men were found within a fortnight, more were forthcoming, when the call went out; 30,000 came in one day; 175,000 in one week, the fifth of the war. Within a month the total became 1,000,000, and in due time England had 5,000,000 men under arms. The unprepared England of 1914 became the England ready to make war in earnest in 1916. This achievement is without a parallel in history.

THE TRAINING OF KITCHENER'S MOB

[1914]

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

"KITCHENER'S MOB" they were called in the early days of August, 1914, when London hoardings were clamorous with the first calls for volunteers. The seasoned regulars of the first British expeditionary force said it patronizingly, the great British public hopefully, the world at large doubtfully. "Kitchener's Mob," when there was but a scant sixty thousand under arms with millions yet to come. "Kitchener's Mob" it remains to-day, fighting in hundreds of thousands in France, Belgium, Africa, the Balkans. And who to-morrow, when the war is ended, will come marching home again, old campaigners, war-worn remnants of once mighty armies? "Kitchener's Mob."

It is not a pleasing name for the greatest volunteer army in the history of the world; for more than three millions of toughened, disciplined fighting men, united under one flag, all parts of one magnificent military organization. And yet Kitchener's own Tommies are responsible for it, the rank and file, with their inherent love of ridicule even at their own expense, and their intense dislike of "swank." They fastened the name upon themselves, lest the world at large should think they regarded themselves too highly. There it hangs. There it will hang for all time.

It was on the 18th of August, 1914, that the mob spirit

gained its mastery over me. After three weeks' solitary tramping in the mountains of North Wales, I walked suddenly into news of the great war, and went at once to London, with a longing for home which seemed strong enough to carry me through the week of idleness until my boat should sail [for America]. But, in a spirit of adventure, I suppose, I tempted myself with the possibility of assuming the increasingly popular *alias*, Atkins. On two successive mornings I joined the long line of prospective recruits before the offices at Great Scotland Yard, withdrawing each time, after moving a convenient distance toward the desk of the recruiting sergeant. Disregarding the proven fatality of third times, I joined in on another morning, dangerously near to the head of the procession. . . .

I was frank with the recruiting officers. I admitted, rather boasted, of my American citizenship, but expressed my entire willingness to serve in the British army in case this should not expatriate me. I had, in fact, delayed, hoping that an American legion would be formed in London as had been done in Paris. The announcement was received with some surprise, during which there was much vigorous shaking of heads. . . . "Three years or the duration of the war" were the terms of the enlistment contract. I had visions of bloody engagements, of feverish nights in hospital, of endless years in a home for disabled soldiers. The conference was over, and the recruiting officer returned to his desk, smiling broadly.

"We'll take you, my lad, if you want to join. You'll just say you are an Englishman, won't you, as a matter of formality?" . . .

The remainder of the week I spent mingling with the crowds of enlisted men at the Horse Guards Parade, watching the bulletin boards for the appearance of my name which would mean that I was to report at the regimental dépôt at Hounslow. My first impression of the men with whom I was to live for three years, or the duration of the war, was anything but favorable. The newspapers had been asserting that the new army was being recruited from the flower of England's young manhood. The throng at the Horse Guards Parade resembled an army of the unemployed, and I thought it likely that most of them were misfits, out-of-works, the kind of men who join the army because they can do nothing else. There were, in fact, a good many of these. I soon learned, however, that the general out-at-elbows appearance was due to another cause. . . .

"A mob" is genuinely descriptive of the array of would-be soldiers which crowded the parade-ground at Hounslow Barracks during the memorable last week in August. We herded together like so many sheep. We had lost our individuality, and it was to be months before we regained it in a new aspect, a collective individuality of which we became increasingly proud. We squeak-squawked across the barracks square in boots which felt large enough for an entire family of feet. Our khaki service dress uniforms were strange and uncomfortable. Our hands hung limply along the seams of our pocketless trousers. . . .

We had come to Hounslow, believing that, within a few weeks' time, we should be fighting in France, side by side with the men of the first British expeditionary force. Lord Kitchener had said that six months of training, at

the least, was essential. This statement was regarded as intentionally misleading. Lord Kitchener was too shrewd a soldier to announce his plans; but England needed men badly, immediately. After a week of training, we should be proficient in the use of our rifles. In addition to this, all that was needed was the ability to form fours and march, in column of route, to the station where we should entrain for Folkestone or Southampton, and France.

As soon as the battalion was up to strength, we were given a day of preliminary drill before proceeding to our future training area in Essex. It was a disillusioning experience. Equally disappointing was the undignified display of our little skill, at Charing Cross Station, where we performed before a large and amused London audience. For my own part, I could scarcely wait until we were safely hidden within the train.

Although mine was a London regiment, we had men in the ranks from all parts of the United Kingdom. There were North-Countrymen, a few Welsh, Scotch, and Irish, men from the Midlands and from the south of England. But for the most part we were Cockneys, born within the sound of Bow Bells. . . . Being an American, it was very hard, at first, to understand the class distinctions of British army life. And having understood them, it was more difficult yet to endure them. I learned that a ranker, or private soldier, is a socially inferior being from the officer's point of view. The officer class and the ranker class are east and west, and never the twain shall meet, except in their respective places on the parade-ground. This does not hold good to the same extent, upon active service. Hardships and dangers, shared in common, tend to break down artificial bar-

riers. But even then, although there was goodwill and friendliness between officers and men, I saw nothing of genuine comradeship. This seemed to me a great pity. It was a loss for the officers fully as much as for the men. . . .

We declined to accept the responsibility for the seeming slowness of our progress. We threw upon the War Office, which had not equipped us in a manner befitting our station in life. Although we were recruited immediately after the outbreak of war, less than half of our number had been provided with uniforms. . . . Our arms and equipment were of an equally nondescript character. We might easily have been mistaken for a mob of vagrants which had pillaged a seventeenth century arsenal. . . .

Our housing accommodations, throughout the autumn and winter of 1914–15, when England was in such urgent need of shelter for her rapidly increasing armies, were also of the makeshift order. We slept in leaky tents or in hastily constructed wooden shelters, many of which were afterward condemned by the medical inspectors. St. Martin's Plain, Shorncliffe, was an ideal camping-site for pleasant summer weather. But when the autumnal rains set in, the green pasture-land became a quagmire. Mud was the great reality of our lives, the malignant deity which we fell down (in) and propitiated with profane rites. It was a thin, watery mud or a thick, viscous mud, as the steady downpour increased or diminished. Late in November we were moved to a city of wooden huts at Sandling Junction, to make room for newly recruited units. The dwellings were but half-finished, the drains were open ditches, and the rains

descended and the floods came as usual. We lived an amphibious and wretched existence until January, when, to our great joy, we were transferred to billets in the Metropole, one of Folkestone's most fashionable hotels. . . .

Meanwhile our rigorous training continued from week to week in all weathers, even the most inclement. Reveille sounded at daybreak. For an hour before breakfast we did Swedish drill. . . . Two hours daily were given to musketry practice. . . . After musketry practice, the remainder of the day was given to extended order, company, and battalion drill. Twice weekly we route-marched from ten to fifteen miles; and at night, after the parades of the day were finished, boxing and wrestling contests, arranged and encouraged by the officers, kept the red blood pounding through our bodies until "lights out" sounded at nine o'clock. . . .

Plenty of hard work in the open air brought great and welcome changes. The men talked of their food, anticipated it with a zest which came from realizing, for the first time, the joy of being genuinely hungry. They watched their muscles harden with the satisfaction known to every normal man when he is becoming physically efficient. Food, exercise, and rest, taken in wholesome quantities and at regular intervals, were having the usual excellent results. For my own part, I never before had been in such splendid health. I wished that it might at all times be possible for democracies to exercise a beneficent paternalism over the lives of their citizenry, at least in matters of health. It seems a great pity that the principle of personal freedom should be responsible for so many ill-shaped and ill-sorted physical incompetents.

My fellow Tommies were living, really living, for the first time. They had never before known what it means to be radiantly, buoyantly healthy.

There were, as well, more profound and subtle changes in thoughts and habits. The restraints of discipline and the very exacting character of military life and training gave them self-control, mental alertness. At the beginning, they were individuals, no more cohesive than so many grains of wet sand. After nine months of training they acted as a unit, obeying orders with that instinctive promptness of action which is so essential on the field of battle when men think scarcely at all. . . .

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND IN TRAINING

[1914]

BY IAN HAY

At a quarter to nine the battalion parades for a route-march. This, strange as it may appear, is a comparative rest. Once you have got your company safely decanted from column of platoons into column of route, your labors are at an end. All you have to do is to march; and that is no great hardship when you are hard as nails, as we are fast becoming. On the march the mental gymnastics involved by the formation of an advanced guard or the disposition of a picket line are removed to a safe distance. There is no need to wonder guiltily whether you have sent out a connecting-file between the vanguard and the main guard, or if you remembered to instruct your sentry groups as to the position of the enemy and the extent of their own front.

Second Lieutenant Little heaves a contented sigh, and steps out manfully along the dusty road. Behind him tramp his men. We have no pipers as yet, but melody is supplied by "Tipperary," sung in ragged chorus, varied by martial interludes upon the mouth-organ. Despise not the mouth-organ. Ours has been a constant boon. It has kept sixty men in line for miles on end.

Fortunately the weather is glorious. Day after day, after a sharp and frosty dawn, the sun swings up into a cloudless sky; and the hundred thousand troops that

swarm like ants upon the undulating plains of Hampshire can march, sit, lie, or sleep on hard, sun-baked earth. A wet autumn would have thrown our training back months. The men, as yet, possess nothing but the fatigue uniforms they stand up in, so it is imperative to keep them dry.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. "Tipperary" has died away. The owner of the mouth-organ is temporarily deflated. Here is an opportunity for individual enterprise. It is soon seized. A husky soloist breaks into one of the deathless ditties of the new Scottish Laureate; his comrades take up the air with ready response; and presently we are all swinging to the strains of "I Love a Lassie," — "Roaming in the Gloaming," and "It 's Just Like Being at Home," being rendered as encores. . . .

Tramp, tramp, tramp. Now we are passing through a village. The inhabitants line the pavement and smile cheerfully upon us, — they are always kindly disposed toward "Scotchies," — but the united gaze of the rank and file wanders instinctively from the pavement toward upper windows and kitchen entrances, where the domestic staff may be discerned, bunched together and giggling. Now we are out on the road again, silent, dusty. Suddenly, far in the rear, a voice of singular sweetness strikes up "The Banks of Loch Lomond." Man after man joins in, until the swelling chorus runs from end to end of the long column. Half the battalion hail from the Loch Lomond district, and of the rest there is hardly a man who has not indulged during some Trades' Holiday or other, in "a pleesure trup" upon its historic but inexpensive waters.

"You 'll tak' the high road and I 'll tak' the low road — "

A shrill whistle sounds far ahead. It means "March at Attention." "Loch Lomond" dies away with uncanny suddenness — discipline waxing stronger every day — and tunics are buttoned and rifles unslung. Three minutes later we swing demurely on to the barrack square, across which a pleasant aroma of stewed onions is wafting, and deploy with creditable precision into the formation known as "mass." Then comes much dressing of ranks and adjusting of distances. The Colonel is very particular about a clean finish to any piece of work.

Presently the four companies are aligned. The battalion stands rigid, facing a motionless figure upon horseback. The figure stirs.

"Fall out, the officers!"

They come trooping, stand fast, and salute — very smartly. We must set an example to the men. Besides we are hungry too.

"Battalion, slope *arms!* Dis — *miss!*"

Every man, with one or two incurable exceptions, turns sharply to his right and cheerfully smacks the butt of his rifle with his disengaged hand. The colonel gravely returns the salute; and we stream away, all the thousand of us, in the direction of the savory smell. Two o'clock will come around all too soon, and with it company drill and tiresome musketry exercises; but by that time we shall have *dined*, and Fate cannot touch us for another twenty-four hours.

We have our little worries, of course. Last week we were all vaccinated, and we did not like it. . . . There are other rifts within the military lute. At home we are persons of some consequence, with very definite notions about the dignity of labor. We have employers who

tremble at our frown; we have trades-union officials who are at constant pains to impress upon us our own omnipotence in the industrial world in which we live. We have at our beck and call a Radical M.P. who, in return for our vote and suffrage, informs us that we are the backbone of the nation, and that we must on no account permit ourselves to be trampled upon by the effete and tyrannical upper classes. Finally, we are Scotsmen, with all a Scotsman's curious reserve and contempt for social airs and graces.

But in the army we appear to be nobody. We are expected to stand stiffly at attention when addressed by an officer; even to call him "sir" — an honor to which our previous employer has been a stranger. At home, if we happened to meet the head of the firm in the street, and none of our colleagues was looking, we touched a cap, furtively. Now we have no opinion in the matter. We are expected to degrade ourselves by meaningless and humiliating gestures. . . . If you answer a sergeant as you would a foreman, you are impertinent; if you argue with him, as all good Scotsmen must, you are insubordinate; if you endeavor to drive a collective bargain with him, you are mutinous; and you are reminded that upon active service mutiny is punishable by death. It is all very unusual and upsetting. . . .

Still, one can get used to anything. Our lot is mitigated, too, by the knowledge that we are all in the same boat. . . . Even the colonel was seen one day to salute an old gentleman who rode on to the parade-ground during morning drill, wearing a red band around his hat. Noting this, we realize that the army is not, after all, as we first suspected, divided into two classes

— oppressors and oppressed. We all have to "go through it."

Presently fresh air, hard training, and clean living begin to weave their spell. Incredulous at first, we find ourselves slowly recognizing the fact that it is possible to treat an officer deferentially, or carry out an order smartly, without losing one's self-respect as a man and a trades-unionist. The insidious habit of cleanliness, once acquired, takes despotic possession of its victims: we find ourselves looking askance at room-mates who have not yielded to such predilections. The swimming-bath, where once we flapped unwillingly and ingloriously at the shallow end, becomes a desirable resort, and we look forward to our weekly visit with something approaching eagerness. We begin, too, to take our profession seriously. Formerly we regarded outpost exercises, advanced guards, and the like, as a rather fatuous form of play-acting, designed to amuse those officers who carry maps and notebooks. Now we begin to consider these diversions on their merits, and seriously criticize Second Lieutenant Little for having last night posted one of his sentry groups upon the sky-line. Thus is the soul of a soldier born.

We are getting less individualistic, too. We are beginning to think more of our regiment and less of ourselves. At first loyalty takes the form of criticizing other regiments, because their marching is slovenly, or their accouterments dirty, or — most significant sign of all — their discipline is bad. We are especially critical of our own Eighth Battalion, which is fully three weeks younger than we are, and is not in the First Hundred Thousand at all. In their presence we are war-worn veterans. We

express it as our opinion that the officers of some of these battalions must be a poor lot. From this it suddenly comes home to us that our officers are a good lot, and we find ourselves taking a queer pride in our company commander's homely strictures and severe sentences the morning after pay-night. Here is another step in the quickening life of the regiment. *Esprit de corps* is raising its head, class prejudice and dour "independence" notwithstanding.

Again, a timely hint dropped by the colonel on battalion parade this morning has set us thinking. We begin to wonder how we shall compare with the first-line regiments when we find ourselves "oot there." Silently we resolve that when we, the first of the Service Battalions, take our place in trench or firing line alongside of the Old Regiment, no one shall be found to draw unfavorable comparisons between parent and offspring. We intend to show ourselves chips of the old block. No one who knows the Old Regiment can ask more of a young battalion than *that*. . . .

EN ROUTE WITH KITCHENER'S MOB

[1915]

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

One Sunday morning in May we assembled on the barrack square at Aldershot for the last time. Every man was in full marching order. His rifle was the "Short Lee Enfield, Mark IV," his bayonet, the long single-edged blade in general use throughout the British army. In addition to his arms he carried one hundred and twenty rounds of "303" caliber munition, an intrenching tool, water-bottle, haversack, containing both emergency and the day's rations, and his pack, strapped to shoulders and waist in such a way that the weight of it was equally distributed. His pack contained the following articles: A great coat, a woolen shirt, two or three pairs of socks, a change of underclothing, a "housewife," — the soldiers' sewing kit, — a towel, a cake of soap, and a "hold-all," in which were a knife, fork, spoon, razor, shaving-brush, toothbrush, and comb. All of these were useful and sometimes essential articles, particularly the toothbrush, which Tommy regarded as the best instrument for cleaning the mechanism of a rifle ever invented. Strapped on top of the pack was the blanket roll wrapped in a water-proof ground sheet; and hanging beneath it, the canteen in its khaki-colored cover. Each man wore an identification disc on a cord about his neck. It was stamped with his name, regimental number, regiment, and religion. A first-aid field dressing, consisting of an antiseptic gauze pad and

bandage and a small vial of iodine, sewn in the lining of his tunic, completed the equipment.

Physically, the men were "in the pink," as Tommy says. They were clear-eyed, vigorous, alert, and as hard as nails. With their caps on, they looked the well-trained soldiers which they were; but with caps removed, they resembled so many uniformed convicts less the prison pallor. "Oversea haircuts" were the last tonsorial cry, and for several days previous to our departure, the army hairdressers had been busily wielding the close-cutting clippers.

Each of us had received a copy of Lord Kitchener's letter to the troops ordered abroad, a brief, soldierlike statement of the standard of conduct which England expected of her fighting men. . . . It was an effective appeal and a constant reminder to the men of the glorious traditions of the British army. In the months that followed, I had opportunity to learn how deep and lasting was the impression made upon them by Lord Kitchener's first, and I believe his only, letter to his soldiers.

The machinery for moving troops in England works without the slightest friction. The men, transport, horses, commissariat, medical stores, and supplies of a battalion are entrained in less than half an hour. Everything is timed to the minute. Battalion after battalion and train after train, we moved out of Aldershot at half-hour intervals. Each train arrived at the port of embarkation on schedule time and pulled up on the docks by the side of a troop transport, great slate-colored liners taken out of the merchant service. Not a moment was lost. The last man was aboard and the last wagon on the crane swinging up over the ship's side as the next

train came in. Ship by ship we moved down the harbor in the twilight, the boys crowding the rail on both sides, taking their farewell look at England — home. It was the last farewell for many of them, but there was no martial music, no waving of flags, no tearful good-byes. Our farewell was as prosaic as our long period of training had been. We were each one a very small part of a tremendous organization which works without any of the display considered so essential in the old days.

We left England without a cheer. There was not so much as a wave of the hand from the wharf; for there was no one on the wharf to wave, with the exception of a few dock laborers, and they had seen too many soldiers off to the front to be sentimental about it. It was a tense moment for the men, but trust Tommy to relieve a tense situation. As we steamed away from the slip, we passed a barge, loaded to the water's edge with coal. Tommy has a song pat to every occasion. He enjoys, above all things, giving a ludicrous twist to a "weepy" ballad. When we were within hailing distance of the coal barge, he began one of this variety, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," to those smutty-faced barge hands. Every one joined in heartily, forgetting all about the solemnity of the leave-taking.

Tommy is a prosaic chap. This was never more apparent to me than upon that pleasant evening in May when we said good-bye to England. The lights of home were twinkling their farewells far in the distance. Every moment brought us nearer to the great adventure. We were "off to the wars," to take our places in the far-flung battle line. Here was Romance lavishly offering gifts dearest to the hearts of Youth, offering them to

clerks, tradesmen, drapers' assistants, men who had never known an adventure more thrilling than a holiday excursion to the Isle of Man or a week of cycling in Kent. And they accepted them with all the stolidity native to the Englishman. The eyes of the world were upon them. They had become the knights-errant of every schoolgirl. They were figures of heroic proportions to every one but themselves. . . .

There was, however, one burst of enthusiasm, as we started on our journey, which struck me as being spontaneous, and splendid, and thoroughly English. Outside the harbor we were met by our guardians, a fleet of destroyers which was to give us safe convoy across the Channel. The moment they saw them the men broke forth into prolonged cheering, and there were glad shouts of —

"There they are, me lads! There's some o' the little old watch dogs wot's keepin' 'em bottled up!"

"Good old navy! That's w'ere we got 'em by the throat!"

"Let's give 'em 'Sons of the Sea'!"

And they did. They sang with a spirit of exaltation which Englishmen rarely betray, and which convinced me how nearly the sea and England's position as Mistress of the Seas touch the Englishman's heart of hearts.

"Sons of the sea,
All British born,
Sailing the ocean,
Laughing foes to scorn.
They may build their ships, my lad,
And think they know the game;
But they can't beat the boys of the bulldog breed
Who made old England's name!"

It was a confession of faith. On the sea England can't be beaten. Tommy believes that with his whole soul, and on this occasion he sang with all the warmth of religious conviction.

Our Channel voyage was uneventful. Each transport was guarded by two destroyers, one on either side, the three vessels keeping abreast and about fifty yards apart during the entire journey. The submarine menace was then at its height, and we were prepared for an emergency. The boats were swung ready for immediate launching, and all of the men were provided with life-preservers. But England had been transporting troops and supplies to the firing-line for so many months without accident that none of us were at all concerned about the possibility of danger. Furthermore, the men were too busy studying "Tommy Atkins's French Manual," to think about submarines. They were putting the final polish on their accent in preparation for to-morrow's landing. . . .

The following day we crowded into the typical French army troop train and started on a leisurely journey to the firing-line. We traveled all day, at eight or ten miles an hour, through Normandy. We passed through pleasant towns and villages lying silent in the afternoon sunshine, and seemingly almost deserted, and through the open country fragrant with the scent of apple blossoms. Now and then children waved to us from a cottage window, and in the fields old men and women and girls leaned silently on their hoes or their rakes and watched us pass. Occasionally, an old reservist, guarding the railway line, would lift his cap and shout "Vive l'Angleterre!" But more often he would lean on his rifle

and smile, nodding his head courteously but silently to our salutations. Tommy, for all his stolid, dogged cheeriness, sensed the tragedy of France. It was a land swept bare of all its fine young manhood. There was no pleasant stir and bustle of civilian life. Those who were left went about their work silently and joylessly. When we asked of the men, we received always, the same quiet, courteous reply: "À la guerre, monsieur."

The boys soon learned the meaning of the phrase, "à la guerre." It became a war-cry, a slogan. It was shouted back and forth from car to car and from train to train. You can imagine how eager we all were; how we strained our ears, whenever the train stopped, for the sound of the guns. But not until the following morning, when we reached the little village at the end of our railway journey, did we hear them, a low muttering like the sound of thunder beyond the horizon. How we cheered at the first faint sound which was to become so deafening, so terrible to us later! It was music to us then; for we were like the others who had gone that way! We knew nothing of war. We thought it must be something adventurous and fine. Something to make the blood leap and the heart sing. We marched through the village and down the poplar-lined road, surprised, almost disappointed, to see the neat, well-kept houses, and the pleasant level fields, green with the spring crops. We had expected that everything would be in ruins. At this stage of the journey, however, we were still some twenty-five miles from the firing-line.

During all the journey from the coast, we have seen, on every side, evidences of that wonderfully organized branch of the British military system, the Army Service

Corps. From the village at which we detrained, everything was English. Long lines of motor transport lorries were parked along the sides of the roads. There were great ammunition bases, commissariat supply depots, motor repair shops, wheelwright and blacksmith shops, where one saw none but the khaki-clad soldiers engaged in all the non-combatant business essential to the maintenance of large armies. There were long lines of transport wagons loaded with supplies, traveling field kitchens, with chimneys smoking and kettles steaming as they bumped over the cobbled roads, water carts, Red Cross carts, motor ambulances, batteries of artillery, London omnibuses, painted slate gray, filled with troops, seemingly endless columns of infantry on foot, all moving with us, along parallel roads, toward the firing-line. And most of these troops and supply columns belonged to my own division, one small cog in the British fighting machine.

We advanced toward the war zone in easy stages. It was intensely hot, and the rough, cobbled roads greatly increased the difficulty of the marching. In England we had frequently tramped from fifteen to twenty-five miles in a day without fatigue. But the roads there were excellent, and the climate moist and cool. Upon our first day's march in France, a journey of only nine miles, scores of men were overcome by the heat, and several died. The suffering of the men was so great, in fact, that a halt was made earlier than had been planned, and we bivouacked for the night in the fields.

Life with a battalion on the march proceeds with the same orderly routine as when in the barracks. Every man has his own particular employment. Within a few mo-

ments the level pasture land was converted into a busy community of a thousand inhabitants. We made serviceable little dwellings by lacing together two or three waterproof ground-sheets and erecting them on sticks or tying them to the wires of the fences. . . . The sick were cared for and justice dispensed with the same thoroughness as in England. The day's offenders against discipline were punished with what seemed to us unusual severity. But we were now on active service, and offenses which were trivial in England were looked upon, for this reason, in the light of serious crimes.

Daily we approached a little nearer to our goal, sleeping, at night, in the open fields or in the lofts of great rambling farm-buildings. Most of these places had been used for soldiers' billets scores of times before. The walls were covered with the names of men and regiments, and there were many penciled suggestions as to the best place to go for a basin of "coffay oh lay," as Tommy called it. Every roadside cottage was, in fact, Tommy's tavern. The thrifty French peasant women kept open house for soldiers. They served us with delicious coffee and thick slices of French bread, for the very reasonable sum of twopence. They were always friendly and hospitable, and the men, in turn, treated them with courteous and kindly respect. Tommy was a great favorite with the French children. They climbed on his lap and rifled his pockets; and they delighted him by talking in his own vernacular, for they were quick to pick up English words and phrases. They sang "Tipperary," and "Rule Britannia," and "God Save the King," so quaintly and prettily that the men kept them at it for hours at a time.

And so, during a week of stifling heat, we moved slowly forward. The sound of the guns grew in intensity, from a faint rumbling to a subdued roar, until one evening, sitting in the open windows of a stable loft, we saw the far-off lightenings of bursting shells, and the trench rockets soaring skyward; and we heard bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire, very faintly, like the sound of chestnuts popping in an oven.

THE SECOND GERMAN MOBILIZATION

[1914]

BY GEOFFREY PYKE

[THE following description of the movement of German troops is by a correspondent of the "London Chronicle" who succeeded in reaching Berlin a few weeks after war was declared.

The Editor.]

I HAD reckoned that the Russian advance would necessitate a large calling-out of reserves and a great transfer of troops, in fact, a new mobilization. Now the main artery to the west from Berlin runs through the suburbs of Charlottenburg, and just beyond Charlottenburg are the Charlottenburg woods, and somewhat to the north runs the railway. So on Sunday I took train to Charlottenburg, and so did the whole of Berlin. Knowing that this was its habit, I knew I should be safe. And as I walked through the woods, I heard a great rumble, and then a silence that was great beside it. A long pause, and then another rumble, and I realized I was drawing nearer to it; but it died away before I reached the spot whence it came. And then I came to the edge of the wood, and over the clearing that confronted me was the railway line, and far away down the line was the great iron bridge that crossed the Havel. Keeping well within the shadow of the trees, I looked hard at that bridge, and saw what I had expected — five *Landsturm* [guardsmen], two at each end, and an *Unteroffizier*. Thus

far and no farther thought I. It was from here that the rumble had come. I took out my packet of lunch, and sat down just inside the trees. I also took out two bottles of Pilsener beer. I looked a perfect Berliner. Suddenly came the rumble again. It could not have been more than seven or eight minutes after the last had died away. In a few minutes a long train of forty-four luggage trucks had dashed past. At the rear were two ordinary carriages. The sliding doors of the vans were pushed back, and inside I saw were packed row after row of soldiers. They stood at the door leaning out over one another's shoulders, singing cheerfully and sturdily those wonderful German marching songs that make one's very breathing keep time to them. Each truck sang the same, and right down the train — more than a quarter of a mile long — rose and fell the words of the "Wacht am Rhein." God! with what fervor they shouted it, and yet it was still music. Next would come the prayer for Franz Joseph, and next, "Die beide Grenadier," and then again, "Die Wacht am Rhein," and again and again, and it is the last notes that I can still hear singing in my ears when the next train comes rushing along, and the last that I can hear from them, and so on. And it remains a vista, those trucks decorated with green branches, and those jolly-looking men leaning out of them, singing, singing, singing. And all day long those trainloads of men passed and passed, and when I came back the next day they were still passing. Every ten minutes they came, and they never varied by more than twenty seconds. But the place where all this was being worked from was miles away, in a room in the *Kriegsministerium* [War Office] of Berlin, and there,

at any moment, they knew where every train ought to be, or actually was, which was generally the same thing.

It was as long ago as 1903 that the plans for mobilization were last altered on a large scale, and it was then that they were finally moulded to their present shape. One of the fundamental necessities for the smooth working organization to the Teutonic mentality is not merely sheep-like docility, combined with the technical ability bred of the latest continuation school and the polytechnics, but also the fact that the whole thing or something like it has been done before. It is generally considered safer, by superiors in Government services in Prussia, that inferiors should be able to recognize as an old friend, or tormentor, any order that should be given them. It saves them the trouble of understanding it. This was the case of the Prussian mobilization. Every summer for the last twelve years, every station-master, the head of every locomotive depot, and every inspector in every district, every station in the Empire, received three large official envelopes, which he had already received instructions were to be put into his safe, and there kept "until they should be necessary." The first of these envelopes that disappeared behind lock and key had inscribed on the cover in large printed capitals: "TO BE OPENED IN THE EVENT OF WAR WITH FRANCE." On the second of these documents was printed: "TO BE OPENED IN THE EVENT OF WAR WITH RUSSIA"; and the third: "TO BE OPENED IN THE EVENT OF WAR WITH FRANCE AND RUSSIA." There was no fourth. No envelope with: "TO BE OPENED IN THE EVENT

OF WAR WITH FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND GREAT BRITAIN." Every year a gold-laced official would come round to collect these envelopes, and carefully scrutinize them, to see that they were untampered with. . . . Year after year this serious formality would be gone through; then came "the day." "You will do this and that"; "Trains will pass through your station at the following times"; "Signalmen to be instructed to lower their signals so many minutes before each train." . . .

It is in this manner that all of the three great efforts were prepared for months beforehand. For the last effort that cleared Galicia, it was probably March that saw a whole staff of the ablest and stiffest young men, straight from Staff Colleges, and full of ambition, sit down under the direction of a snow-white-haired old general or so, and carefully plot out with huge diagrams the exact time at which each train and each wagon was to leave its position, from where it was to be gathered in, and where it was to be concentrated, and whither it was to go. It is largely to these young men in spectacles, sitting in Berlin, that General von Mackensen owes his victories. At any rate, he could not possibly accomplish them without.

III

ON THE WESTERN FRONT

1914-1915

HISTORICAL NOTE

To understand the campaign on the Western Front from its beginning, it is necessary to take account of the expectations of Germany and France, and the disappointments of the first month of the war. The Germans, avoiding the strongly fortified French frontier, swiftly moved large forces toward Belgium with the hope that Belgium would yield passage to Paris. The first setback came with Belgium's refusal and the stout resistance of Liège, against which 30,000 men were moved under General von Emmich. Presently, three armies of about 1,000,000 men pressed forward. One marched on Brussels, another crossed the Meuse and marched against Namur, and a third swept through the Ardennes. Meantime, the French, eager to win their lost province, massed forces to capture Alsace, but were compelled to alter their plan of campaign to meet the German armies as they swept south. While Belgium's brave resistance gave England time to transport the first forces to France, the combined armies were not large or efficient enough to stem the advancing Teutonic tide. The British in the vicinity of Mons were overwhelmed. The fall of Namur, August 22d, was a great blow to the Allies. In the battles about Mons and Charleroi there were only 300,000 Allied troops to meet the German onslaught of 750,000 men. The Germans were now apparently in a position to sweep everything before them, march rapidly on Paris, and repeat the triumphs of 1870 on a greater scale. It was then that General Joffre, rising to the occasion, brought the Allied armies together for the first decisive battle of the war. It is estimated that more than 3,000,000 men were engaged in this battle, and that the losses were not less than 500,000. This great victory for the Allies effectually put a stop to Germany's plan to annihilate the French army, and then turn to meet Russia before anything important should happen on the Eastern Front. Germany's tactics were forthwith changed and the war became a struggle for trenches and minor positions, taken, lost, retaken.

THE RETREAT FROM MONS

[1914]

BY A BRITISH STAFF OFFICER

[The first British expeditionary force left England for France during the early weeks of August, in command of Sir John French. By August 22d, the forces were gathered for action, and on the 23d, three army corps extended along a twenty-five mile front east and west of Mons, a Belgian town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The battle began that day and continued until it became clear that the British were greatly outnumbered and must retreat to escape annihilation. The retreat lasted twelve days, during which there were constant forced marches day and night, and incessant rear-guard actions.

The Editor.]

The general situation in this region, as it was known at the moment to the leaders of the Allies, may be briefly stated. It was at last plain, after much uncertainty, that the first great shock and collision of forces was destined to take place in this northern area. It was plain, also, that Belgium, for some time to come, was out of the scheme. Liège had fallen, and with it how many hopes and predictions of the engineer! Brussels was occupied; and the Belgian field army was retiring to shelter under the ramparts of Antwerp. Except for Namur, there was nothing in Belgium north of the Allied line to stop the German advance. Von Kluck and Von Bülow, with the First and Second German Armies, were marching without opposition toward the French frontier — Von Kluck

toward the southwest and Von Bülow toward the crossings of the Sambre. By the evening of the 20th, Von Bülow's guns were bombarding Namur. So much was known to the leaders of the Allies: of the strength of the advancing armies they knew little. . . .

The line occupied by the British ran due east from the neighborhood of Condé along the strait of the Condé-Mons Canal, round the loop which the canal makes north of Mons, and then, with a break, patrolled by cavalry, turned back at almost a right angle toward the southeast of the direction of the Mons–Beaumont road. The whole of the canal line, including the loop round Mons, — a front of nearly twenty miles, — was held by the Second Army Corps, and the First Army Corps lay off to its right, holding the southeastern line to a point about nine miles from Mons. There being no infantry reserves available in this small force, General Allenby's cavalry division was employed to act on the flank or in support of any threatened part of the line. . . .

Throughout the Saturday our men intrenched themselves, the North-Countrymen among them finding in the chimney stacks and slag heaps of this mining district much to remind them of home. The line they held was clearly not an easy line to defend. No salient ever is, and a glance at the map will show that this was no common salient. To the sharp apex of Mons was added, as an aggravation, the loop of the canal. It was nevertheless the best line available, and, once adopted, had been occupied with that double view both to defense and to attack which a good commander has always before him. . . .

The attack had most certainly begun; and it began,

as was expected, at the weakest and most critical point of the line, the canal loop, which was held by the Third Division. This division had the heaviest share of the fighting throughout the day, maintaining, longer than seemed humanly possible, a hopeless position against hopeless odds, the Second Royal Irish and Fourth Middlesex of the Eighth Brigade, and the Fourth Royal Fusiliers of the Ninth Brigade, particularly distinguishing themselves. The bridges over the canal, which our men held, after some preliminary shelling, were attacked by infantry debouching from the low woods which at this point came down to within three hundred or four hundred yards of the canal. These woods were of great assistance to the enemy, both here and at other points of the canal, in providing cover for their infantry and machine guns. The odds were very heavy. One company of the Royal Fusiliers, holding the Nimy Bridge, was attacked at one time by as many as four battalions. The enemy at first came on in masses, and suffered severely in consequence. It was their first experience of the British "fifteen rounds a minute," and it told. They went down in bundles — our men delighting in a form of musketry never contemplated in the Regulations. To men accustomed to hitting bobbing heads at eight hundred yards there was something monstrous and incredible in the German advance. They could scarcely believe their eyes; such targets had never appeared to them even in their dreams. Nor were our machine guns idle. In this, as in many other actions that day and in the days that followed, our machine guns were handled with a skill and devotion which no one appreciated more than the enemy. . . .

The attack had now spread along the whole line of the canal; but except at the loop the enemy could make no impression. There, however, numbers told at last, and about the middle of the afternoon the Third Division was ordered to retire from the salient, and the Fifth Division on its left directed to conform. Bridges were blown up — the Royal Engineers vying with the other services in the race for glory: and by the night of the 23d, after various vicissitudes, the Second Army Corps had fallen back as far as the line Montreuil–Wasmes–Paturages–Frameries. That the retirement, though successful, was expensive, is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that throughout this action, as we now know, the Second Army Corps was outnumbered by three to one. All ranks, however, were in excellent spirits. Allowing for handicaps, they felt that they had proved themselves the better men.

It was a feeling which was to be severely tried in the next few days. At 5 P.M. on Sunday the 23d, as the Second Corps was withdrawing from the canal, the British Commander-in-Chief received a most unexpected telegraph from General Joffre, the Generalissimo of the Allied armies, to the effect that at least three German army corps were moving forward against the British front, and that a fourth corps was endeavoring to outflank him from the west. He was also informed that the Germans had on the previous day captured the crossings of the Sambre between Charleroi and Namur, and that the French on his right were retiring. In other words, Namur, the defensive pivot of the Anglo-French line, on the resistance of which — if only for a few days — the Allied strategy had depended, had fallen almost at

A GAS ATTACK

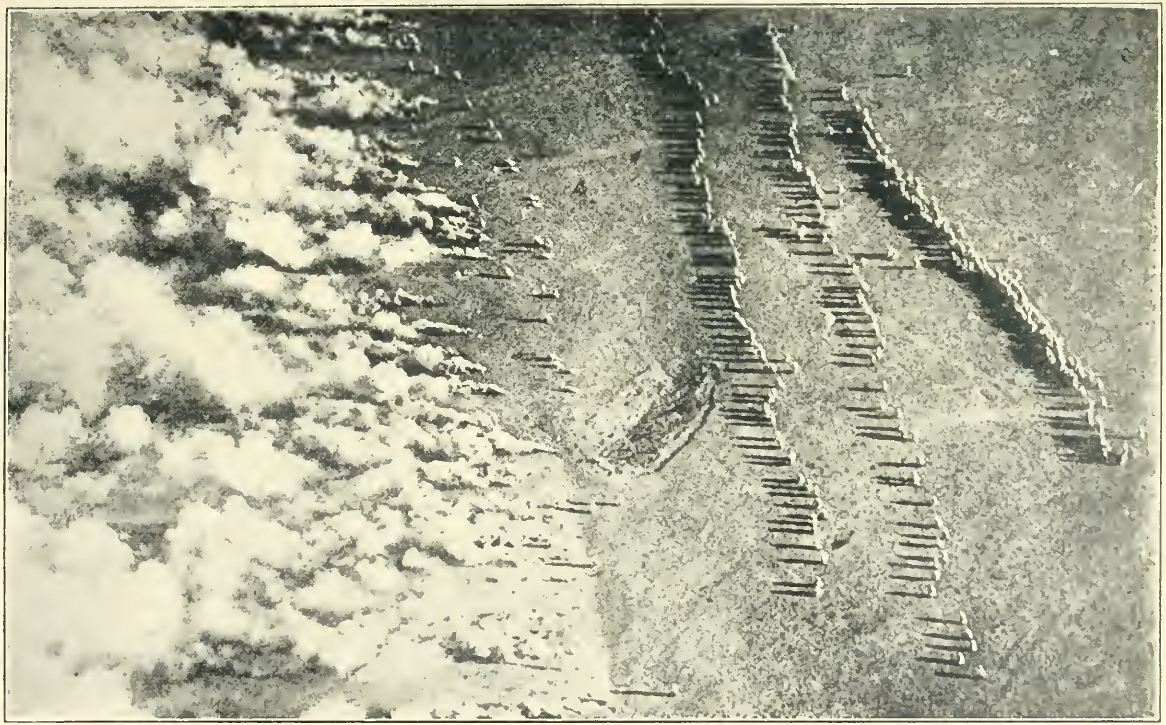
A GAS ATTACK

Poisonous gas was first used by the Germans at the second battle of Ypres in April, 1915. The French colonial troops, completely surprised by this new and terrifying weapon, suffered heavily and were compelled to give ground. The battle is memorable for the heroism of the Canadians, who, outflanked and nearly surrounded, held on at fearful cost and kept the Germans from breaking through.

Gas attacks are made either by clouds, or by shells containing a quantity of gas which is released when the shells burst. In cloud attacks the gas cylinders (which are very similar to those used in a soda fountain) are buried in the front trench, one to a yard, with pipes extending a few feet into No Man's Land. Then, when conditions are just right and a gentle wind is blowing toward the enemy's trenches, the gas is released on its deadly mission. So powerful are the fumes that they have been known to kill at a distance of nine miles in the rear.

At the first intimation of a gas attack a gong is rung in the trenches as a signal for the instant donning of gas masks. The artillery is also notified and a curtain of fire dropped fifty yards before the trenches in order to prevent an enemy attack which is always to be expected in connection with the release of gas, and also in the hope that the exploding shells may break up the gas cloud.

The photograph from which this remarkable illustration was made was taken above the lines by a Russian aviator. It shows the start of a poison-gas attack by the Teutons. Great clouds of chlorine gas are seen rolling toward the Russians, released from cylinders operated by men in the first line. Behind these men three lines of troops are visible, waiting to follow up the attack when the fumes have got in their deadly work. The strange black lines that might almost be taken for gas cylinders are the shadows of the waiting soldiers. Evidently the attack was made shortly after sunrise.



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a blow. By Saturday the Germans had left Namur behind, and in numbers far exceeding French predictions had seized the crossings of the Sambre and Middle Meuse and were hammering at the junction of the Fifth and Fourth French Armies in the river-fork. The junction was pierced, and the French, unexpectedly and overwhelmingly assaulted both in front and flank, could do nothing but retire. By 5 P.M. on the Sunday, when the message was received at British Headquarters, the French had been retiring for anywhere from ten to twelve hours. The British army was for the moment isolated. Standing forward a day's march from the French on its right, faced and engaged by three German corps in front, and already threatened by a fourth corps on its left, it seemed a force marked out for destruction.

In the British Higher Command, however, there was no flurry. There is a thing called British phlegm.

The facts of the case, though unwelcome, were laconically accepted. Over General Headquarters brooded a clubroom calm. Airmen were sent up to confirm the French report, in the usual manner, and arrangements were quietly and methodically made for a retirement toward the prearranged Maubeuge–Valenciennes line. . . .

It had been intended by the British Commander-in-Chief to make a stand on the Maubeuge line, and if the first calculations of the enemy's strength and intentions had proved correct, it is possible that a great battle might have been fought here, and continued by the French armies along the whole fortress line of northern France. Even as it was, the temptation to linger at Maubeuge must have been strong; it offered such an inviting buttress to our right flank, and

filled so comfortably that dangerous gap between our line and the French. The temptation, to which a weaker commander might have succumbed, was resisted. . . .

Early on the 25th, accordingly, the whole British army set out on the next stage of its retreat. Its function in the general Allied strategy was now becoming clear. It was not merely fighting its own battles. Situated as it was on the left flank of the retiring French armies, it had become in effect the left flank guard of the Allied line, committed to its retirement, and to the protection of that retirement, to the end. The turning movement from the west, at first local and partial, had suddenly acquired a strategic significance. It threatened not merely the British army, but the whole Allied strategy of the retreat. Could the British resist it? Could they, at the least, delay it? These were the questions which the French leaders asked themselves, with some anxiety, as they retired with their armies from day to day, and waited for the counter-turn which was to come. For, as we now know, behind the retiring and still intact French armies, to the south and east of Paris, movements were shaping, forces were forming, which were to change the face of things in this western corner. . . .

The crisis of the retreat was now approaching. There is a limit to what men can do, and it seemed for a moment as if this limit might be reached too soon. The Commander-in-Chief, seriously considering the accumulating strength of the enemy, the continued retirement of the French, his exposed left flank, the tendency of the enemy's western corps to envelop him,

and above all, the exhausted and dispersed condition of his troops, decided to abandon the Le Cateau position, and to press on the retreat till he could put some substantial obstacle, such as the Somme or the Oise, between his men and the enemy, behind which they might reorganize and rest. He therefore ordered his corps commanders to break off whatever action they might have in hand, and continue their retreat as soon as possible toward the new Saint-Quentin line.

The First Corps was by this time terribly exhausted, but, on receiving the order, set out from its scattered halting-places in the early hours of the 26th. . . .

That the day was critical, that it was all or nothing, was realized by all ranks. Everything was thrown into the scale; nothing was held back. Regiments and batteries, with complete self-abandonment, faced hopeless duels at impossible ranges; brigades of cavalry on the flanks boldly threatened divisions; and in the half-shelter of their trenches the infantry, withering but never budging, grimly dwindled before the German guns. It was our first experience on a large scale of modern artillery in mass. For the first six hours the guns never stopped. To our infantry it was a time of stubborn and almost stupefied endurance, broken by lucid intervals of that deadly musketry which had played such havoc with the Germans at Mons. To our artillery it was a duel, and perhaps of all the displays of constancy and devotion in a battle where every man in every arm of the service did his best, the display of the gunners was the finest. For they accepted the duel quite cheerfully, and made such sport with the enemy's infantry that even their masses shivered and recoiled. By midday, how-

ever, many of our batteries were out of action, and the enemy infantry had advanced almost to the main Cambrai-Le Cateau road, behind which our men, in their pathetic civilian trenches, were quietly waiting. . . .

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

[1914]

BY MAJOR F. E. WHITTON

[According to the report of Sir John French, commanding the British forces, General Joffre, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies, announced his intention on September 5th to take the offensive, and on Sunday, the 6th, at sunrise, the combined movements of the armies began. The great battle front extended from Ermenonville, through Lizy on the Marne, Mauperthuis, Courtecon, to Esternay and Charleville (the left of the Ninth Army under General Foch), and so on to a point north of the fortress of Verdun. The battle continued until the evening of September 10th, when the Germans had been driven back to the line of Soissons-Rheims, with the loss of thousands of prisoners, many guns, and great masses of transport.

The Editor.]

The position of the five German armies concerned in the pursuit of the Franco-British left and center was, on the evening of the 4th, generally speaking, a line in close touch with the Allied front. The Fifth Army, under the Crown Prince, after its successful engagement at Longwy, had thrown its right wing across the Meuse below Verdun and had moved against the fortress, which was then partially invested. In touch with this army and to the west of it was the Fourth Army, under the Duke of Würtemberg, which, after its victory near Sedan, was pushed on past Châlons, where it was sharply attacked by the retiring French

Fourth Army. Working still westward was the German Third Army. . . . Then came a gap to where lay the First Army of General von Kluck, which had been chiefly charged with the shepherding of the British force and of sweeping the country wide to the west. The right columns of this army had stretched to Amiens and Beauvais, while cavalry detachments had penetrated almost as far as Rouen. On the 3d of September its main body was on the line Creil–Senlis–Nanteuil. And it had begun to close in on its left, for by that date Lille, Arras, Douai, Béthune, and Lens were reported to be clear of Germans.

On that day there occurred an event which was to change the whole aspect of the war. The direction of the march of the German First Army was altered. Hitherto an advance on Paris had been regarded as almost certain, but just before midnight on the night of the 3d–4th of September a dispatch was published in Paris to the effect that contact with the Germans on the line Creil–Nanteuil had been lost. Some unexpected movement was clearly foreshadowed, and early in the morning of the 4th aeroplanes rose from the city to solve the mystery. During the forenoon they were able to report to General Galliéni, the Military Governor of Paris, that cavalry scouts followed by large bodies of infantry were moving in a southeasterly direction, across the British front, and further air reconnaissances, in which the British aviators did splendid service, placed it beyond all doubt that, all day long on the 4th, the German First Army was moving generally east of a line drawn from Nanteuil to Lizy on the river Ourcq. A consideration as to the

probable reasons which induced General von Kluck to accept the hazard of attempting a flank march across the face of an enemy in position and in the immediate vicinity of a large fortress may with advantage be reserved. . . . The plan was apparently conceived with the object of making a vigorous effort to break the Allies' line at some point of supposed weakness. But whatever may have been its cause or its ultimate object, the French commanders were quick to realize that such changes do not often occur in war, and to grasp the fact that this flank march offered them an exceptionally favorable opportunity for attack. The project of a further retirement behind the Seine was at once abandoned. It was General Galliéni who took the first step, for on the morning of the 4th of September he conceived the idea of launching the Sixth Army against the German forces moving southeast. At 9 A.M. he thus wrote to General Maunoury: "I shall give you your marching orders so soon as I know the direction of the march of the British army. Meanwhile be ready to march this afternoon so as to make an attack to-morrow, the 5th of September, east of Paris." He then telephoned his action to the Generalissimo, who approved of the course taken; and General Joffre in the evening issued the necessary orders to his troops. . . .

[General Joffre's orders for attack, with special reference to the risky situation of the German First Army, were forthwith sent to the various generals in command of the French and British forces, and "all the available forces" were to be ready for the offensive on the morning of the 6th. The arrival of the Fourth Corps from the neighborhood of Verdun was

delayed, also two reserve divisions, too exhausted to take their places in line at the appointed time. But by a brilliant move, later, the Military Governor of Paris hurried portions of these troops to the firing-line by commandeering thousands of motor cars, taxicabs, and motor omnibuses.]

The area on which the battle was about to be contested may be delineated as follows: A line drawn east and west through Compiègne forms the northern boundary and a similar line through Sézanne and Vitry-le-François will mark the southern edge, the sides of the battlefield being marked by north and south lines drawn through Verdun and slightly to the west of Compiègne respectively. A rectangle is thus formed inside of which took place all the fighting of the battle of the Marne, and it includes the intrenched positions on the right bank of the Aisne, back to which the Germans retired after their defeat. The length of the rectangle from east to west is roughly one hundred and twenty miles, and the distance from the southern to the northern edge is fifty miles, so that the battlefield may be said to cover an area of some six thousand square miles. . . . The eastern strip is, generally speaking, a large cultivated plain, in which the Marne, flowing through a well-marked valley, receives as tributaries the Ourcq and the two Morins. . . . Speaking generally, the roads within the area forming the battlefield are good, and this applies to the lesser byroads as well as to the main routes. In many cases the latter are fringed with the tall trees so characteristic of French roads, a factor which was not without military importance in view of the excellent ranging marks thus afforded for military fire. The woods with which the country abounds have

mostly a thick undergrowth, which renders them a distinct obstacle to attacking troops, but such undergrowth is not to be found to quite the same extent in the larger forests. A marked distinction between the battlefield and a corresponding area of English country is the almost total absence of the hedgerows so distinctive in rural England. This factor gave great freedom of movement and was on the whole in favor of the attacking side.

Such was the setting for the great struggle which was now to open. The field was worthy of such a contest. It had witnessed the most brilliant efforts of Napoleon's strategy, and had been the scene of two decisive battles of the world. At Valmy in 1792 the elder Kellermann had stemmed the tide of invasion on the very day when France first declared herself a republic. Thirteen centuries earlier at Châlons the Roman general Aëtius had driven back the Huns when under Attila the torrent of their arms was directed west and south, and their myriads marched under the guidance of one master-mind to the overthrow of the new and old powers of the world.

[It is difficult to tell the actual numbers arrayed for battle, because the two sides have withheld the exact lists of casualties since the war began, and the exact composition of the reserve corps on the German side is unknown. Exclusive of the garrisons at Verdun and Paris, General Joffre had at least 700,000 men at his disposal. Major Whitton states, "It is generally believed, except by the German public, that the Germans were superior in numbers along the battle front." The total estimate of the armies engaged is put by some authorities as high as 3,000,000 men.]

Both sides fully realized the importance of the battle which was now opening, and, by proclamations circulated among the troops, the higher commands strove to bring the urgency of the issue clearly before the rank and file. The order of the day drawn up by the French Generalissimo is couched in somewhat unconventional terms. Apart from the absence of the customary references to the defense of home and country it was remarkable for its curt, peremptory, and almost menacing tone. It ran as follows: —

"At the moment when a battle, on which depends the welfare of the country, is about to begin, I have to remind all ranks that the time for looking back is past. Every effort must be made to attack the enemy and hurl him back. Troops which find advance impossible must stand their ground at all costs and die rather than give way. This is a moment when no faltering will be tolerated."

The tone of this brief document is curiously at variance with the dramatic appeals to national sentiment, and to the stirring recollection of bygone victories by which, at critical moments, orders of the day to French armies are usually characterized.

. . . Although some fighting had taken place throughout the 5th on the line Dammartin–Meaux, the battle proper may be said to have begun at dawn on Sunday, the 6th of September, a dawn which gave promise of a day of almost tropical heat. The French Sixth Army had as its task to force the passage of the river Ourcq between Lizy and Neufchelles and to make for Château Thierry, a movement which was practically tantamount to an order to attack the flank and rear of the

German First Army. At daybreak the French troops marched out, the Sixth Army acting in two wings, of which the right was formed by the reserve corps . . . [which] had occupied the line Cuisy–Iverny–Neufmontiers. From this line early on the morning of the 6th this wing was once more set in motion, the Germans, who were apparently unprepared for such an onslaught, being attacked on the rolling hills round Monthyon and Penchard. . . . The French artillery . . . made short work of the German field guns posted right and left of the Meaux–Soissons road and on a smaller elevation above the village of Étrépilly. The village of Barcy was very heavily shelled throughout the day and was reduced to ruins before being taken toward evening by a battalion of *chasseurs-à-pied*. Here fell Major d'Urbal, of the Second Zouaves, brother of General d'Urbal — his grave dug by the shell which caused his death, and on the ground which sloped toward the Ourcq, French and German dead lay in hundreds, in some cases the foes transfixed with bayonets as they had fallen fighting. The day had been one of frequent hand-to-hand encounters, but when darkness fell General Lamaze's corps had gained several miles of ground and was in occupation of the line Chambry–Barcy–Marcilly.

While the French Reserve Corps was thus making headway to the east, the Seventh Corps on its left was attacking the line Marcilly–Acy-en-Multien. At daybreak it had seized the village of Saint-Soupplets, and was able to push on with considerable speed, for practically the whole of the German Fourth Reserve Corps was held by General Lamaze's troops on the

right; part of it was, however, falling back in a northeasterly direction toward Acy-en-Multien. The commander of the German corps had not been slow to realize that the fighting which developed was something far different from a mere affair of advanced troops and had, early in the morning, sent off to General von Kluck urgent appeals for assistance. . . . During the day General von Kluck continued to send off further reinforcements to deal with what was an obvious peril to his right flank, but these columns had now to run the gauntlet of the French Eighth Division, which was south of the Marne. Toward evening some stiff fighting, in consequence, took place in the Meaux woods, with the result that the German columns were delayed in their crossing of the Marne, and the day closed on a distinct tactical success for the French Sixth Army. . . .

[The British Forces also began operations at sunrise; later they seized the heights on the Grand Morin, west of Coulommiers, and by evening lay astride of the Grand Morin; but on the whole they did but little fighting the first day. Meanwhile the other French armies had come into action, and the battle of the Grande Couronne de Nancy reacted favorably on that along the Marne. The next day it became apparent that General von Kluck had taken alarm and that large forces from the German First Army were recrossing the Marne in the direction of Ourcq. A comparatively small force was left to withstand the British; the latter moved forward to the attack, using their cavalry to great advantage. The French Fifth Army felt the relaxation of pressure on its front caused by the withdrawal of the Germans across the Marne, and its task became largely one of pursuit. The Fourth and Ninth Armies had to sustain themselves against fierce attacks, while the Germans also threatened the French above Verdun. On the whole the attainments of September

7th were a disappointment. On the 8th the Germans began to feel the pressure which was to culminate in a general retreat, although the day was notable for the violence of the German attacks. The British army came more fully into play with the order to force the passage of the Petit Morin.]

The general order for the British army was now to advance toward Nogent-l'Artaud as a preliminary step to a further movement toward Château Thierry. . . . When the troops left their bivouacs early in the morning the sky was already full of aeroplanes and the air humming with the whir of their engines. As the German cavalry which had been opposing the British throughout the 7th had, on the morning of that day, fallen back to the right bank of the Petit Morin, the march f the British was at first undisturbed. But on reaching that river it was soon realized that the German rear guard would not yield their line without a struggle, especially as the steep valley, covered with small but thick woods, distinctly favored the defense. On the British right two battalions of the First Corps were sharply engaged about Sablonnières and suffered a number of casualties before they succeeded in clearing the Germans out of the village in conjunction with the First Cavalry Brigade. . . . On the left the Third Corps had passed through La Haute Maison early in the morning and during the day attacked from the line Signy–Signets–Jouarre in the direction of La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, supported by some French guns, while the British howitzers shelled the bridges of that place across which Germans were streaming northward. . . . By evening the British had made good the Petit Morin

and were on the west and south of La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. . . .

Wednesday, the 9th of September, was a day of high winds and drenching rains, which were especially violent in the center and east of the position. A critical moment had arrived, for on the Ourcq the battle was still undecided, and the menace to General Maunoury's left flank had grown extremely serious. . . . In the absence of a General Reserve, reinforcements, however, were difficult to obtain, but the Military Governor of Paris again rose to the occasion. During the night he dispatched some Zouave troops by railway and by motors to Senlis and Creil, and, apparently at the same time and by the latter method of transport, he sent the Sixty-second Reserve Division from the Paris garrison. The Germans on their side were making most determined efforts to drive in the French left flank. During the morning they gained possession of Nanteuil and their troops were found as far as Baron to the northwest. The French cavalry soon made some prisoners, from whom it was discovered that the new arrivals consisted of at least a brigade of *Landwehr* troops.

The French Fourth Corps (less the Eighth Division) was now upon the extreme left. In face of the severe attack upon his front, and fearing that the enemy at Baron might work round his rear, its commander withdrew toward Silly-le-Long. . . . General Maunoury, when he heard what was happening, instantly sent a staff officer to General Boëlle, the commander of the corps, with instructions to hold his ground at all cost, and even to advance, regardless of sacrifices. In re-

sponse to this urgent message General Boëlle halted his men and, flanked by some of the First Cavalry Corps, struggled northwards toward Nanteuil.

General von Kluck had, however, now shot his bolt. News had apparently reached him about midday from General Marwitz, who was commanding the rear guard on the Marne, indicating the difficulties that he was experiencing in face of the strong British advance. This intelligence, coupled later with the news that the French Fourth Corps was coming on again at Nanteuil, seems to have brought it home to him that there was now nothing for it but a frank retreat. The definite orders to that effect were issued somewhere about 8 P.M., but these were anticipated by instructions for the immediate withdrawal of troops not actually engaged. During the afternoon French aeroplanes were therefore able to report that immense German trains east of the Ourcq were heading northeast evidently in full retreat, and that these were being followed by columns of all arms. . . . General Maunoury summoned the Eighth Division to leave the right flank and to hurry to Silly-le-Long so as to be in a position to support an attack which he proposed to deliver with his left early on the 10th. This he hoped would put the seal on the victory which his army had now unquestionably achieved. This happy consummation for the French was not, however, entirely due to the counter-stroke of the Seventh Division of the Fourth Corps, for elsewhere along the line of the Sixth Army the remaining troops had played a gallant part. . . .

[The Germans had previously destroyed the bridges at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, and the British were unable to

bridge the Marne during daylight. But by nightfall the bulk of the Third Corps had crossed, and the Second Corps forced the passage higher up the river. A German battery was immediately taken, and the British pressed forward. The French Fifth Army was also busy on the Marne, the Ninth was compelled to give some ground; but the Third, under General Sarrail, put the Crown Prince's army near Verdun into a position not unlike that of Von Kluck's forces a few days before.]

According to trustworthy reports, the German Emperor on the evening of the 9th of September, found himself compelled to sign an order for the general retreat of the five armies between Paris and Verdun. A summary of the day might, therefore, be confined to the statement that the Germans had acknowledged defeat and that, therefore, the French had won a victory. This, however, is somewhat beside the point, for the question to consider is how the situation presented itself to the French Generalissimo at the end of the day. He could not, naturally, have been aware of the issue of the momentous order of the German Emperor, and his conclusions had to be based upon results actually known. On the Ourcq the crisis had been passed with clear gain to the French Sixth Army. . . . That the Germans would have to acknowledge defeat was extremely probable, but the extent of his own victory remained problematic. General Joffre had experienced constant retreat, himself, almost since the war broke out. But he had never for a moment allowed retreat to affect his determination to use it purely as a means of resuming the offensive at his own time and under his own conditions. Such time and conditions had occurred, and General Joffre had been quick to use them.

. . . Everything, therefore, depended upon the capacity of his armies so to press the pursuit as to deny to the enemy the power of re-forming within a reasonable time or within a favorable situation for retaking the offensive. . . .

[The next morning, the British started in pursuit in the pouring rain, many parties of the Germans were rounded up, but the bulk of them were glad to surrender. The French armies also joined in the pursuit, with changes of front to the northeast according to General Joffre's plan as a whole. The retreat of the Germans could not be called a rout, since it was well managed and the heavy guns were got away in safety according to plans prepared with the thoroughness characteristic of the Germans. The last of the infantry escorting the guns were hurried away in motor-cars. The pursuit continued on the following day, and finally the Germans reached their intrenched positions on the Aisne, the fact that they sought shelter being "the most eloquent confession of failure they could have made."]

THE FALL OF ANTWERP

[1914]

BY HORACE GREEN

[The invasion of Belgium began with the attack upon Liège, which was followed by the destruction of one town or city after another till Brussels was taken August 20th, and Namur two days later. With the fall of Brussels the Belgian army withdrew to Antwerp, which was besieged for ten days prior to its fall, October 9th. The Belgian army escaped south through Ostend to the Yser, north of Dunkirk.

The Editor.]

Antwerp, the temporary capital of Belgium, was at this time invested, but not yet besieged, by the German army. On the south the city was already cut off by several regiments of the Ninth and Tenth German Army Corps and General von Boehn. The river Scheldt and the Dutch border formed a wall on the north and west. It was to Antwerp, therefore, that we determined to go. . . .

Judging from the looks of the country, and the burning villages, we were on the heels of a devastating army. For three, four, and five miles on either side of the road beautiful trees lay flat upon the ground. It was not until we saw groups of Belgian soldiers tearing down their own walls and hedges and applying match and gasoline to those which still stood, that we realized that this was a case of self-inflicted destruction. Farm-houses, stores, churches, old Belgian mansions, and windmills were either in flames or smouldering ruins.

Where burning had not been sufficient, powder and dynamite had been applied to destroy landmarks which for centuries had been the country's pride. As far as the eye could reach the countryside was flattened to a desert. . . . The devastation was for the defensive purpose of giving an unobstructed view to the cannon of Antwerp's outer fortifications, which on that side covered one sector of the circle swept by her enormous guns. I should hesitate to mention the millions of dollars of self-inflicted damage to Antwerp's suburbs alone. . . .

There is no need of describing in detail Antwerp at the time of my first visit. One or two pictures will suffice to give a rough idea of its existence up to the time of the bombardment. Try to imagine, for example, going about your business in New York or Boston or Los Angeles when your country, a territory perhaps the size of the New England States, was already two thirds overrun, burnt, smashed, and conquered by a hostile nation, whose forces were now within nineteen miles of the gates of the capital. Imagine that nation's warriors in the act of crushing your tiny army, whose remnants were already exhausted and on the verge of despair. Then picture a quaint, sleepy city, with shadowy alleys and twisting, gabled streets, in which every other store and house was decorated with King Albert's picture draped in the red, black, and yellow banner of the country — a city whose atmosphere was charged with fear and suspicion and excitement. Sometimes a crowd of a thousand or two drew one toward the Central Station where bedraggled, refugee families, just arrived from Liège, Termonde, Aerschot, and Malines, stood on street corner or wagon top and thrilled the crowd with

tales of atrocities and the story of their flight from their burning homes to the south. Now and then the crowd parted before the clanging bell of a Red Cross ambulance rushing its load of bleeding bodies to the hospitals along the Place de Meir. Nurses, male or female, clung to the ambulance steps. . . . During the daytime the ordinary things of life went on, for the good burghers and shopkeepers went about their business as usual, and, generally speaking, fought against fear as bravely as the soldiers in the trenches stood up against the German howitzers. It was only after dark (when martial law permitted no lights of any kind) that the city seemed to shiver and suck in its breath; doors were barricaded, iron shutters came down, and behind them people talked in whispers. . . .

Such, very briefly, was the condition of Antwerp at the time we arrived. That very evening word came that the Belgian forces, which had been engaged with the enemy for five consecutive days of severe fighting, had retired behind the southern ramparts of the city.

During the night the stream of incoming wounded confirmed the news of battle. In the moonlight, and later in the gray dawn, I watched the long lines of Belgian hounds, pulling their rapid-fire guns toward the trenches. Many times later I was destined to see them. They made a picturesque and stimulating sight — those faithful dogs of war — fettered, and harnessed, their tongues hanging out as they lay patiently beneath the gun trucks awaiting the order to go into action, or, when the word had been given, trotted along the dusty roads, each pair tugging to the battle front a lean, gray engine of destruction. . . .

Though not officially admitted to the besieged city [at the time of the second visit], I went at once to my old stand, the Hôtel Saint-Antoine, now converted into British Staff Headquarters. At sundown a mist crept up from the river, and through it we heard a roar of welcome and the rumble of heavy artillery. Charging down the Avenue de Keyser, came a hundred London motor-busses, Picadilly signs and all, some filled, some half-filled, with a wet-looking bunch of Tommies, followed by armored mitrailleuses, a few 6.7 naval guns, officers' machines, commissary and ammunition carriages — the first brigade of Winston Churchill's army of relief, which for five days was destined to make so valiant, but so short, a fight against the overwhelming German army.

There was something typically British in the way those Englishmen went about the defense of Antwerp. In the streets and barracks, and more especially at the Saint-Antoine, where I stayed until its doors were closed, I saw them at close range during that week of horror. Once when I was eating with a company of marines near their temporary barracks, they gave me the password to the trenches, and, although I only got as far as the inner line of forts on that day, it gave me an opportunity to observe the work of the men under long-range firing. . . .

Here was Belgium's last stronghold on the verge of downfall: the outer line of forts had already fallen; Forts Wavre, St. Catherine, Waelham, and Lierre were already prey to the Krupp mortars; the German hosts were swarming across the river Nethe, six miles to the city's south, and the cowering populace in their flight made the streets terrible to look upon.

Yet at the Saint-Antoine there was no particular flurry — so far, at least, as the officers were concerned. At night they worked over their war maps; in the daytime they went out to the forts. . . . If only two or three of a group returned, you would naturally have to draw your own conclusions as to the fate of the rest.

Those English gentlemen went about their jobs of life and death with the same detached coolness as if their hunters were being saddled, or they were waiting for the referee's whistle in Rugby football. Their attitude was infernally exasperating; yet you could n't help taking off your hat to their sublime nerve and indifference.

By that time we of Antwerp were getting a very fair imitation of a city besieged. Water supply had already been cut off for some days. There was just enough for cooking purposes; bathing and such pleasantries were out of the question — even for royalty. . . . Monday, October 5th, the night before the city emptied itself of non-combatants, was almost a festive occasion at the Saint-Antoine. The British entry gave tremendous confidence to the stricken city and the tired Belgian soldiers — a bit of pride before the fall. New faces turned up, friends in the English army met, shook hands, and discussed the outlook. . . . In the flash of an eye these scenes changed to scenes of terror.

The news leaked out, and spread like wild-fire, that the Kaiser's men had crossed the river Nethe and had placed their big guns within range of the city. It was not until forty-eight hours later that the populace saw a handful of Flemish posters pasted in out-of-the-way

corners — posters signed by the Civil Government — which thanked the populace "for retaining until the present time their praiseworthy *sang-froid*, and regretting that the responsibilities of their office necessitated their own removal to a neighborhood more safe." . . .

Then came the flight. You knew the fear of the Germans had got into their blood when waiters dropped their plates and dishes and ran; when shops, houses, hotels closed and the people melted away; when the French chambermaid besought with frightened eyes that Monsieur would take her away to England, and when the hotel proprietor disappeared without even asking for his bill. . . .

Here [on the water front] was a sight to come again and rend the memory. The crowds were endeavoring to get away on one of the two avenues still open. I estimated that between five in the afternoon and the following dawn 300,000 persons must have passed through the city's gates. They were the people of Antwerp itself, swelled by exiles from Alost, Aerschot, Malines, Termonde, and other cities to the south and west. Intermittently for two days and nights I watched them from my room in the Queen's. From five yards beneath my window ledge came the shuffle, shuffle of unending feet, the creaks and groans of heavy cart wheels, the talk and babble of guttural tongues, the yelp of hounds, as the thousands moved and wept and surged and jostled along throughout the night and into the uncertain mist of that October morning. They were so close I could have jumped into their carts or dropped a pebble on their heads. Infinitely more impressive than the retreat of the Allied armies or the victorious entry of the Ger-

mans a little later, was the pageant of this pitiful army without guns or leaders. . . .

The twenty-foot entrance to that pontoon bridge seemed to me like the mouth of a funnel through which poured the dense misery of an entire nation. Think of this army's composition: a great city was emptying itself of human life; not only a great city, but all the people driven to it from the outside, all who had congregated in Belgium's last refuge and its strongest fort. They bore themselves bravely, the greater number plodding along silently in the footsteps of those who went ahead, with no thoughts of their direction, some of them even chatting and laughing. You saw great open wagons carrying baby carriages, perambulators, pots and kettles, an old chair, huge bundles of household goods, and the ubiquitous Belgian bicycle strapped on the side. There were small wagons, and more great wagons crowded with twenty, thirty, forty people: aged brown women, buried like shrunk walnuts in a mass of shawls, girls sitting listlessly on piles of straw, and children fitfully asleep or very much awake and crying lustily. . . .

In this way the city emptied itself, but so slowly that the very slowness of the movement wore the marchers out. Each family group was limited to the speed of its oldest member. Hundreds gave it up and lay by the road, or formed little gypsy camps under the trees. At night these were lighted by fires, overshadowed by the greater fire from the distant burning city, and beside them stretched dumb-looking souls, watching vaguely those who still had strength to move.

Watching these wretches got so on my nerves that I had to get out and do something. With a British intelli-

gence officer, formerly of Sir John French's staff, I wandered down to the southern quarter of the city known as Berchem. As usual, the guns at the outer forts had been booming through the evening. From the city's ramparts you could not only feel the shudder of the earth, but you could see occasional splashes of flame from the Belgian batteries, answered, in the dim distance to the south, by smaller, less vivid splashes issuing from the mouths of the German instruments of "culture" which throughout the night pounded ruthlessly on the unprotected houses within the city limits.

On the way we stopped in at the British field hospital to see a wounded British friend. As we left the hospital, on the Rue de Léopold, a shrieking sky-rocket whizzed by above us and buried its hissing head in the river to the north. One or two more fell at a distance of several hundred yards, and in the southern part of the city flames from several houses shot up into the quiet, windless night.

The bombardment was on — the time was 12.07, Wednesday, midnight. For a moment I did not realize that this was the beginning of the end of Antwerp. I had heard so much gun-fire and seen so many bombs dropping from aeroplanes that I did not fully appreciate the significance of these shells. . . .

As I walked down the Avenue de Keyser [the next morning] I thought at first it was Sunday — or rather a year of Sundays all rolled into one.

Overnight the city had been transformed into a tomb. Shops were closed; iron shutters were pulled down everywhere; trolley cars stood in the street as

they had been left. My own footsteps resounded fearfully on the pavement, and I walked five blocks before I saw a human being. . . .

All Thursday afternoon the German Taubes circled above the city — mostly along the water front. Below them puffed little clouds of smoke where the Belgian anti-aircraft guns were exploding. I fancy the airmen were locating the pontoon bridge and signaling the battery commanders six miles away.

But during Wednesday and Thursday, when the crowds of refugees were assembled on the water front, not a single bomb dropped among them. A few shells, well placed, would have slaughtered them like sheep. Before and during the bombardment I am quite certain that the Germans intended to frighten, rather than injure, non-combatants....

The bombardment lasted forty hours. That night — Thursday, October 8th — the second and last night which the town held out, all of the Americans were gathered at the Queen's. The firing by this time was terrific. Except for the lurid glare of the burning buildings which lit up the streets, the city was in total darkness. . . . About an hour after darkness settled on us I climbed to the roof of the Queen's Hotel, from which, for a few minutes, I looked out upon the most horrible and at the same time the most gorgeous panorama that I ever hope to see. The entire southern portion of the city appeared a desolate ruin; whole streets were ablaze, and great sheets of fire rose to the height of thirty or forty feet. . . . Even more glorious was the scene to the north.

On the opposite side of the Scheldt the oil tanks,

the first objects to be set on fire by bombs from the German Taubes, were blazing furiously and vomiting huge volumes of oil-laden smoke. Looking over on this side of the river, too, I could see the crackling wooden houses of the village of St. Nicholas, lighting with their glow all of northern Antwerp and the water front.

In the swampy meadows on the farther bank we could see the frightened refugees as they hurried along the still protected road to Ghent. They passed on our side of the burning village, not five hundred yards away. Every now and then as a fitful flame lighted the meadow I could see the figures silhouetted against the red background. They appeared to be actually walking through the flames. . . . There was at this time an ominous lull in the moaning pound of shrapnel.

Out of the darkness in the direction of West Antwerp came a new sound — the low methodical beat of feet. The noise became gradually louder and louder until one could hear the rumble of heavy wheels and distinguish the sound of voices above the crowd. This was the beginning of the British and Belgian retreat, which started at about eight o'clock Thursday night, and, under cover of darkness, continued unbroken for eight hours. Following the line taken by the escaping populace this retreat went past our position on the water front. Before dawn on Friday morning, when the light became strong enough for the advancing army to make out the enemy's position, practically the entire Belgian army plus ten thousand Royal British Naval Marines had got across the pontoon bridge and were well along the road to Ghent. During all these hours squads of

gendarmes with fixed bayonets held back such remaining townsfolk as attempted to get near the bridge. To these wretches it seemed that their last avenue of escape had been cut off. . . .

[Remaining in the city as long as possible, Mr. Green at length started for the pontoon bridge to escape into Holland, when a more terrible explosion than any that had been heard before rocked the city to its foundation. The retreating Belgian army had blown up the bridge, apparently cutting off the last avenue of escape. Mr. Green managed to clamber aboard a river barge laden to the sinking point with "Antwerp's peaceful burghers and their dumb-looking women and children," and from this barge, which landed a few miles down the Scheldt, he made his way to Rooseendaal, just across the Dutch border.]

A PRISONER IN RUHLEBEN

[1915]

BY GEOFFREY PYKE

[The author of the following narrative left London in September, 1914, and set out for Berlin, unknown to the German authorities, in quest of such information and experience as a press correspondent might gain under such conditions. Not long after his arrival in Berlin, he was arrested, without explanation, and put in one prison after another until finally he was transferred from solitary confinement to the prison camp for civilians at Ruhleben, near Berlin. From the latter prison, wonderful to relate, he made his escape, in company with a fellow-prisoner, July 9, 1915, and succeeded in making his way by night to Holland and thence to London.

The Editor.]

The first time I saw Ruhleben it was already dusk. There were six inches of snow upon the ground, and several degrees of frost. The soles of my boots were worn away from walking up and down the cell. I reckoned I had altogether walked 1730 miles up and down those eleven feet. I walked with my socked feet upon the ice and snow. It was very cold. After we had passed along a brick wall, and had been admitted at a door halfway along, I found myself in a square. In the center of the square was an electric standard with an arc light which flickered. Beneath this arc light walked up and down hundreds of dark couples. They walked energetically, and seemed to have some object in doing

so. I learned later that it was in order to keep warm. I was taken away to fill up my name on a slip, and for the policeman [who accompanied me] to hand over my money. I was given a receipt for the greater part of it, and was handed over about thirty marks in cash. There was a large map in the office, and for the first time since October I saw where the line was on the Western Front. The last news that I had had was just before I got over the frontier. Then the great retreat of the Germans to the Aisne was in full swing. Of this, the German public heard nothing but that their "right wing had slightly altered its position backwards," — "*am strategische gründe*" [for reasons of strategy], — and then, much later, it was noticed that the daily reports contained mention of places that had been captured in the great advance. Gradually, the idea filtered through to the mind of the German public that they had retreated. The map with its flags and pins absorbed me immensely; I had not seen anything like it for more than four months.

Then a soldier took me. We went down alleys, through doors. Everywhere there were people. The place was crowded with them. . . . I went outside into the snow, and up a staircase outside. I sat on a straw sack on the floor and so did every one. I lived for months in that place. It was impossible to stand upright in it, and at one spot the snow came gently through the roof. It was here I slept. The atmosphere was as thick as cheese. . . . Nobody took his clothes off, or, at best, changed into others. We were so closely packed that it was impossible to put one's arms above one's head. The light went out, and an hour later there was silence. I could not

sleep. . . . It was intensely cold. I reckoned that there was one half square inch of window space per man, and my own particular half square inch was eighteen feet away around the corner. . . . These lofts in which we slept were the gables of the stables. . . . In this loft there were two hundred people in four rows; two back to back in the center, and one on each side. The people on the side, if tall, were unable to stand upright. . . . The floor could not be seen for huddled forms that covered it. . . . No one will ever know how much hope, how much despair, how much determination, how much suffering, was hid in each of those two hundred huddled heaps.

The charm that I found in Ruhleben was purely relative, and it soon wore off. It is difficult, perhaps, for those whose tongues are only limited by what they have to say, to understand how intense the pleasure of mere intercourse can be. I would lie back on my sack, and just listen to people borrowing spoons from each other, or cursing each other for mutual coffee slopping. A universal shout of laughter would make me warm with delight, and a continual cry to some one to shut up would make me pause over every delectable syllable. Less, however, was the pleasure I took in the physical surroundings. It was my first morning there. I did nothing. I lay huddled on my sack of straw, vainly hoping that I might one day know again the meaning of the term *warmth*. But it was not long before a cry arose from the far-off depths of the loft, of "Every one outside, please," and I had to make a supreme effort to move my wretched carcass. I was still grasping my coffee bowl in a frantic attempt to get heat, long since

flown. I stumbled numbly up and toward the door, and after passing two hurrying people with brooms, went out into the snow.

It was very cold. There was a wind that cut. I found the scene of the night before repeated. Hundreds — thousands — of forms, black against the snow, were moving like ants in every direction. . . . What was everybody doing? I must find out, and get something to do as well. I was standing thus when two dimly remembered figures suddenly laughed, and clasped me by the hand. . . . They were two old Cambridge friends, people I had never expected to see again, and whom I had completely forgotten. I found a very large Cambridge and Oxford colony and we were all very merry. I still had nothing but a thin summer suit, and a perfectly diaphanous shirt, the soles of my boots were worn away, and I had worn my one collar for sixteen weeks. My friends swept me away and clad me from head to foot in clothes that made my body glow with warmth. All of them gave me something, and I should have attained the proportions of a prima donna had I accepted everything in which they tried to wrap me up. . . .

My friends, and their friends, not merely clothed me but fed me for the first few days, gave me stores and books, bored themselves with my company and left not a stone unturned to bring me back to life. . . . It was not merely my friends. People I had never seen before were continually doing things for me, men whose purse was short and who had a limited amount of parcels sent them from home. . . .

The commanders of the camp and the barracks were

soldiers. To the latter we gave money: to the former grovelling respect. . . . For a considerable time all newspapers were forbidden, and "Vorwärts" or any English paper was strictly forbidden at all times. Nevertheless, I always saw all the German newspapers, including "Vorwärts" and Maximilian Harden's paper, the "Zukunft." We had the number that was suppressed by the Government in the spring. We had a regular subscription to the "Times," and never a week went by without our seeing that, or some other English paper. One method would be detected by the military and we would discover another. Some men used to earn their living by getting hold of English papers and letting them out at sixpence to one shilling per hour. It resulted in there being a species of club of persons who subscribed to obtain the news. . . . Nearly all German soldiers are venal as long as there is no risk attached to the service involved, and the "Times" is freely sold in Berlin. The complete disorganization that reigned in the camp for the first few months made it possible to do almost anything. . . .

I spent the first ten days of my stay at Ruhleben trying to find out if there was any chance of obtaining an exchange [of prisoners]. At the end of that time I not only came to the conclusion that there was none, but also suddenly got taken ill with double pneumonia. That evening the loft captain . . . sent for the one man in the camp who boasted any medical knowledge. The long and the short of the matter was that for days I lingered at death's door in the atmosphere of that loft. My friends nursed me day and night, taking it by turns to sit up with me. They got hold of the most won-

derful things to feed me on, and Heaven only knows where they got them in that place. They had been continually urging the military doctor to come and see me, but he always replied that I could come and see him between nine and ten any morning that I cared to. One evening, thinking that they would not be able to keep me alive throughout the night, my friends got hold of the commander of the camp, and induced him to telephone to the doctor, who was in Berlin on pleasure, to return at once. He did so. The doctor's mentality as regards myself when he arrived was, Is he dead? If not, why not? He gave me two aspirins and remarked that I was too ill to be moved, remarking a little later in the week that I was not ill enough. He had me both ways. He never came to see me again. . . .

During the weeks that followed, I spent day and night upon my back. I was too weak to do a thing for myself, and, during all that time, with all the long days and nights to get through, I became more and more of a day-dreamer. The misery and the futility of such a life took hold of me, driving me to the determination to do something — anything — to avoid more of it. . . . The determination to escape arose without any thought as to how it was to be done. It was not for several days that I even began to consider any plans. I had seen so little of the camp that I was untrammeled by any awe of the authorities. I knew that if I should eventually take on the idea and stick to it long enough and hard enough I must pull through.

[The narrative goes on to indicate the insuperable difficulties and dangers that appeared to beset every plan of escape. Then the author made the acquaintance of a man who

was ready to plot the way of escape with him. Together they studied every possibility. The way that finally led to success is not disclosed since, under the conditions which war imposes, it would not be discreet.]

The whole scheme worked most beautifully, and it is a matter of the keenest regret, the regret of an artificer at having to conceal his handiwork from the sight of men, that both my friend and myself have agreed that, until the German military authorities have discovered how we accomplished it, or circumstances render discretion nugatory, the secret shall not pass our lips. . . . The plan was supremely obvious, and it still remains there for any one of the denizens of Ruhleben whom it stares in the face, and who cares to take the risk. . . .

[After reaching Berlin, the two friends provided themselves with food and other supplies for travel by night across the country to the Dutch border. The author, weakened by his long illness, was compelled at times to rest every twenty minutes during their stealthy tramps through the darkness, along hedges and in byways, and at one time his friend was about to leave him apparently dead by the roadside when a last ray of hope restrained him. Thus, proceeding amidst the greatest hardships, they at last reached the border by night and met a friendly Dutch sentry who permitted them to push on to their destination.]

And as we walked down a rough country lane at the end of which, not far away, was England, our jolly Dutch frontier guard, who had taken us for smugglers, said, "You see that red-roofed cottage over there?"

"I should think I do," I replied; "I've been crawling

about on my belly in mud all day, in order to keep out of its sight."

"Well," he remarked, "it's been a close thing for you. That cottage is in Holland. The rain from its roof drips off into Germany."

THE BATTLE OF THE SLAG-HEAPS

[1915]

BY IAN HAY

[The battle of Loos began with terrific bombardment, September 23d, and the British assault of the 25th. On the French front, facing Vimy Heights, the French attack also began. German first-line trenches were taken by the Allies at Hooge, Vermelles, Loos, Souchez, Perthes, and 20,000 prisoners were captured. A British force under General Rawlinson later captured Loos itself. The battle in that region continued into the early part of October. The British losses in the battle were said to be about 45,000 men, including a major-general and twenty-eight battalion commanders. September 25th, the French launched an offensive against the Germans in Champagne, in accordance with the plan which led to the attack on Loos. Here, too, the advances were made at fearful cost. The French took 150 guns and 25,000 prisoners, but lost about 120,000 men.

The battalion in which Major Ian Hay (Beith) served took part in the early fighting at Loos and was then sent back to rest. Almost immediately, however, they were recalled to the front lines to meet the German counter-attacks. The following selection describes one of these attacks launched among the slag-heaps of what had once been a great mining center.

The Editor.]

By midnight on the same Sunday the battalion, now far under its original strength, had reëntered the scene of yesterday's long struggle, filing thither under the stars, by a deserted and ghostly German boyau nearly ten feet deep. Fosse Alley erred in the opposite direc-

tion. It was not much more than four feet in depth; the chalky parapet could by no stretch of imagination be described as bullet-proof; dug-outs and communication-trenches were non-existent. On our left the trench line was continued by the troops of another division: on our right lay another battalion of our own brigade.

"If the line has been made really continuous this time," observed the colonel, "we should be as safe as houses. Wonderful fellows, these sappers! They have wired almost our whole front already. I wish they had had time to do it on our left as well."

Within the next few hours all defensive preparations possible in the time had been completed; and our attendant angels, most effectively disguised as Royal Engineers, had flitted away, leaving us to wait for Monday morning — and Brother Boche.

With the dawn, our eyes, which had known no sleep since Friday night, peered rheumily out over the whitening landscape.

To our front the ground stretched smooth and level for two hundred yards, then fell gently away, leaving a clearly defined sky-line. Beyond the sky-line rose houses, of which we could descry only the roofs and upper windows.

"That must be either Haisnes or Douvrin," said Major Kemp. "We are much farther to the left than we were yesterday. By the way, *was* it yesterday?"

"The day before yesterday, sir," the ever-ready Waddell informed him.

"Never mind; to-day 's the day, anyhow. And it's going to be a busy day, too. The fact is, we are in a tight place, and all through doing too well. We have

FLAME-THROWERS

FLAME-THROWERS

THIS remarkable photograph shows a squad of French soldiers drenching "No Man's Land" in front of their trenches with liquid fire. Of this terrifying adaptation of an old method of warfare Captain F. H. Elliott, in his book, "Trench Fighting," says: —

"Liquid fire was first used by the Germans, and it is largely a morale-effect weapon. The methods used to produce liquid fire differ. They consist generally of a tank containing highly inflammable liquid, petrol, or coal oil. This liquid is forced out under pressure of compressed nitrogen gas (ninety pounds pressure) through a long pipe nozzle and is ignited by a safety lighter on reaching the air, producing large volumes of smoke and flame, and has a terrifying effect on troops who do not understand the method of combating it. However, the flame which is thus produced heats the surrounding air, and this heated air tends to lift the flame rather than to allow it to be directed in the same manner that you would direct a stream of water. Consequently, should a liquid-fire attack come down your trench, all that is necessary is for you not to expose yourself above the height of the trench, and a few well-directed Mills bombs will effectively dispose of the attacking party.

"If caught in the open by a liquid-fire attack, bayonet men should charge madly at the source of the fire, and the chances are about ten to one that they will not be seriously injured and they will be able to stab the nozzle-man. The range of liquid fire is about twenty-five yards, and it can be used with considerable effect in protecting a trench from a frontal attack. Its value, however, as a trench weapon is decidedly limited.

"The Allies at the present time have a very much more effective liquid-fire apparatus than that of the enemy."

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again penetrated so much farther forward than any one else in our neighborhood that we *may* have to fall back a bit. But I hope not. We have a big stake, Waddell. If we can hold on to this position until the others make good upon our right and left, we shall have reclaimed a clear two miles of the soil of France, my son." The major swept the horizon with his glasses. "Let me see: that is probably Hulluch away on our right front: the Loos towers must be in line with us on our extreme right, but we can't see them for those hillocks. There is our old friend Fosse Eight towering over us on our left rear. I don't know anything about the ground on our absolute left, but so long as that flat-head regiment hold on to their trench, we can't go far wrong. Waddell, I don't like those cottages on our left front. They block the view, and also spell machine guns. I see one or two very suggestive loopholes in those red-tiled roofs. Go and draw Ayling's attention to them. A little preliminary *strafing* will do them no harm."

Five minutes later one of Ayling's machine guns spoke out, and a cascade of tiles came sliding down the roofs of the offending cottages.

"That will tickle them up, if they have any guns set up on those rafters," observed the major, with ghoulish satisfaction. "I wonder if Brer Boche is going to attack. I hope he does. There is only one thing I am afraid of, and that is that there may be some odd saps running out toward us especially on our flanks. If so, we shall have some close work with bombs — a most ungentlemanly method of warfare. Let us pray for a straightforward frontal attack."

But Brer Boche had other cards to play first. Suddenly, out of nowhere, the air was filled with "whizz-bang" shells, moving in a lightning procession which lasted nearly half an hour. Most of these plastered the already scarred countenance of Fosse Eight: others fell shorter and demolished our parapet. When the tempest ceased, as suddenly as it began, the number of casualties in the crowded trench was considerable. But there was little time to attend to the wounded. Already the word was running down the line —

"Look out to your front!"

Sure enough, over the sky-line, two hundred yards away, gray figures were appearing — not in battalions, but tentatively, in twos and threes. Next moment a storm of rapid rifle fire broke from the trench. The gray figures turned and ran. Some disappeared over the horizon, others dropped flat, others simply curled up and withered. In three minutes solitude reigned again, and the firing ceased.

"Well, that's that!" observed Captain Wagstaffe to Bobby Little, upon the right of the battalion line. "The Boche has 'bethought himself and went,' as the poet says. Now he knows we are here, and have brought our arquebuses with us. He will try something more ikey next time. Talking of time, what about breakfast? When was our last meal, Bobby?"

"Have n't the vaguest notion," said Bobby sleepily.

"Well, it 's about breakfast-time now. Have a bit of chocolate? It is all I have."

It was eight o'clock, and perfect silence reigned. All down the line men, infinitely grubby, were producing

still grubbier fragments of bully-beef and biscuits from their persons. For an hour, squatting upon the sodden floor of the trench — it was raining yet again — the unappetizing, intermittent meal proceeded.

Then —

"Hallo!" exclaimed Bobby with a jerk (for he was beginning to nod), "what was that on our right?"

"I'm afraid," replied Wagstaffe, "that it was bombs. It was right in this trench, too, about a hundred yards long. There must be a sap leading up there, for the bombers certainly have not advanced overground. I've been looking out for them since stand-to. Who is this anxious gentleman?"

A subaltern of the battalion on our right was forcing his way along the trench. He addressed Wagstaffe.

"We are having a pretty bad time with Boche bombers on our right, sir," he said. "Will you send us down all the bombs you can spare?"

Wagstaffe hoisted himself upon the parapet.

"I will see our C.O. at once," he replied, and departed at the double. It was a risky proceeding, for German bullets promptly appeared in close attendance; but he saved a good five minutes on his journey to battalion headquarters at the other end of the trench.

Presently the bombs began to arrive, passed from hand to hand. Wagstaffe returned, this time along the trench.

"We shall have a tough fight for it," he said. "The Boche bombers know their business, and probably have more bombs than we have. But those boys on our right seem to be keeping their end up."

"Can't *we* do anything?" asked Bobby feverishly.

"Nothing — unless the enemy succeed in working right down here; in which case we shall take our turn of getting it in the neck — or giving it! I fancy old Ayling and his popgun will have a word to say, if he can find a nice straight bit of trench. All we can do for the present is to keep a sharp lookout in front. I have no doubt they will attack in force when the right moment comes."

For close on three hours the bomb-fight went on. Little could be seen, for the struggle was all taking place upon the extreme right; but the sounds of conflict were plain enough. More bombs were passed up and yet more; men, some cruelly torn, were passed down.

Then a signal sergeant doubled up across country from somewhere in rear, paying out wire, and presently the word went forth that we were in touch with the artillery. Directly after, sure enough, came the blessed sound and sight of British shrapnel bursting over our right front.

"That won't stop the present crowd," said Wagstaffe, "but it may prevent their reinforcements from coming up. We are holding our own, Bobby. What's that, sergeant?"

"The commanding officer, sirr," announced Sergeant Carfrae, "has just passed up that we are to keep a sharp lookout to our left. They've commenced for to bomb the English regiment now."

"Golly, both flanks! This is getting a trifle steep," remarked Wagstaffe.

Detonations could now be distinctly heard upon the left.

"If they succeed in getting round behind us," said Wagstaffe in a low voice to Bobby, "we shall have to

fall back a bit, into line with the rest of the advance. Only a few hundred yards, but it means a lot to *us!*"

"It has n't happened yet," said Bobby stoutly.

Captain Wagstaffe knew better. His more experienced eye and ear had detected the fact that the position of the regiment upon the left was already turned. But he said nothing.

Presently the tall figure of the colonel was seen, advancing in leisurely fashion along the trench, stopping here and there to exchange a word with a private or a sergeant.

"The regiment on the left may have to fall back, men," he was saying. "We, of course, will stand fast, and cover their retirement."

This most characteristic announcement was received with a matter-of-fact "Varra good, sir," from its recipients, and the colonel passed on to where the two officers were standing.

"Hallo, Wagstaffe," he said; "good-morning! We shall get some very pretty shooting presently. The enemy are massing on our left front, down behind those cottages. How are things going on our right?"

"They are holding their own, sir."

"Good! Just tell Ayling to get his guns trained. But doubtless he has done so already. I must get back to the other flank."

And back to the danger-spot our C.O. passed — an upright, gallant figure, saying little, exhorting not at all, but instilling confidence and cheerfulness by his very presence.

Halfway along the trench he encountered Major Kemp.

"How are things on the left, sir?" was the Major's *sotto voce* inquiry.

"Not too good. Our position is turned. We have been promised reinforcements, but I doubt if they can get up in time. Of course, when it comes to falling back, this regiment goes last."

"Of course, sir."

Highlanders! Four hundred yards! At the enemy advancing half-left, rapid fire!

Twenty minutes had passed. The regiment still stood immovable, though its left flank was now utterly exposed. All eyes and rifles were fixed upon the cluster of cottages. Through the gaps that lay between these could be discerned the advance of the German infantry — line upon line, moving toward the trench upon our left. The ground to our front was clear. Each time one of these lines passed a gap the rifles rang out and Ayling's remaining machine gun uttered joyous barks. Still the enemy advanced. His shrapnel was bursting overhead; bullets were whistling from nowhere, for the attack in force was now being pressed home in earnest.

The deserted trench upon our left ran right through the cottages, and this restricted our view. No hostile bombers could be seen; it was evident that they had done their bit and handed on the conduct of affairs to others. Behind the shelter of the cottages the infantry were making a safe détour, and were bound, unless something unexpected happened, to get round behind us.

"They'll be firing from our rear in a minute," said Kemp between his teeth. "Lochgair, order your platoon to face about and be ready to fire over the parados."

Young Lochgair's method of executing this command was characteristically thorough. He climbed in leisurely fashion upon the parados; and standing there, with all his six-foot-three in full view, issued his orders.

"Face this way, boys! Keep your eyes on that group of buildings just behind the empty trench, in below the Fosse. You'll get some target practice presently. Don't go and forget that you are the straightest-shooting platoon in the company. There they are" — he pointed with his stick — "lots of them — coming through that gap in the wall! Now, then, rapid fire, and let them have it! Oh, well done, boys! Good shooting! Very good! Very good ind—"

He stopped suddenly, swayed, and toppled back into the trench. Major Kemp caught him in his arms, and laid him gently upon the chalky floor. There was nothing more to be done. Young Lochgair had given his platoon their target, and the platoon were now firing steadily upon the same. He closed his eyes and sighed, like a tired child.

"Carry on, major!" he murmured faintly. "I'm all right."

So died the simple-hearted, valiant enthusiast whom we had christened Othello.

The entire regiment — what was left of it — was now firing over the back of the trench; for the wily Teuton had risked no frontal attack, seeing that he could gain all his ends from the left flank. Despite vigorous rifle fire and the continuous maledictions of the machine gun, the enemy were now pouring through the cottages behind the trench. Many gray figures began to climb

up the face of Fosse Eight, where apparently there was none to say them nay.

"We shall have a cheery walk back, I *don't* think!" murmured Wagstaffe.

He was right. Presently a withering fire was opened from the summit of the Fosse, which soon began to take effect in the exiguous and ill-protected trench.

"The colonel is wounded, sir," reported the sergeant-major to Major Kemp.

"Badly?"

"Yes, sir."

Kemp looked round him. The regiment was now alone in the trench, for the gallant company upon their right had been battered almost out of existence.

"We can do no more good by staying here any longer," said the major. "We have done our little bit. I think it is a case of 'Home, John!' Tell off a party to bring in the C.O., sergeant-major."

Then he passed the order.

"Highlanders, retire to the trenches behind, by companies, beginning from the right."

THE LEGION CAPTURES A TRENCH

[1915]

BY EDWARD MORLAE

The next morning, at 8 A.M., hot coffee was passed round, and we breakfasted on sardines, cheese, and bread, with the coffee to wash it down. At 9 the command passed down the lines, "Every man ready!" Up went the knapsack on every man's back, and, rifle in hand, we filed along the trench.

The cannonading seemed to increase in intensity. From the low places in the parapet we caught glimpses of barbed wire which would glisten in occasional flashes of light. Our own we could plainly see, and a little farther beyond was the German wire.

Suddenly, at the sound of a whistle, we halted. The command, "Baïonnette au canon!" passed down the section. A drawn-out rattle followed, and the bayonets were fixed. Then the whistle sounded again. This time twice. We adjusted our straps. Each man took a look at his neighbor's equipment. I turned and shook hands with the fellows next to me. They were grinning, and I felt my own nerves a-quiver as we waited for the signal.

Waiting seemed an eternity. As we stood there a shell burst close to our left. A moment later it was whispered along the line that an adjutant and five men had gone down.

What were we waiting for? I glanced at my watch. It was 9.15 exactly. The Germans evidently had the

range. Two more shells burst close to the same place. We inquired curiously who was hit this time. Our response was two whistles. That was our signal. I felt my jaws clenching, and the man next to me looked white. It was only for a second. Then every one of us rushed at the trench wall, each and every man struggling to be the first out of the trench. In a moment we had clambered up and out. We slid over the parapet, wormed our way through gaps in the wire, formed in line, and, at the command, moved forward at march-step straight toward the German wire.

The world became a roaring hell. Shell after shell burst near us, sometimes right among us; and, as we moved forward at the double-quick, men fell right and left. We could hear the subdued rattling of the mitrailleuses and the roar of volley fire, but above it all, I could hear with almost startling distinctness the words of the captain, shouting in his clear, high voice, "En avant! Vive la France!"

As we marched forward toward our goal, huge geysers of dust spouted into the air, rising behind our backs from the rows of 75's supporting us. In front the fire-curtain outlined the whole length of the enemy's line with a neatness and accuracy that struck me with wonder, as the flames burst through the pall of smoke and dust around us. Above, all was blackness, but at its lower edge the curtain was fringed with red and green flames, marking the explosion of the shells directly over the ditch and parapet in front of us. The low-flying clouds mingled with the smoke curtain, so that the whole brightness of the day was obscured. Out of the blackness fell a trickling rain of pieces of metal, lumps

of earth, knapsacks, rifles, cartridges, and fragments of human flesh. We went on steadily, nearer and nearer. Now we seemed very close to the wall of shells streaming from our own guns, curving just above us, and dropping into the trenches in front. The effect was terrific. I almost braced myself against the rocking of the earth, like a sailor's instinctive gait in stormy weather.

In a single spot immediately in front of us, not over ten metres in length, I counted twelve shells bursting so fast that I could not count them without missing other explosions. The scene was horrible and terrifying. Across the wall of our own fire poured shell after shell from the enemy, tearing through our ranks. From overhead the shrapnel seemed to come down in sheets, and from behind the stinking, blinding curtain came volleys of steel-jacketed bullets, their whine unheard and their effect almost unnoticed.

I think we moved forward simply from habit. With me it was like a dream as we went on, ever on. Here and there men dropped, the ranks closing automatically. Of a sudden our own fire curtain lifted. In a moment it had ceased to bar our way and jumped like a living thing to the next line of the enemy. We could see the trenches in front of us now, quite clear of fire, but flattened almost beyond recognition. The defenders were either killed or demoralized. Calmly, almost stupidly, we parried or thrust with the bayonet at those who barred our way. Without a backward glance we leaped the ditch and went on straight forward toward the next trench, marked in glowing outline by our fire. I remember now how the men looked. Their

eyes had a wild unseeing look in them. Everybody was gazing ahead, trying to pierce the awful curtain which cut us off from all sight of the enemy. Always the black pall smoking and burning appeared ahead — just ahead of us — hiding everything we wanted to see.

The drama was played again and again. Each time, as we approached so close that fragments of our own shells occasionally struck a leading file, the curtain lifted as by magic, jumped the intervening metres, and descended upon the enemy's trench farther on. The ranges were perfect. We followed blindly — sometimes at a walk, sometimes at a dog-trot, and, when close to our goal, on the dead run. You could not hear a word in that pandemonium. All commands were given by example or by gesture. When our captain lay down, we knew our orders were to lie down too. When he waved to the right, to the right we swerved; if to the left, we turned to the left. A sweeping gesture, with an arm extended, first up then down, meant, "Halt. Lie Down!" From down, up, it meant, "Rise!" When his hand was thrust swiftly forward, we knew he was shouting, "En avant!" and when he waved his hand in a circle above his head, we broke into the double-quick.

Three times on our way to the second trench, the captain dropped and we after him. Then three short quick rushes by the companies and a final dash as the curtain of shells lifts and drops farther away. Then a hand-to-hand struggle, short and very bloody, some using their bayonets, others clubbing their rifles and grenades. A minute or two, and the trench was ours. The earthen fortress, so strong that the Germans had

boasted that it could be held by a janitor and two washerwomen, was in the hands of the Legion.

As we swept on, the trench-cleaners entered the trench behind and began setting things to rights. Far down, six to eight metres below the surface, they found an underground city. Long tunnels, with chambers opening to right and left; bedrooms, furnished with bedsteads, wash-stands, tables, and chairs; elaborate mess-rooms, some fitted with pianos and phonographs. There were kitchens, too, and even bathrooms. So complex was the labyrinth that three days after the attack Germans were found stowed away in the lateral galleries. The passages were choked with dead. Hundreds of Germans who had survived the bombardment were torn to pieces deep beneath the ground by French hand-grenades, and buried where they lay. In rifles, munitions, and equipment the booty was immense.

We left the subterranean combat raging underneath us and continued on. As we passed over the main trench, we were enfiladed by cannon placed in armored turrets at the end of each section of trench. The danger was formidable, but it, too, had been foreseen. In a few moments these guns were silenced by hand-grenades shoved point-blank through the gun-ports. Just then, I remember, I looked back and saw Pala down on his hands and knees. I turned and ran over to help him up. He was quite dead, killed in the act of rising from the ground. His grotesque posture struck me at the time as funny, and I could not help smiling. I suppose I was nervous.

Our line was wearing thin. Halfway to the third trench we were reinforced by Battalion E coming from

behind. The ground in our rear was covered with our men.

All at once came a change. The German artillery in front ceased firing, and the next second we saw the reason why. In the trench ahead, the German troops were pouring out in black masses and advancing toward us at a trot. Was it a counter-attack? "Tant mieux," said a man near me; another, of a different race, said, "We'll show them!" Then as suddenly our own artillery ceased firing, and the mystery became plain. The Germans were approaching in columns of fours, officers to the front, hands held in the air, and, as they came closer, we could distinguish the steady cry, "Kameraden! Kameraden!"

They were surrendering. How we went at our work! Out flew our knives, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, we had mingled among the prisoners, slicing off their trouser buttons, cutting off suspenders, and hacking through belts. All the war shoes had their laces cut, according to the regulations laid down in the last French Manual, and thus, slopping along, their hands helplessly in their breeches' pockets, to keep their trousers from falling round their ankles, shuffling their feet, to keep their boots on, the huge column of prisoners was sent to the rear with a few soldiers to direct rather than to guard them. There was no fight left in them now. A terror-stricken group; some of them, temporarily at least, half insane.

As the Germans had left the trenches, their artillery had paused, thinking it a counter-attack. Now, as file after file was escorted to the rear and it became apparent to their rear lines that the men had surrendered,

the German artillery saw its mistake and opened up again furiously at the dark masses of defenseless prisoners. We, too, were subjected to a terrific fire. Six shells landed at the same instant in almost the same place, and within a few minutes Section III of our company had almost disappeared. I lost two of my own section, Casey and Leguer, both severely wounded in the leg. I counted fourteen men of my command still on their feet. The company seemed to have shrunk two thirds. A few minutes later, we entered the trench lately evacuated by the Prussians and left it by a very deep communication trench which we knew led to our destination, Ferme Navarin. Just at the entrance we passed sign-boards, marked in big letters with black paint, SCHUTZENGRABEN, SPANDAU.

This trench ran zigzag, in the general direction north and south. In many places it was filled level with dirt and rocks kicked in by our big shells. From the mass of débris, hands and legs were sticking stiffly out at grotesque angles. In one place, the heads of two men showed above the loose brown earth. Here and there, men were sitting, their backs against the wall of the trench, quite dead, with not a wound showing. In one deep crater, excavated by our 320-millimetres, lay five Saxons, side by side, in the pit where they had sought refuge, killed by the bursting of a single shell. One, a man of about twenty-three years of age, lay on his back, his legs tensely doubled, elbows thrust back into the ground, and fingers dug into the palms; eyes staring in terror and mouth wide open. I could not help carrying the picture of fear away with me, and I thought to myself, that man died a coward. Just alongside of him,

resting on his left side, lay a blond giant stretched out easily, almost graceful in death. His two hands were laid together, palm to palm, in prayer. Between them was a photograph. The look upon his face was calm and peaceful. The contrast of his figure with his neighbor's struck me. I noticed that a paper protruded from his partly opened blouse, and, picking it up, read the heading, "Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott." It was a two-leaved tract. I drew a blanket over him and followed my section.

The trench we marched in wound along in the shelter of a little ridge crowned with scrubby pines. Here the German shells bothered us but little. We were out of sight of their observation posts, and, consequently, their fire was uncontrolled and no longer effective. On we went. At every other step our feet pressed down upon soldiers' corpses, lying indiscriminately one on top of the other, sometimes almost filling the trench. I brushed against one who sat braced against the side of the trench, the chin resting upon folded arms quite naturally — yet quite dead. It was through this trench that the Germans had tried to rush reinforcements into the threatened position, and here the men were slaughtered, without a chance to go back or forwards. Hemmed in by shells in both front and rear, many hundreds had climbed into the open and tried to escape over the fields toward the pine forest, only to be mown down as they ran. For hundreds of metres continuously my feet as I trudged along did not touch the ground. In many of the bodies life was not yet extinct, but we had to leave them for the Red Cross men. We had our orders. No delay was possible, and,

at any rate, our minds were clogged with our own work ahead.

Making such time as we could, we finally arrived at the summit of the little ridge. Then we left the cover of the trench, formed in Indian file, fifty metres between sections, and, at the signal, moved forward swiftly and in order.

It was a pretty bit of tactics and executed with a dispatch and neatness hardly equaled on the drill-ground. The first files of the sections were abreast, while the men fell in, one close behind the other; and so we crossed the ridge, offering the smallest possible target to the enemy's guns. Before us and a little to our left was the Ferme Navarin, our goal. As we descended the slope, we were greeted by a new hail of iron. Shells upon shells, fired singly, by pairs, by salvos, from six-gun batteries, they crashed and exploded around us. We increased the pace to a run and arrived out of breath abreast of immense pits dynamited out of the ground by prodigious explosions. Imbedded in them we could see three enemy howitzers, but not a living German was left. All had disappeared. . . .

As we waited there, the mood of the men seemed to change. Their spirits began to rise. One jest started another, and soon we were all laughing at the memory of the German prisoners marching to the rear, holding up their trousers with both hands. Some of the men had taken the welcome opportunity of searching the prisoners while cutting their suspenders, and most of them were now puffing German cigarettes. One of them, Haeffle, offered me a piece of K.K. bread [*Krieg's Kartoffel Brot*], black as ink. I declined with thanks,

for I did n't like the looks of it. In the relaxation of the moment, nobody paid any attention to the shells falling outside the little open shelter, until Capdevielle proposed to crawl inside one of the German howitzers for security. Alas, he was too fat, and stuck! I myself hoped rather strongly that no shell would enter one of these pits in which the company had found shelter, because I knew there were several thousand rounds of ammunition piled near each piece hidden under the dirt, and an explosion might make it hot for us.

As we sat there, smoking and chatting, Delpenche slid over the edge of the hollow and brought with him the order to leave the pit in column of one and to descend to the bottom of the incline, in line with some trees which he pointed out to us. There we were to deploy in open order and dig shelter trenches for ourselves — though I can tell the reader that "shelter" is a poor word to use in such a connection. It seems we had to wait for artillery before making the attack on Navarin itself. The trench "Spandau," so Delpenche told me, was being put into shape by the engineers and was already partially filled with troops who were coming up to our support. The same message had been carried to the other section. As we filed out of our pit, we saw them leaving theirs. In somewhat loose formation, we ran full-tilt down the hill, and, at the assigned position, flung ourselves on the ground and began digging like mad. We had made the last stretch without losing a man.

The Ferme Navarin was two hundred metres from where we lay. From it came a heavy rifle and mitrailleuse fire, but we did not respond. We had something

else to do. Every man had his shovel, and every man made the dirt fly. In what seemed half a minute we had formed a continuous parapet, twelve to fourteen inches in height, and with our knapsacks placed to keep the dirt in position, we felt quite safe against infantry and machine-gun fire. Next, each man proceeded to dig his little individual niche in the ground, about a yard deep, twenty inches wide, and long enough to lie down in with comfort. Between each two men there remained a partition wall of dirt, from ten to fifteen inches thick, the usefulness of which was immediately demonstrated by a shell which fell into Blondino's niche, blowing him to pieces without injuring either of his companions to the right or the left. . . .

The day passed slowly and without mishap to my section. As night fell, one half of the section stayed on the alert four hours, while the other half slept. The second sergeant had returned and relieved me at twelve, midnight. I pulled several handfuls of grass, and with that and two overcoats I had stripped from dead Germans during the night, I made a comfortable bed and lay down to sleep. The bank was not uncomfortable. I was very tired, and dozed off immediately.

Suddenly I awoke in darkness. Everything was still, and I could hear my watch ticking, but over every part of me there was an immense leaden weight. I tried to rise, and could n't move. Something was holding me and choking me at the same time. There was no air to breathe. I set my muscles and tried to give a strong heave. As I drew in my breath, my mouth filled with dirt. I was buried alive!

It is curious what a man thinks about when he is

in trouble. Into my mind shot memories of feats of strength performed. Why, I was the strongest man in the section. Surely I could lift myself out, I thought to myself, and my confidence began to return. I worked the dirt out of my mouth with the tip of my tongue and prepared myself mentally for the sudden heave that would free me. A quick inhalation, and my mouth filled again with dirt. I could not move a muscle under my skin. And then I seemed to be two people. The "I" who was thinking seemed to be at a distance from the body lying there.

My God! Am I going to die stretched out in a hole like this? I thought.

Through my mind flashed a picture of the way I had always hoped to die — the way I had a right to die: face to the enemy and running towards him. Why, that was part of a soldier's wages. I tried to shout for help, and more dirt entered my mouth! I could feel it gritting way down in my throat. My tongue was locked so I could not move. I watched the whole picture. I was standing a little way off and could hear myself gurgle. My throat was rattling, and I said to myself, "That's the finish!" Then I grew calm. It was n't hurting so much, and somehow or other I seemed to realize that a soldier had taken a soldier's chance and lost. It was n't his fault. He had done the best he could. Then the pain all left me and the world went black. It was death.

Then somebody yelled, "Hell! He bit my finger." I could hear him.

"That's nothing," said a voice I knew as Collette's. "Get the dirt out of his mouth."

Again a finger entered my throat, and I coughed spasmodically.

Some one was working my arms backward, and my right shoulder hurt me. I struggled up, but sank to my knees and began coughing up dirt.

"Here," says Subiron, "turn round and spit that dirt on your parapet. It all helps." The remark made me smile.

I was quite all right now, and Subiron, Collette, Joe, and Marcel returned to their holes. The Red Cross men were picking something out of the hole made by a 250-millimetre, they told me. It was the remnant of the Corporal and Sergeant Fourrier, who had their trench to my left. It seems that a ten-inch shell had entered the ground at the edge of my hole, exploded a depth of two metres, tearing the corporal and sergeant to pieces, and kicking several cubic metres of dirt into and on top of me. Subiron and the Collettes saw what had happened, and immediately started digging me out. They had been just in time. It was n't long before my strength began to come back. Two stretcher-bearers came up to carry me to the rear, but I declined their services. There was too much going on. I dug out the German overcoats, recovered some grass, and, bedding myself down in the crater made by the shell, began to feel quite safe again. Lightning never strikes twice in the same spot.

However, that was n't much like the old-fashioned lightning. The enemy seemed to have picked upon my section. The shells were falling thicker and closer. Everybody was broad awake now, and all of us seemed to be waiting for a shell to drop in our holes. It was only a question of time before we should be wiped out.

Haeffle called my attention to a little trench we all had noticed during the daytime, about forty metres in front of us. No fire had come from there, and it was evidently quite abandoned.

I took Haeffle and Saint-Hilaire with me and quietly crawled over to the trench, round the end of it, and started to enter at about the center.

Then all of a sudden a wild yell came out of the darkness in front of us.

"Franzosen! Die Franzosen!"

We could n't see anything, nor they, either. There might have been a regiment of us or of them, for that matter. I screeched out in German, "Hände hoch!" [Hands up!] and jumped into the trench followed by my two companions. As we crouched in the bottom, I yelled again, "Hände hoch oder wir schiessen!" [Hands up, or we will shoot!]

The response was the familiar "Kameraden! Kameraden!" Haeffle gave an audible chuckle.

Calling again on my German, I ordered the men to step out of the trench with hands held high, and to march toward our line. I assured the poor devils we would not hurt them. They thought there was a division of us, more or less, and I don't know how much confidence they put in my assurance. Anyhow, as they scrambled over the parapet, I counted six of them prisoners to the three of us. Haeffle and Saint-Hilaire escorted them back and also took word to the second sergeant to let the section crawl, one after the other, up this trench to where I was.

One by one the men came on, crawling in single file, and I put them to work, carefully and noiselessly revers-

ing the parapet. This German trench was very deep, with niches cut into the bank at intervals of one metre, permitting the men to lie down comfortably.

I wanted to know the time and felt along my belt. One of the straps had been cut clean through and my wallet, which had held two hundred and sixty-five francs, had been neatly removed. Some one of my men, who had risked his life for mine with a self-devotion that could scarcely be surpassed, had felt that his need was greater than mine. Whoever he was, I bear him no grudge. Poor chap, if he lived he needed the money — and that day he surely did me a good turn. Besides, he was a member of the Legion.

I placed sentries, took care to find a good place for myself, and was just dropping off to sleep as Haeffle and Saint-Hilaire returned and communicated to me the captain's compliments and the assurance of a "citation."[1]

I composed myself to sleep and dropped off quite content.

[1] Equivalent to "mentioned in dispatches."

IV

ON THE WESTERN AND ITALIAN FRONTS 1916-1917

HISTORICAL NOTE

With the coming of 1916, the Allies on the Western Front were much better prepared for war. The French were compelled, to be sure, to act on the defensive for weeks in order to save Verdun, and that prolonged battle was a severe drain upon all available resources. But the French were victorious; they once more proved equal to the occasion when the Germans tried to break through to Paris; and in later months were ready to take the offensive in the Champagne and elsewhere. Meanwhile, the British had been making the most extensive preparations, with new armies, new implements of war, and far-reaching plans for the operation of mines. The great battle of the Somme was the first result, a battle which put the Allies in a position to take the offensive at the strongest points of the German lines. The campaigns of 1917 steadily developed the new plans of offense, netting the Allies great numbers of prisoners, guns, and other items of conquest.

The Germans, meanwhile, approached the campaigns of 1916 with the assurance of victors, after the conquests on the Eastern Front during the previous year. Undoubtedly they expected to break through the French lines at Verdun as they had driven the Russians before them in Galicia. Their failure, after the most furious and persistent assaults, put them on the defensive in the western theater of the war. The Russian revolution in the spring of 1917 played into their hands, for Russia was practically out of the war from that time on, during the months of internal turmoil; the Germans were able to withdraw troops and mass forces opposite the British lines, also to make ready for the sudden drive through the Italian lines on the Isonzo and beyond, early in November. Italy thus suddenly became the center of crucial operations. For the submarine policy of frightfulness launched by Germany, February 1st, had failed to bring the anticipated destruction of British shipping, and the United States had come to the aid of England on the seas.

THE BATTLE OF VERDUN

[1916]

BY RAOUL BLANCHARD

Why did the Germans make their drive at Verdun, a powerful fortress defended by a complete system of detached outworks? Several reasons may be found for this. First of all, there were the strategic advantages of the operation. Ever since the battle of the Marne and the German offensive against Saint-Mihiel, Verdun had formed a salient in the French front which was surrounded by the Germans on three sides, — northwest, east, and south, — and was consequently in greater peril than the rest of the French lines. Besides, Verdun was not far distant from Metz, the great German arsenal, the fountain-head for arms, food, and munitions. For the same reasons, the French defense of Verdun was made much harder because access to the city was commanded by the enemy. Of the two main railroads linking Verdun with France, the Lérouville line was cut off by the enemy at Saint-Mihiel; the second (leading through Châlons) was under ceaseless fire from the German artillery. There remained only a narrow-gauge road connecting Verdun and Bar-le-Duc. The fortress, then, was almost isolated.

For another reason, Verdun was too near, for the comfort of the Germans, to those immense deposits of iron ore in Lorraine which they have every intention of retaining after the war. The moral factor involved in

the fall of Verdun was also immense. If the stronghold were captured, the French, who look on it as their chief bulwark in the east, would be greatly disheartened, whereas it would delight the souls of the Germans, who had been counting on its seizure since the beginning of the war. They have not forgotten that the ancient Lotharingia, created by a treaty signed eleven centuries ago at Verdun, extended as far as the Meuse. Finally, it is probable that the German General Staff intended to profit by a certain slackness on the part of the French, who, placing too much confidence in the strength of the position and the favorable nature of the surrounding countryside, had made little effort to augment their defensive value.

This value, as a matter of fact, was great. The theater of operations at Verdun offers far fewer inducements to an offensive than the plains of Artois, Picardy, or Champagne. The rolling ground, the vegetation, the distribution of the population, all present serious obstacles. . . .

The German preparation was, from the start, formidable and painstaking. It was probably under way by the end of October, 1915, for at that time the troops selected to deliver the first crushing attack were withdrawn from the front and sent into training. Four months were thus set aside for this purpose. To make the decisive attack, the Germans made selection from four of their crack army corps, the Eighteenth active, the Seventh reserve, the Fifteenth active (the Mülhausen Corps), and the Third active, composed of Brandenburgers. These troops were sent to the interior to undergo special preparation. In addition to these 80,000 or

100,000 men, who were appointed to bear the brunt of the assault, the operation was to be supported by the Crown Prince's army on the right and by that of General von Strautz on the left — 300,000 men more. Immense masses of artillery were gathered together to blast open the way; fourteen lines of railroad brought together from every direction the streams of arms and munitions. Heavy artillery was transported from the Russian and Serbian fronts. No light pieces were used in this operation — in the beginning, at any rate; only guns of large caliber, exceeding 200 millimetres, many of 370 and 420 millimetres. . . .

The point chosen for the attack was the plateau on the right bank of the Meuse. The Germans would thus avoid the obstacle of the cliffs of Côtes de Meuse, and, by seizing the ridges and passing around the ravines, they could drive down on Douaumont, which dominates the entire region, and from there fall on Verdun and capture the bridges. At the same time, the German right wing would assault the French positions on the left bank of the Meuse; the left wing would complete the encircling movement, and the entire French army of Verdun, driven back to the river and attacked from the rear, would be captured or destroyed.

The plan was worked out meticulously; it is even reported that every colonel of the regiments which were to take part in the operation had been summoned to the Great Headquarters at Charleville, and that a sort of general rehearsal was gone through in the presence of the Kaiser. As in the beginning of the war, the Germans felt that success was assured. They had taken every precaution; their resources were immense, their

adversary had grown careless. They could not fail. But once more Germany had counted without the mettle and adaptability of the French soldiers — their genius for improvisation and their spirit of self-sacrifice.

With such thorough preparation, the Germans felt that the contest would be a short one. As a matter of fact, the battle of Verdun lasted no less than ten months, — from February 21st to December 16th, — and in its course various phases were developed which the Germans had scarcely foreseen. First of all, came the formidable *German attack*, with its harvest of success during the first few days of the frontal drive, which was soon checked and forced to wear itself out in fruitless flank attacks, kept up until April 9th. After this date the German programme became more modest: they merely wished to hold at Verdun sufficient French troops to forestall an offensive at some other point. This was the *period of German "fixation,"* lasting from April to the middle of July. It then became the object of the French, in their turn, to hold the German forces at Verdun and prevent their transfer to the Somme. This was the period of *French "fixation,"* which ended in the successes of October and December.

The first German onslaught was the most intense and critical moment of the battle. The violent frontal attack on the plateau east of the Meuse, magnificently executed, at first carried all before it. This success was due to the thoroughness of the preparations, the admirable strategy, and also to weaknesses on the part of the French. The commanders at Verdun had shown a lack of foresight. For more than a year this sector had been quiet, and undue confidence was placed in the natural

strength of the position. There were too few trenches, too few cannon, too few troops. These soldiers, moreover, had had little experience in the field compared with those who came up later to reinforce them; and it was their task to face the most terrific attack ever known.

On the morning of February 21st the German artillery opened up a fire of infernal intensity. This artillery had been brought up in undreamed-of quantities. French aviators who flew over the enemy positions located so many batteries that they gave up marking them on their maps; the number was too great. The forest of Grémilly, northeast of the point of attack, was just a great cloud shot through with lightning-flashes. A deluge of shells fell on the French positions, annihilating the first line, attacking the batteries and attempting to silence them, and finding their mark as far back as the city of Verdun. At five o'clock in the afternoon the first waves of infantry went forward to the assault and carried the advanced French positions in the woods of Haumont and Caures. On the 22d the French left was driven backwards for a distance of about four kilometres.

The following day a terrible engagement took place along the entire line of attack, resulting toward evening in the retreat of both French wings; on the left Samognieux was taken by the Germans; on the right they occupied the strong position of Herbebois, which fell after a magnificent resistance.

The situation developed rapidly on the 24th. The Germans enveloped the French center, which formed a salient; at two in the afternoon they captured the important central position of Beaumont, and by nightfall

had reached Louvemont and La Vauche forest, gathering in thousands of prisoners. On the morning of the 25th the enemy, taking advantage of the growing confusion of the French command, stormed Bezonvaux, and, after some setbacks, entered the fort of Douaumont, which they found evacuated.

The German victory now seemed assured. In less than five days the assaulting troops sent forward over the plateau had penetrated the French positions to a depth of eight kilometres, and were masters of the most important elements of the defense of the fortress. It seemed as if nothing could stop their onrush. Verdun and its bridges were only seven kilometres distant. The commander of the fortified region himself proposed to evacuate the whole right bank of the Meuse; the troops established in the Woëvre were already falling back toward the bluffs of Côtes de Meuse. Most luckily, on this same day there arrived at Verdun some men of resource, together with substantial reinforcements. General de Castelnau, Chief of the General Staff, ordered the troops on the right bank to hold out at all costs. And on the evening of the 25th General Pétain took over the command of the entire sector. The Zouaves, on the left bank, were standing firm as rocks on the Côte du Poivre, which cuts off access from the valley to Verdun. During this time the Germans, pouring forward from Douaumont, had already reached the Côte de Froideterre, and the French artillerymen, outflanked, poured their fire into the gray masses as though with rifles. It was at this moment that the Thirty-ninth division of the famous Twentieth French Army Corps of Nancy met the enemy in the open, and, after

furious hand-to-hand fighting, broke the backbone of the attack.

That was the end of it. The German tidal wave could go no farther. There were fierce struggles for several days longer, but all in vain. Starting on the 26th, five French counter-attacks drove back the enemy to a point just north of the fort of Douaumont, and recaptured the village of the same name. For three days the German attacking forces tried unsuccessfully to force these positions; their losses were terrible, and already they had to call in a division of reinforcement. After two days of quiet the contest began again at Douaumont, which was attacked by an entire army corps; the 4th of March found the village again in German hands. The impetus of the great blow had been broken, however; after five days of success, the attack had fallen flat.

Were the Germans then to renounce Verdun? After such vast preparations, after such great losses, after having roused such high hopes, this seemed impossible to the leaders of the German army. The frontal drive was to have been followed up by the attack of the wings, and it was now planned to carry this out with the assistance of the Crown Prince's army, which was still intact. In this way the scheme so judiciously arranged would be accomplished in the appointed manner. Instead of adding the finishing touch to the victory, however, these wings now had the task of winning it completely — and the difference is no small one.

These flank attacks were delivered for over a month (March 6th to April 9th) on both sides of the river simultaneously, with an intensity and power which

recalled the first days of the battle. But the French were now on their guard. They had received great reinforcements of artillery, and the nimble 75's, thanks to their speed and accuracy, barred off the positions under attack by a terrible curtain of fire. Moreover, their infantry contrived to pass through the enemy's barrage-fire, wait calmly until the assaulting infantry were within thirty metres of them, and then let loose the rapid-fire guns. They were also commanded by energetic and brilliant chiefs: General Pétain, who offset the insufficient railroad communications with the rear by putting in motion a great stream of more than 40,000 motor trucks, all traveling on strict schedule time; and General Nivelle, who directed operations on the right bank of the river, before taking command of the Army of Verdun. The German successes of the first days were not duplicated. . . .

And, indeed, the great attack of April 9th was the last general effort made by the German troops to carry out the programme of February — to capture Verdun and wipe out the French army which defended it. They had to give in. The French were on their guard now; they had artillery, munitions, and men. The defenders began to act as vigorously as the attackers; they took the offensive, recaptured the woods of La Caillette, and occupied the trenches before Le Mort Homme. The German plans were ruined. Some other scheme had to be thought out.

Instead of employing only eight divisions of excellent troops, as originally planned, the Germans had little by little cast into the fiery furnace thirty divisions. This enormous sacrifice could not be allowed to count for

THE BIGGEST CANNON ON THE WESTERN FRONT

THE BIGGEST CANNON ON THE WESTERN FRONT

THIS has been called a war of artillery and the name is justified. Beyond the front line the batteries are arranged in tiers; first the lighter guns, then the medium, and last of all the heavy artillery such as is shown in the illustration, all placed according to their range. Each of the lighter batteries is trained on an imaginary line fifty yards in advance of the front-line trench and thirty feet in the air. If the enemy attacks at night, a colored rocket is fired from the front trench. This is noted by the lookout men for the batteries having that particular sector in their care, and the guns immediately come into action, putting a barrage or curtain of fire along their imaginary line with the object of keeping the enemy from reaching the trenches. At the same time the orderly at Company Headquarters telephones the S.O.S. call to Battalion, Division and Corps Headquarters and the heavy artillery come into action against the enemy's trenches and rear lines.

To illustrate the rapidity and accuracy with which all this can be carried out, Captain F. Hawes Elliott, in his book, "Trench Fighting," says: "At Saint-Éloi, in 1916, the Germans were attacking our position, and we sent up an S.O.S. rocket, and within ten seconds we had fourteen hundred eighteen-pounder field guns putting up a barrage fifty yards in front of our trench with a burst point thirty feet in the air. This fire was concentrated on a frontage of one thousand yards, being five hundred yards either side of the point where the rocket was sent up. When you remember that the lateral burst of a shell is twenty-five yards either side of the burst point and the forward burst one hundred and fifty yards, and also the fact that these eighteen-pounder guns were fired at the rate of eighteen shells per minute, you will gain some idea of the tremendous screen of fire which our artillery places in front of us."

The cannon shown in the illustration throws a shell almost eighteen inches in diameter, or nearly two inches larger than the great German 42-centimetre. It is hidden away from the most keen-sighted enemy airman by the thick foliage of the Vosges Mountains.

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nothing. The German High Command therefore decided to assign a less pretentious object to the abortive enterprise. The Crown Prince's offensive had fallen flat; but, at all events, it might succeed in preventing a French offensive. For this reason it was necessary that Verdun should remain a sore spot, a continually menaced sector, where the French would be obliged to send a steady stream of men, material, and munitions. It was hinted then in all the German papers that the struggle at Verdun was a battle of attrition, which would wear down the strength of the French by slow degrees. There was no talk now of thunderstrokes; it was all "the siege of Verdun." This time they expressed the true purpose of the German General Staff; the struggle which followed the fight of April 9th now took the character of a battle of fixation, in which the Germans tried to hold their adversaries' strongest units at Verdun and prevent their being transferred elsewhere. This state of affairs lasted from mid-April to well into July, when the progress of the Somme offensive showed the Germans that their efforts had been unavailing. . . .

On May 4th there began a terrible artillery preparation, directed against Hill 304. This was followed by attacks of infantry, which surged up the shell-blasted slopes, first to the northwest, then north, and finally northeast. The attack of the 7th was made by three divisions of fresh troops which had not previously been in action before Verdun. No gains were secured. Every foot of ground taken in the first rush was recaptured by French counter-attacks. During the night of the 18th a savage onslaught was made against the woods of Avocourt, without the least success. On the 20th and

21st, three divisions were hurled against Le Mort Homme, which they finally took; but they could go no farther. The 23d and 24th were terrible days. The Germans stormed the village of Cumières; their advance guard penetrated as far as Chattancourt. On the 26th, however, the French were again in possession of Cumières and the slopes of Le Mort Homme; and if the Germans, by means of violent counter-attacks, were able to get a fresh foothold in the ruins of Cumières, they made no attempt to progress farther. The battles of the left river-bank were now over; on this side of the Meuse there were to be only local engagements of no importance, and the usual artillery fire. . . .

Verdun, however, continued to be of great interest to the French. In the first place, they could not endure seeing the enemy intrenched five kilometres away from the coveted city. Moreover, it was most important for them to prevent the Germans from weakening the Verdun front and transferring their men and guns to the Somme. The French troops, therefore, were to take the initiative out of the hands of the Germans and inaugurate, in their turn, a battle of fixation. This new situation presented two phases: in July and August the French were satisfied to worry the enemy with small forces and to oblige them to fight; in October and December General Nivelle, well supplied with troops and material, was able to strike two vigorous blows which took back from the Germans the larger part of all the territory they had won since February 21st.

From July 15th to September 15th, furious fighting was in progress on the slopes of the plateau stretching from Thiaumont to Damloup. This time, however, it

was the French who attacked savagely, who captured ground, and who took prisoners. So impetuous were they that their adversaries, who asked for nothing but quiet, were obliged to be constantly on their guard and deliver costly counter-attacks.

The contest raged most bitterly over the ruins of Thiaumont and Fleury. On the 15th of July the Zouaves broke into the southern part of the village, only to be driven out again. However, on the 19th and 20th the French freed Souville, and drew near to Fleury; from the 20th to the 26th they forged ahead step by step, taking eight hundred prisoners. A general attack, delivered on August 3d, carried the fort of Thiaumont and the village of Fleury, with fifteen hundred prisoners. The Germans reacted violently; the 4th of August they reoccupied Fleury, a part of which was taken back by the French that same evening. From the 5th to the 9th the struggle went on ceaselessly, night and day, in the ruins of the village. During this time the adversaries took and retook Thiaumont, which the Germans held after the 8th. But on the 10th the Colonial regiment from Morocco reached Fleury, carefully prepared the assault, delivered it on the 17th, and captured the northern and southern portions of the village, encircling the central part, which they occupied on the 18th. From this day Fleury remained in French hands. The German counter-assaults of the 18th, 19th, and 20th of August were fruitless; the Moroccan Colonials held their conquest firmly.

On the 24th the French began to advance east of Fleury, in spite of incessant attacks which grew more intense on the 28th. Three hundred prisoners were taken

between Fleury and Thiaumont on September 3d, and three hundred more fell into their hands in the woods of Vaux-Chapître. On the 9th they took three hundred more before Fleury.

It may be seen that the French troops had thoroughly carried out the programme assigned to them of attacking the enemy relentlessly, obliging him to counter-attack, and *holding* him at Verdun. But the High Command was to surpass itself. By means of sharp attacks, it proposed to carry the strong positions which the Germans had dearly bought, from February to July, at the price of five months of terrible effort. This new plan was destined to be accomplished on October 24th and December 15th.

Verdun was no longer looked on by the French as a "sacrificial sector." To this attack of October 24th, destined to establish once for all the superiority of the soldier of France, it was determined to consecrate all the time and all the energy that were found necessary. A force of artillery which General Nivelle himself declared to be of exceptional strength was brought into position — no old-fashioned ordnance this time, but magnificent new pieces, among them long-range guns of four hundred millimetres caliber. The Germans had fifteen divisions on the Verdun front, but the French command judged it sufficient to make the attack with three divisions, which advanced along a front of seven kilometres. These, however, were made up of excellent troops, withdrawn from service in the first lines and trained for several weeks, who knew every inch of the ground and were full of enthusiasm. General Mangin was their commander.

The French artillery opened fire on October 21st, by hammering away at the enemy's positions. A feint attack forced the Germans to reveal the location of their batteries, more than one hundred and thirty of which were discovered and silenced. At 11.40 A.M. October 24th, the assault started in the fog. The troops advanced on the run, preceded by a barrage-fire. On the left, the objective points were reached at 2.45 P.M., and the village of Douaumont captured. The fort was stormed at three o'clock by the Moroccan Colonials, and the few Germans who held out there surrendered when night came on. On the right, the woods surrounding Vaux were rushed with lightning speed. The battery of Damloup was taken by assault. Vaux alone resisted. In order to reduce it, the artillery preparation was renewed from October 28th to November 2d, and the Germans evacuated the fort without fighting on the morning of the 2d. As they retreated, the French occupied the villages of Vaux and Damloup, at the foot of the *côtes*. . . .

The success was undeniable. As a reply to the German peace proposals of December 12th, the battle of Verdun ended as a real victory; and this magnificent operation, in which the French had shown such superiority in infantry and artillery, seemed to be a pledge of future triumphs.

The conclusion is easily reached. In February and March Germany wished to end the war by crushing the French army at Verdun. She failed utterly. Then, from April to July, she wished to exhaust French military resources by a battle of fixation. Again she failed. The

Somme offensive was the offspring of Verdun. Later on, from July to December, she was not able to elude the grasp of the French, and the last engagements, together with the vain struggles of the Germans for six months, showed to what extent General Nivelle's men had won the upper hand.

The battle of Verdun, beginning as a brilliant German offensive, ended as an offensive victory for the French. And so this terrible drama is an epitome of the whole great war: a brief term of success for the Germans at the start, due to a tremendous preparation which took careless adversaries by surprise — terrible and agonizing first moments, soon offset by energy, heroism, and the spirit of sacrifice; and finally, victory for the Soldiers of Right.

CAILLETTE WOOD

AN EPISODE OF VERDUN

The fiercest struggle on the sector between Douaumont and Vaux was that which raged around Caillette Wood in the early days of April. Eye-witnesses describe it as one of the most thrilling episodes in the whole great series of battles. The importance of the position lay in the fact that if the Germans could keep it they could force the French to abandon the entire ridge. The heroic deeds on both sides in the French recapture of this ground are narrated by a staff correspondent in the following remarkable story, under date of April 4th: —

"The Germans had taken Caillette on Sunday morning, April 2d, after twelve hours' bombardment, which seemed even to beat the Verdun record for intensity. The French curtain fire had checked their further advance, and a savage countercharge in the early afternoon had gained for the defenders a corpse-strewn welter of splintered trees and shell-shattered ground that had been the southern corner of the wood. Further charges had broken against a massive barricade, the value of which as a defense paid good interest on the expenditure of German lives which its construction demanded.

"A wonderful work had been accomplished that Sunday forenoon in the livid, London-like fog and twilight produced by the lowering clouds and battle smoke. While the German assault columns in the van fought the French hand to hand, picked corps of workers behind

them formed an amazing human chain from the woods to the east over the shoulder of the center of the Douaumont slope to the crossroads of a network of communication trenches, six hundred yards in the rear.

"Four deep was this chain, and along its line of nearly three thousand men passed an unending stream of wooden billets, sandbags, chevaux-de-frise, steel shelters, and light mitrailleuses, in a word, all the material for defensive fortifications, like buckets at a country fire.

"Despite the hurricane of French artillery fire, the German commander had adopted the only possible means of rapid transport over the shell-torn ground, covered with débris, over which neither horse nor cart could go. Every moment counted. Unless barriers rose swiftly the French counter-attacks, already massing, would sweep the assailants back into the wood.

"Cover was disdained. The workers stood at full height, and the chain stretched openly across the hollows and hillocks, a fair target for the French gunners. The latter missed no chance. Again and again great rents were torn in the line by the bursting melinite, but as coolly as at maneuvers the iron-disciplined soldiers of Germany sprang forward from shelters to take the places of the fallen, and the work went apace.

"Gradually another line doubled the chain of the workers, as the upheaved corpses formed a continuous embankment, each additional dead man giving greater protection to his comrades, until the barrier began to form shape along the diameter of the wood. There others were digging and burying logs deep into the earth, installing shelters and mitrailleuses, or feverishly building fortifications.

"At last the work was ended at fearful cost, but as the vanguard sullenly withdrew behind it, from the whole length burst a havoc of flame upon the advancing Frenchmen. Vainly the latter dashed forward. They could not pass, and as the evening fell the barrier still held, covering the German working parties, burrowing like moles in the maze of trenches and boyaux.

"So solid was the barricade, padded with sandbags and earthworks, that the artillery fire fell practically unavailing, and the French General realized that the barrier must be breached by explosives as in Napoleon's battles.

"It was eight o'clock and already pitch dark in that blighted atmosphere as a special blasting corps, as devoted as the German chain workers, crept forward toward the German position. The rest of the French waited, sheltered in the ravine east of Douaumont, until an explosion should signal the assault.

"In Indian file, to give the least possible sign of their presence to the hostile sentinels, the blasting corps advanced in a long line, at first with comparative rapidity, only stiffening into the grotesque rigidity of simulated death when the searchlights played upon them, and resuming progress when the beam shifted; then as they approached the barrier they moved slowly and more slowly.

"When they arrived within fifty yards the movement of the crawling men became imperceptible; the German star-shells and sentinels surpassed the searchlights in vigilance.

"The blasting corps lay at full length, just like hundreds of other motionless forms about them, but all were working busily. With a short trowel each file leader

scuffled the earth from under the body, taking care not to raise his arms, and gradually making a shallow trench deep enough to hide him. The others followed his example until the whole line had sunk below the surface. Then the leader began scooping gently forward while his followers deepened the furrow already made.

"Thus literally, inch by inch, the files stole forward, sheltered in a narrow ditch from the gusts of German mitrailleuse fire that constantly swept the terrain. Here and there the sentinel's eye caught a suspicious movement and an incautiously raised head sank down, pierced by a bullet. But the stealthily mole-like advance continued.

"Hours passed. It was nearly dawn when the remnant of the blasting corps reached the barricade at last, and hurriedly put their explosives in position. Back they wriggled breathlessly. An over-hasty movement meant death, yet they must needs hurry lest the imminent explosions overwhelm them.

"Suddenly there comes a roar that dwarfs the cannonade, and along the barrier fountains of fire rise skyward, hurling a rain of fragments upon what was left of the blasting party.

"The barricade was breached, but seventy-five per cent of the devoted corps had given their lives to do it.

"As the survivors lay exhausted, the attackers charged over them, cheering. In the mêlée that followed there was no room to shoot or wield the rifle.

"Some of the French fought with unfixed bayonets like the stabbing swords of the Roman legions. Others had knives or clubs. All were battle-frenzied, as only Frenchmen can be.

"The Germans broke, and as the first rays of dawn streaked the sky, only a small northern section of the wood was still in their hands. There a similar barrier stopped progress, and it was evident that the night's work must be repeated. But the hearts of the French soldiers were leaping with victory as they dug furiously to consolidate the ground they had gained."

THE FIGHT FOR MONTAUBAN

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME

[1916]

BY IAN HAY

[The long-expected Allied "drive" against the Germans on the Western Front began July 1st, and operations were in active process well into November.

In this great contest the British and French took thousands of prisoners, while suffering great losses themselves in killed, wounded, and missing. The Germans were pushed back six miles, and the new British army was proved superior to the German veteran forces. The German retreat in the spring of 1917 was a direct result of the Allied successes. In this retreat along the line from Arras to Soissons, the Germans evacuated nearly a thousand square miles of French territory.

The Editor.]

For nearly two years the British armies on the Western Front have been playing for time. They have been sticking their toes in and holding their ground, with numerically inferior forces and inadequate artillery support, against a nation in arms which has set out, with forty years of preparation at its back, to sweep the earth. We have held them, and now *der Tag* has come for us. The deal has passed into our hand at last. A fortnight ago, ready for the first time to undertake the offensive on a grand and prolonged scale, — Loos was a mere reconnaissance compared with this, — the

New British army went over the parapet shoulder to shoulder with the most heroic army in the world — the army of France — and attacked over a sixteen-mile front in the Valley of the Somme.

It was a critical day for the Allies: certainly it was a most critical day in the history of the British army. For on that day an answer had to be given to a very big question indeed. Hitherto we had been fighting on the defensive — unready, uphill, against odds. It would have been no particular discredit to us had we failed to hold our line. But we had held it, and more. Now, at last, we were ready — as ready as we were ever likely to be. We had the men, the guns, and the munitions. We were in a position to engage the enemy on equal, and more than equal, terms. And the question that the British Empire had to answer in that day, the 1st of July, 1916, was this: "Are these new amateur armies of ours, raised, trained, and equipped in less than two years, with nothing in the way of military tradition to uphold them — nothing but the steady courage of their race: are they a match for, and more than a match for, that grim machine-made, iron-bound host that lies waiting for them along that line of Picardy hills? Because if they are *not*, we cannot win this war. We can only make a stalemate of it."

We, looking back now over a space of twelve months, know how our boys answered that question. In the greatest and longest battle that the world had yet seen, that army of city clerks, Midland farm-lads, Lancashire mill-hands, Scottish miners, and Irish corner-boys, side by side with their great-hearted brethren from overseas, stormed positions which had been held impreg-

nable for two years, captured seventy thousand prisoners, reclaimed several hundred square miles of the sacred soil of France, and smashed once and for all the German-fostered fable of the invincibility of the German army. It was good to have lived and suffered during those early and lean years, if only to be present at their fulfillment.

But at this moment the battle was only beginning, and the bulk of their astounding achievement was still to come. Nevertheless, in the cautious and modest estimate of their commander-in-chief, they had already done something.

"After ten days and nights of continuous fighting," said the first official report, "our troops have completed the methodical capture of the whole of the enemy's first system of defense on a front of fourteen thousand yards. This system of defense consisted of numerous and continuous lines of fire trenches, extending to depths of from two thousand to four thousand yards, and included five strongly fortified villages, numerous heavily intrenched woods, and a large number of immensely strong redoubts. The capture of each of these trenches represented an operation of some importance, and the whole of them are now in our hands."

Quite so. One feels, somehow, that Berlin would have got more out of such a theme. . . .

It was dawn on Saturday morning, and the second phase of the battle of the Somme was more than twenty-four hours old. The programme had opened with a night attack, always the most difficult and uncertain of enterprises, especially for soldiers who were civilians

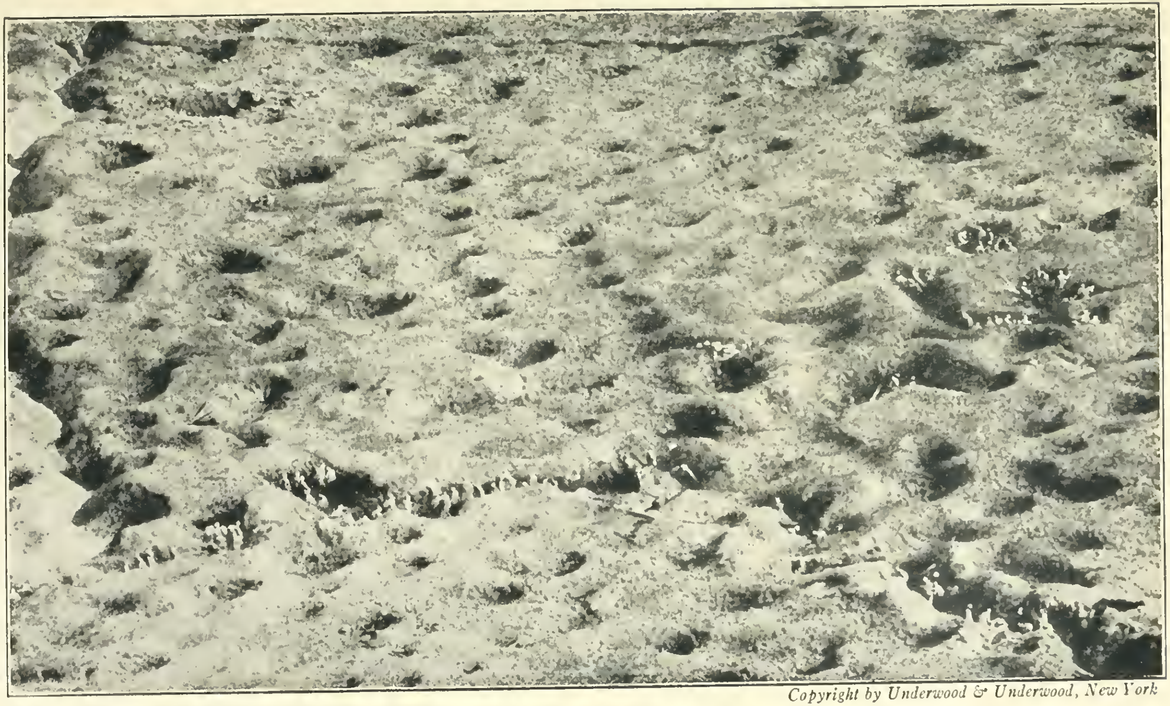
A MODERN BATTLEFIELD

A MODERN BATTLEFIELD

This official French photograph, taken by an aviator during a French advance at the Somme, gives a graphic idea of a modern battlefield; the ground dotted with shell holes, many of them large enough to shelter a dozen men from the sweep of rifle and machine-gun bullets and the rain of exploding shells.

The picture is of particular interest as showing what a modern charge really looks like. Instead of a rush of cheering, frenzied men, it is now made either by men pacing slowly, watch in hand, behind the steadily moving curtain of bursting shells from their artillery, or, as in this case, by methods that recall Indian warfare, the storming parties working their way forward bit by bit and taking advantage of every scrap of cover. The leaders of the charge are the men in the upper end of the communication trench that runs from top to bottom of the picture. Another far advanced group has just taken shelter in a shell hole slightly above the center.

A picture like this gives a more vivid idea of war as it is than the most realistic description.



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less than two years ago. But no undertaking is too audacious for men in whose veins the wine of success is beginning to throb. And this undertaking, this hazardous gamble, had succeeded all along the line. During the past day and night, more than three miles of the German second system of defenses, from Bazentin le Petit to the edge of Delville Wood, had received their new tenants; and already long streams of not altogether reluctant Hun prisoners were being escorted to the rear by perspiring but cheerful gentlemen with fixed bayonets.

Meanwhile — in case such of the late occupants of the line as were still at large should take a fancy to revisit their previous haunts, working-parties of infantry, pioneers, and sappers were toiling at full pressure to reverse the parapets, run out barbed wire, and bestow machine guns in such a manner as to produce a continuous lattice-work of fire along the front of the captured position.

All through the night the work had continued. As a result, positions were now tolerably secure, the intrepid "Buzzers" had included the newly grafted territory in the nervous system of the British Expeditionary Force, and battalion headquarters and supply dépôts had moved up to their new positions. . . .

Meanwhile, up in the line, "A" Company were holding on grimly to what are usually described as "certain advanced elements" of the village.

Village fighting is a confused and untidy business, but it possesses certain redeeming features. The combatants are usually so inextricably mixed up that the artillery are compelled to refrain from participation.

That comes later, when you have cleared the village of the enemy, and his guns are preparing the ground for the inevitable counter-attack.

So far "A" Company had done nobly. From the moment when they had lined up before Montauban in the gross darkness preceding yesterday's dawn until the moment when Bobby Little led them in one victorious rush into the outskirts of the village, they had never encountered a setback. By sunset they had penetrated some way farther; now creeping stealthily forward under the shelter of a broken wall to hurl bombs into the windows of an occupied cottage; now climbing precariously to some commanding position in order to open fire with a Lewis gun; now making a sudden dash across an open space. Such work offered peculiar opportunities to small and well-handled parties — opportunities of which Bobby Little's veterans availed themselves right readily.

Angus M'Lachlan, for instance, accompanied by a small following of seasoned experts, had twice rounded up parties of the enemy in cellars, and had dispatched the same back to headquarters with his compliments and a promise of more. Mucklewame and four men had bombed their way along a communication trench leading to one of the side streets of the village — a likely avenue for a counter-attack — and having reached the end of the trench, had built up a sandbag barricade, and had held the same against the assaults of hostile bombers until a Vickers machine gun had arrived in charge of an energetic subaltern of that youthful but thriving organization, the Suicide Club, or Machine-Gun Corps, and closed the street to further Teutonic traffic.

During the night there had been periods of quiescence, devoted to consolidation, and here and there to snatches of uneasy slumber. Angus M'Lachlan, fairly in his element, had trailed his enormous length in and out of the back-yards and brick-heaps of the village, visiting every point in his irregular line, testing defenses; bestowing praise; and insuring that every man had his share of food and rest. Unutterably grimy but inexpressibly cheerful, he reported progress to Major Wagstaffe when that nocturnal rambler visited him in the small hours.

"Well, Angus, how goes it?" inquired Wagstaffe.

"We have won the match, sir," replied Angus with simple seriousness. "We are just playing the bye now!"

And with that he crawled away, with the unnecessary stealth of a small boy playing robbers, to encourage his dour paladins to further efforts.

"We shall probably be relieved this evening," he explained to them, "and we must make everything secure. It would never do to leave our new positions untenable by other troops. They might not be so reliable" — with a paternal smile — "as you! Now, our right flank is not safe yet. We can improve the position very much if we can secure that *estaminet*, standing up like an island among those ruined houses on our right front. You see the sign, *Aux Bons Fermiers*, over the door. The trouble is that a German machine gun is sweeping the intervening space — and we cannot see the gun! There it goes again. See the brick-dust fly! Keep down! They are firing mainly across our front, but a stray bullet may come this way."

The platoon crouched low behind their improvised

rampart of brick rubble, while machine-gun bullets swept low, with misleading *claquement*, along the space in front of them, from some hidden position on their right. Presently the firing stopped. Brother Boche was merely "loosing off a belt," as a precautionary measure, at commendably regular intervals.

"I cannot locate that gun," said Angus impatiently. "Can you, Corporal M'Snape?"

"It is not in the estamint itself, sirr," replied M'Snape. ("Estamint" is as near as our rank and file ever get to *estaminet*.) "It seems to be mounted some place higher up the street. I doubt they cannot see us themselves — only the ground in front of us."

"If we could reach the *estaminet* itself," said Angus thoughtfully, "we could get a more extended view. Sergeant Mucklewame, select ten men, including three bombers, and follow me. I am going to find a jumping-off place. The Lewis gun too."

Presently the little party were crouching round their officer in a sheltered position on the right of the line — which for the moment appeared to be "in the air." Except for the intermittent streams of machine-gun fire, and an occasional shrapnel-burst overhead, all was quiet. The enemy's counter-attack was not yet ready.

"Now listen carefully," said Angus, who had just finished scribbling a dispatch. "First of all, you, Bogle, take this message to the telephone, and get it sent to company headquarters. Now you others. We will wait till that machine gun has fired another belt. Then, the moment it has finished, while they are getting out the next belt, I will dash across to the *estaminet* over there. M'Snape, you will come with me, but no one

else — yet. If the *estaminet* seems capable of being held, I will signal to you, Sergeant Mucklewame, and you will send your party across, in driblets, not forgetting the Lewis gun. By that time I may have located the German machine gun, so we should be able to knock it out with the Lewis."

Further speech was cut short by a punctual fantasia from the gun in question. Angus and M'Snape crouched behind the shattered wall, awaiting their chance. The firing ceased.

"*Now!*" whispered Angus.

Next moment officer and corporal were flying across the open, and before the mechanical Boche gunner could jerk the new belt into position, both had found sanctuary within the open doorway of the half-ruined *estaminet*.

Nay, more than both; for as the panting pair flung themselves into shelter, a third figure, short and stout, in an ill-fitting kilt, tumbled heavily through the doorway after them. Simultaneously a stream of machine-gun bullets went storming past.

"Just in time!" observed Angus, well pleased. "Bogle, what are you doing here?"

"I was given tae unnerstand, sirr," replied Mr. Bogle calmly, "when I jined the regiment, that in action an officer's servant stands by his officer."

"That is true," conceded Angus; "but you had no right to follow me against orders. Did you not hear me say that no one but Corporal M'Snape was to come?"

"No, sirr. I doubt I was away at the 'phone."

"Well, now you are here, wait inside this doorway,

where you can see Sergeant Mucklewame's party, and look out for signals. M'Snape, let us find that machine gun."

The pair made their way to the hitherto blind side of the building, and cautiously peeped through a much-perforated shutter in the living-room.

"Do you see it, sirr?" inquired M'Snape eagerly.

Angus chuckled.

"See it? Fine! It is right in the open, in the middle of the street. Look!"

He relinquished his peep-hole. The German machine gun was mounted in the street itself, behind an improvised barrier of bricks and sandbags. It was less than a hundred yards away, sited in a position which, though screened from the view of Angus's platoon farther down, enabled it to sweep all the ground in front of the position. This it was now doing with great intensity, for the brief public appearance of Angus and M'Snape had effectually converted intermittent into continuous fire.

"We must get the Lewis gun over at once," muttered Angus. "It can knock that breastwork to pieces."

He crossed the house again, to see if any of Mucklewame's men had arrived.

They had not. The man with the Lewis gun was lying dead halfway across the street, with his precious weapon on the ground beside him. Two other men, both wounded, were crawling back whence they came, taking what cover they could from the storm of bullets which whizzed a few inches over their flinching bodies.

Angus hastily semaphored to Mucklewame to hold his men in check for the present. Then he returned to the other side of the house.

"How many men are serving that gun?" he said to M'Snape. "Can you see?"

"Only two, sirr, I think. I cannot see them, but that wee breastwork will not cover more than a couple of men."

"Mphm," observed Angus thoughtfully. "I expect they have been left behind to hold on. Have you a bomb about you?"

The admirable M'Snape produced from his pocket a Mills grenade, and handed it to his superior.

"Just the one, sirr," he said.

"Go you," commanded Angus, his voice rising to a more than usually Highland inflection, "and semaphore to Mucklewame that when he hears the explosion of *this*"—he pulled out the safety-pin of the grenade and gripped the grenade itself in his enormous paw—"followed, probably, by the temporary cessation of the machine gun, he is to bring his men over here in a bunch, as hard as they can pelt. Put it as briefly as you can, but make sure he understands. He has a good signaler with him. Send Bogle to report when you have finished. Now repeat what I have said to you. . . . That's right. Carry on!"

M'Snape was gone. Angus, left alone, pensively restored the safety-pin to the grenade, and laid the grenade upon the ground beside him. Then he proceeded to write a brief letter in his field message-book. This he placed in an envelope which he took from his breast-pocket. The envelope was already addressed—to the "Reverend Neil M'Lachlan, The Manse," in a very remote Highland village. (Angus had no mother.) He closed the envelope, initialed it, and buttoned it

up in his breast-pocket again. After that he took up his grenade and proceeded to make a further examination of the premises. Presently he found what he wanted; and by the time Bogle arrived to announce that Sergeant Mucklewame had signaled "message understood," his arrangements were complete.

"Stay by this small hole in the wall, Bogle," he said, "and the moment the Lewis gun arrives tell them to mount it here and open fire on the enemy gun."

He left the room, leaving Bogle alone, to listen to the melancholy rustle of peeling wall-paper within and the steady crackling of bullets without. But when, peering through the improvised loophole, he next caught sight of his officer, Angus had emerged from the house by the cellar window, and was creeping with infinite caution behind the shelter of what had once been the wall of the *estaminet's* back yard (but was now an uneven bank of bricks, averaging two feet high), in the direction of the German machine gun. The gun, oblivious of the danger now threatening its right front, continued to fire steadily and hopefully down the street.

Slowly, painfully, Angus crawled on, until he found himself within the right angle formed by the corner of the yard. He could go no farther without being seen. Between him and the German gun lay the cobbled surface of the street, offering no cover whatsoever except one mighty shell-crater, situated midway between Angus and the gun, and full to the brim with rainwater.

A single peep over the wall gave him his bearings. The gun was too far away to be reached by a grenade, even when thrown by Angus M'Lachlan. Still, it would

create a diversion. It was a time bomb. He would —

He stretched out his long arm to its full extent behind him, gave one mighty overarm sweep, and with all the crackling strength of his mighty sinews, hurled the grenade.

It fell into the exact center of the flooded shell-crater.

Angus said something under his breath which would have shocked a disciple of *Kultur*. Fortunately the two German gunners did not hear him. But they observed the splash fifty yards away, and it relieved them from ennui, for they were growing tired of firing at nothing. They had not seen the grenade thrown, and were a little puzzled as to the cause of the phenomenon.

Four seconds later their curiosity was more than satisfied. With a muffled roar, the shell-hole suddenly spouted its liquid contents and other débris straight to the heavens, startling them considerably and entirely obscuring their vision.

A moment later, with an exultant yell, Angus M'Lachlan was upon them. He sprang into their vision out of the descending cascade — a towering, terrible, kilted figure, bareheaded and Berserk mad. He was barely forty yards away.

Initiative is not the forte of the Teuton. Number One of the German gun mechanically traversed his weapon four degrees to the right and continued to press the thumb-piece. Mud and splinters of brick sprang up round Angus's feet; but still he came on. He was not twenty yards away now. The gunner, beginning to boggle between waiting and bolting, fumbled at his elevating gear, but Angus was right on him before his thumbs got back to work. Then, indeed, the gun spoke

out with no uncertain voice, for perhaps two seconds. After that it ceased fire altogether.

Almost simultaneously there came a triumphant roar lower down the street, as Mucklewame and his followers dashed obliquely across into the *estaminet*. Mucklewame himself was carrying the derelict Lewis gun. In the doorway stood the watchful M'Snape.

"This way, quick!" he shouted. "We have the Gairman gun spotted, and the officer is needing the Lewis!"

But M'Snape was wrong. The Lewis was not required.

A few moments later, in the face of brisk sniping from the houses higher up the street, James Bogle, officer's servant, — a member of that despised class which, according to the "Bandar-Log" at home, spend the whole of its time pressing its master's trousers and smoking his cigarettes somewhere back in billets, — led out a stretcher party to the German gun. Number One had been killed by a shot from Angus's revolver. Number Two had adopted Hindenburg tactics, and was no more to be seen. Angus himself was lying, stone dead, a yard from the muzzle of the gun which he, single-handed, had put out of action.

His men carried him back to the *Estaminet aux Bons Fermiers*, with the German gun, which was afterwards employed to good purpose during the desperate days of attacking and counter-attacking which ensued before the village was finally secured. They laid him in the inner room, and proceeded to put the *estaminet* in a state of defense — ready to hold the same against all

comers until such time as the relieving division should take over, and they themselves be enabled, under the kindly cloak of darkness, to carry back their beloved officer to a more worthy resting-place.

In the left-hand breast-pocket of Angus's tunic they found his last letter to his father. Two German machine-gun bullets had passed through it. It was forwarded with a covering letter, by Colonel Kemp. In the letter Angus's commanding officer informed Neil M'Lachlan that his son had been recommended posthumously for the highest honor that the King bestows upon his soldiers.

THE BATTLE OF MESSINES RIDGE

[1917]

[It will be remembered that in the vicinity of Ypres fierce contests have taken place since the beginning of the war. From October 25 to November 15, 1914, the Germans made desperate and furious assaults in their persistent attempts to push through to Dunkirk and Calais. By the use of chlorine vapor bombs in the assault of April 22, 1915, the Germans once more tried to gain their end, and the attempts were renewed during the second battle of Ypres, extending into November, 1915. In the action of June 7, 1917, the British took the offensive south of Ypres in a great drive which had been long in preparation. For many months prior to the attack the British "sappers" had been at work digging for the mining operations, and at the appointed time a million pounds of ammonite were discharged. At 3.10 A.M., nineteen mines, electrically connected, were sent off in the most remarkable mining operation in history. The hill-tops were blown off by the vast explosion, which was heard one hundred and forty miles away in England. The intense shell-fire which began at the same time was followed by the charge of the infantry and the capture of the Ridge, with 7000 prisoners and many guns. The German casualties are estimated at 30,000, those of the British at 10,000. It was the most important day's work in 1917, after the capture of Vimy Ridge. The following is the summary of the British War Office.

The Editor.]

"The position captured by us was one of the enemy's most important strongholds on the Western Front. Dominating as it did the Ypres salient and giving the enemy complete observation over it, he neglected no

precautions to render the position impregnable. These conditions enabled the enemy to overlook all our preparations for the attack, and he had moved up reinforcements to meet us. The battle, therefore, became a gauge of the ability of the German troops to stop our advance under conditions as favorable to them as an army can ever hope for, with every advantage of ground and preparation and with the knowledge that an attack was impending.

"The German forward defenses consisted of an elaborate and intricate system of well-wired trenches and strong points forming a defensive belt over a mile in depth. Numerous farms and woods were thoroughly prepared for the defense, and there were large numbers of machine guns in the German garrisons. Guns of all calibers, recently increased in numbers, were placed to bear not only on the front but on the flanks of an attack. Numerous communicating trenches and switch lines, radiating in all directions, were amply provided with strongly constructed concrete dugouts and machine-gun emplacements designed to protect the enemy garrison and machine gunners from the effect of our bombardment. In short, no precaution was omitted that could be provided by the incessant labor of years, guided by the experience gained by the enemy in his previous defeats on the Somme, at Arras, and on Vimy Ridge.

"Despite the difficulties and disadvantages which our troops had to overcome, further details of [the] fighting show that our first assault and the subsequent attacks were carried out in almost exact accordance with the time-table previously arranged. . . .

"Following on the great care and thoroughness in preparations made under the orders of General Sir Herbert Plumer, the complete success gained may be ascribed chiefly to the destruction caused by our mines, to the violence and accuracy of our bombardment, to the very fine work of the Royal Flying Corps, and to the incomparable dash and courage of the infantry. The whole force acted in perfect combination. Excellent work was done by the tanks, and every means of offense at our disposal was made use of, so that every arm of the service had a share in the victory."

The British had to level many bits of woodland, and then they sprayed these woods with drums of blazing oil, which burned them away and made attacking across what would be considered impregnable natural defenses almost an easy matter. The communication trenches were so damaged that it was impossible for the Germans to make their way along them in daylight except on all fours. Ration parties attempting at night to come up over the open were badly cut up by the constant British fire.

[The action against Messines Ridge was characteristic of the new form which the battles on the Western Front have assumed since the Germans gave up the attempt to hold a long line, equally strong at many points, and tried to maintain their ground by concentrating upon a few strongly fortified positions, seemingly impregnable. The positions at Bapaume, Vimy, and the Monchy Plateau east of Arras were heavily fortified positions of this sort. All these, together with Messines Ridge, were taken by the British during three months of remarkably successful offensives. In the same way the French concentrated upon and captured the famous Dead Man's Hill and Hill 304, overlooking

CHARGE OF THE CANADIANS AT VIMY RIDGE

CHARGE OF THE CANADIANS AT VIMY RIDGE

On April 9th the British began the spring drive of 1917 along a battle front of forty-five miles toward Lens and Saint-Quentin, since known as the battle of Arras. The battle started on a twelve-mile front north and south of Arras and led to the capture of many coveted points including the famous Vimy Ridge where nearly six thousand prisoners were taken.

Of this attack the Canadian War Office said: —

"At half-past five on Easter Monday morning the great attack was launched with terrible fire from our massed artillery and from many field guns in hidden advanced positions. Our 'heavies' bombarded the enemy positions on and beyond the ridge, and trenches, dugouts, emplacements, and roads, which for long had been kept in a continual state of disrepair by our fire, were now smashed to uselessness. An intense barrage of shrapnel from our field guns, strengthened by the indirect fire of hundreds of machine guns, was laid along the front. At the same moment the Canadian troops advanced in line, in three waves of attack."

The illustration opposite (reproduced from the largest war photograph in existence) shows a wide portion of the battlefield during the actual charge. Ahead of the Canadians their barrage is pounding to pieces the German trenches, having swept across the battlefield demolishing the German wire entanglements as may be plainly seen in the picture. It will be noticed that the counter-barrage smoke is particularly heavy in the background, which is accounted for by the fact that the Germans were at the moment concentrating their artillery fire on the line of tanks, which may be dimly seen through the clouds of smoke lumbering along toward the German trenches.

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Verdun, August 19th. The new conditions have made it imperative either to direct the attack upon a single hill, or to advance on a very wide front, the British and French forces coöperating. Thus we read that on July 30th, "the French and British smash the German line on a twenty-mile front in Flanders." August 14th, the British renewed the fighting on the Loos–Lens line along a wide front, and on the following day they made a wide thrust between Ypres and Dixmude. On September 20th, the British once more renewed the offensive in Flanders, while on the 27th they took their turn in repelling such furious attacks by the Germans in the Ypres sector as the French have steadily repelled around Verdun.

No less than eight of the drives which the Allies have made so successful were launched after September 20th, the climax being that for Passchendaele, a most important position on high ground commanding the lowlands to the coast, about twenty miles distant. Field Marshal von Hindenburg is reported to have ordered his armies to hold this point at any cost. Meanwhile, the British had been striving all summer to gain it, and were victorious November 6th. This town lies five miles west of Roulers, around which fierce fighting has taken place in the supreme efforts of the Germans to protect their submarine bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge. The newer warfare centers about the concrete "pill-box" [redoubt] which the Germans fortify to guard an important position, the British "tank" which enables the assailants to ride over obstacles to the desired position, and the swarm of airplanes by which the Allies hold the supremacy of the air. The concrete redoubt is readily seen by the aviators, who direct the Allied fire, which in turn prepares the way for the tank.]

THE BATTLE OF CAMBRAI

[1917]

BY PHILIP GIBBS

[The last great battle of 1917 was fought by the British and Germans, November 20–December 12, for possession of the strategic city of Cambrai. Under Sir Julian Byng the British attacked suddenly on a thirty-two-mile front between Saint-Quentin and the Scarpe, and penetrated the so-called and supposably impregnable Hindenburg line to a depth of five miles. The attack was led by hundreds of "tanks," and was irresistible. Many prisoners and guns were taken. The victory was even greater than anticipated, hence the British were not able to sustain it at all points; and the Germans, by massing heavy reinforcements from the Eastern Front, succeeded in driving the British back part-way, taking prisoner about six thousand men and numbers of guns. The battle was almost continuous for twenty days and was one of the most sanguinary of the war. The description below is from cable dispatches to the "Current History Magazine of the New York Times."

The Editor.]

The enemy yesterday (November 20, 1917) had, I am sure, the surprise of his life on the Western Front, where, without any warning by ordinary preparations that are made before a battle, without any sign of strength in men and guns behind the British front, without a single shot fired before the attack, and with his great belts of hideously strong wire still intact, the British troops suddenly assaulted him at dawn, led forward by great numbers of "tanks," smashed through

his wire, passed beyond to his trenches, and penetrated in many places the main Hindenburg line and the Hindenburg support beyond.

To my mind it is the most sensational and dramatic episode of this year's fighting, brilliantly imagined and carried through with the greatest secrecy. Not a whisper of it had reached men like myself, who are always up and down the lines, and since the secret of the tanks themselves, which suddenly made their appearance on the Somme last year, this is, I believe, the best-kept secret of the war. How could the enemy guess, in his wildest nightmare, that a blow would be struck quite suddenly at that Hindenburg line of his — enormously strong in redoubts, tunnels, and trenches — and without any artillery preparation or any sign of gun power behind the British front?

The enemy had withdrawn many of his guns from this "quiet" sector, and he did not know that during recent nights great numbers of tanks had been crawling along the roads toward Havrincourt and the British lines below Flesquières Ridge, hiding by day in the copses of this wooded and rolling country beyond Péronne and Bapaume. Indeed, he knew little of all that was going on before him under the cover of darkness.

Most of the prisoners say that the first thing they knew of the attack was when, out of the mist, they saw the tanks advancing upon them, smashing down their wire, crawling over their trenches and nosing forward with gunfire and machine-gun fire slashing from their sides.

The Germans were aghast and dazed. Many hid down in their dugouts and tunnels, and then surrendered.

Only the steadiest and bravest of them rushed to the machine guns and got them into action and used their rifles to snipe the British.

Out of the silence which had prevailed behind the British lines a great fire of guns came upon the Germans. They knew they had been caught by an amazing stratagem, and they were full of terror. Behind the tanks, coming forward in platoons, the infantry swarmed, cheering and shouting, trudging through the thistles, while the tanks made a scythe of machine-gun fire in front of them, and thousands of shells went screaming over the Hindenburg lines.

The German artillery made but a feeble answer. Their gun positions were being smothered by the fire of all the British batteries. There were not many German batteries, and the enemy's infantry could get no great help from them. They were caught, German officers knew they had been caught, like rats in a trap. It was their black day.

I think all the British felt the drama of this adventure and had the thrill of it, a thrill which I had believed had departed out of war because of the ferocity of shell fire and the staleness of war's mechanism and formula of attack.

A mass of cavalry was brought up and hidden very close to the enemy's lines, ready to make a sweeping drive should the Hindenburg line be pierced by the advance of the tanks over the great belts of barbed wire and the deep, wide trenches of the strongest lines on the western front.

Yesterday I saw the cavalry in all this country waiting for their orders to saddle up and get their first great chance. I was astounded to see them there and was

stirred by a great thrill of excitement, not without some tragic foreboding, because after seeing much of the war on this front and coming straight from Flanders with its terrifying artillery and frightful barrages it seemed to me incredible that after all cavalry should ride out into the open and round up the enemy. I had seen the Hindenburg line up by Bullecourt and Quéant and knew the strength of it and the depth of the barbed wire belts that surround it.

The cavalry were in the highest spirits and full of tense expectation. Young cavalry officers galloped past smiling, and called out a cheery "Good-morning," like men who have good sport ahead. In the folds of land toward the German lines there were thousands of cavalry horses, massed in parks, with their horse artillery limbered up, and ready for their ride.

This morning, very early, in the steady rain and wet mist, I saw squadrons of them going into action, and it was the most stirring sight I had seen for many a long day in this war, one which I sometimes thought I should never live to see. They rode past me as I walked along the road through our newly captured ground and across the Hindenburg line. They streamed by at a quick trot and the noise of the horses' hoofs was a strange, rushing sound.

Rain slashed down upon their steel hats, their capes were glistening, and mud was flung up to the horses' flanks, as in long columns they went up and down the rolling country and cantered up the steep track, making a wide curve around two great mine craters in roads which the enemy had blown up in his retreat. It was a wonderful picture to see and remember.

Other squadrons of cavalry had already gone ahead and had been fighting in the open country since midday yesterday after crossing the bridges at Masnières and Marcoing, which the enemy did not have time to destroy. They had done well. One squadron rode down a battery of German guns, and a patrol had ridden into Flesquières village when the Germans were still there. Still other bodies of cavalry had swept around German machine-gun emplacements and German villages and drawn many prisoners into their net.

The drama was far beyond the most fantastic imagination. This attack on the Hindenburg lines before Cambrai has never been approached on the Western Front, and the first act began when the tanks moved forward before dawn toward the long, wide belts of wire, which they had to destroy before the rest could follow.

These squadrons of tanks were led into action by the general commanding their corps, who carried his flag on his own tank — a most gallant man, full of enthusiasm for his monsters and their brave crews, and determined that this day should be theirs. To every officer and man of the tanks he sent this Order of the Day before the battle: —

"The Tank Corps expects that every tank this day will do its damnedest." . . .

The German troops knew nothing of the fate that awaited them until out of the gloom of dawn they saw these great numbers of gray inhuman creatures bearing down upon them. A German officer whom I saw to-day, one out of thousands of prisoners who have been taken, described his own sensations. At first he could not believe his eyes. He seemed in some horrible nightmare

and thought he had gone mad. After that from his dug-out he watched all the tanks trampling about, crunching down the wire, heaving themselves across his trenches and searching about for machine-gun emplacements, while his men ran about in terror, trying to avoid the bursts of fire and crying out in surrender.

Some of the German troops kept their nerve and served their machine guns, firing between the tanks at British infantry, but the tanks dealt with them and silenced them. Some of the German snipers fired at the British at a few yards and the infantry dealt with them masterfully. But, for the most part, the enemy broke as soon as the tanks were on them and fled or surrendered.

A few of the tanks had bad luck, and I saw these cripples this morning where they were overturned by shell fire or had become bogged. Elsewhere I saw one or two which had buried their noses deep into the soft earth and lay overturned or lay head downward over deep banks down which they had tried to crawl. But the tank casualties were light, and large numbers of them went ahead and fought all day up Flesquières Ridge and round the château of Havrincourt, where the enemy held out for some time, and across the bridges of Marcoing and Masnières and up to the neighborhood of Noyelles and Graincourt and beyond Ribecourt. . . .

The attack of the Ulster battalions on the first two days of the battle was a hard and grim episode of the general action, and ground was gained only by the most persistent endeavors and courage.

These men, newly down from the battles of Flanders, where they had terrible and tragic fighting, were deter-

mined to go far in this new field, and their spirit was high.

They had no tanks to cut the wire in front of them, as those machines were concentrated in large numbers on the right wing of the attack. The Ulstermen had the Hindenburg trenches before them, wide belts of wire, and beyond the trenches the deep ditch of the Canal du Nord, a most formidable series of defenses. They had to break down the wire in front of them by bomb explosions and under heavy machine-gun fire from the trenches and the further side of the canal bank, where the Germans were in concrete blockhouses and strong emplacements.

At first they broke their way through all obstacles in spite of being hung up by wire here and there and the harassing fire of snipers, and they cleared the trenches of the men who were demoralized by the surprise and suddenness of the attack.

Later some of the Ulstermen came up against a high "spoil" bank or waste heap, sixty feet high from the canal bank, and defended from tunneled dugouts underneath it. About 8.30 in the morning they captured the spoil heap and a crowd of prisoners in the dugouts, and then tried to get astride the Cambrai road and to cross the canal.

A gallant little body of Belfast men, all from shipbuilding works on Queens Island, worked for hours under fire to build a bridge across and repair the destroyed causeway so that the infantry could pass. It was done before dusk, and the Ulstermen seized the way across the Cambrai road, but could not cross the canal or get forward very far owing to the fierce machine-

gun fire that swept down upon them from the east side of the canal, where the enemy was holding Mœuvres and Graincourt.

[As the British troops advanced and the various villages were captured, the French civilians who had for three years been under German domination were released. The scenes at the liberation of these people are thus described by Mr. Gibbs in a cable letter written on November 22:]

The people I saw to-day (gathered together in a ruined village, in the heart of all these new scenes of war, with the tide of cavalry streaming up the roads, with tanks crawling on the hillsides and guns firing across the open fields, and new batches of German prisoners tramping down under escort, haggard and dazed by the swift turn of fortune's wheel, which had flung them into British hands when they seemed so safe behind their great lines) were all from Masnières near Marcoing, where four hundred and fifty of them had awaited the coming of the English in feverish excitement since they heard the approach of the advance guards.

They were pitiful groups of men, women, and children — pitiful because of their helplessness in this corner of war among the guns. Some of the women had babies with them in perambulators and wooden boxes on wheels, into which also they had tucked a few things from their abandoned homes. Some of them were young women neatly dressed, but all plastered with mud after the tramp across the battlefields and woefully bedraggled. Some of the little girls had brought their dogs with them, and one child had a bird in a cage.

There were sturdy peasants among them and old folk with wrinkled faces and frightened eyes because of this

strange adventure in their old age, and young men of military age who had not been taken away like most of their comrades for forced labor because their work was useful to the enemy in their own district. This was the case of a good-looking young barber to whom I talked, who had shaved the German officers and men for three years in Masnières.

These people looked woe-begone as they waited in the ruins for the English lorries to take them away to safety, but in their hearts there was great joy, as I found when I talked to them, because they were on the British side of the lines and out of reach of the enemy, whom they hate bitterly because of the discipline put upon them and their servitude, and most of all and all in all because he is the enemy of their country and the destroyer of their land and blood.

They told me that after the coming of the Germans in the early days of the war, when the Uhlans entered Masnières and fought with French and English cavalry at Crèvecourt, where our cavalry was again fighting yesterday, they had no liberty and no property. The Germans requisitioned everything. They took their pigs and their poultry and their grain and their wine. If a peasant hid a hen he was heavily fined or put in prison; if he was discovered with a bottle of wine he was fined ten francs or put in prison. . . .

[Mr. Gibbs gave this graphic and interesting description of the battlefield in a cable letter dated November 25:]

The way up to Havrincourt Village, on the ridge to the west of Flesquières (by a stone cross, five centuries old, dedicated to St. Hubert, the patron saint of huntsmen before the tanks went a-hunting on a fine Novem-

ber morning), was littered with things the Germans had left behind — field-gray overcoats, shrapnel helmets, innumerable pairs of boots, goatskin pouches, rifles, bayonets, bandoliers, tunics, gas masks. It was as if great numbers of men had thrown everything away from them in a moment of great terror and had fled naked from their fear.

I went out into the open country. Outstretched before me was the whole panorama of this battle. I went up to the edge of it as close as one could go without getting into the furnace fires. All around me were the swirl and turmoil of the battlefield. Everywhere tanks were crawling over the ground, some of them moving forward into action, some of them out of action, mortally wounded, some of them like battle cruisers of the land going forward in reconnaissance.

Less than two thousand yards away from us was a town on fire. It was Graincourt, and the enemy was "knocking hell out of it," in revenge for its capture. It had been my intention to go there, but I stopped short of it and was glad I had gone no farther.

Shell after shell burst among its roofs and walls without ceasing for several hours. Red brick cottages went up in clouds of rosy smoke with flames in the heart of it. The enemy's shells burst in Graincourt with so many colors — green, purple, orange, rose, and pink — that it was a wonderful poem in color, but as tragic as the death that was there.

[The Germans retaliated on November 30 by delivering two flank and a center attack southwest of Cambrai on a wide front and succeeded in surprising one weaker section of the British line, where four thousand men were captured,

with some territory, compelling the British a few days later to withdraw from about one third of the advance they had previously made. This bloody attack is described as follows:]

The assault began at about 8.40 o'clock. The enemy went over the ridge between these Mœuvres and Bourlon woods in dense masses. As they swept down the slope toward the Bapaume–Cambrai road they came under the fire of the British artillery. The British gunners had so many targets that they hardly knew where to begin shooting, but immediately poured a veritable deluge of shells into the advancing German ranks. British machine guns and rifles also took part in the sanguinary business.

The Germans fell by scores as they advanced over the ridge in close formation, but they kept coming on. British infantrymen were thrown into the battle line for a counter-attack, and hot fighting ensued. The Germans succeeded in penetrating to the vicinity of the Bapaume–Cambrai highway northwest of Graincourt, but this was as far as they were able to get.

Notwithstanding their terrible losses, the Germans continued to rush over the ridge in waves all day and always with the same result — they came under an intense fire and were mown down in great numbers. Late in the day British counter-attacks succeeded in pushing the enemy back to virtually the same line that they had left.

Farther to the south the Germans broke through the British front south of Villers-Guislain, and, by executing a turning movement to the north, succeeded in enveloping Gauche Wood, Gouzeaucourt, Gonnelieu, and La Vacquerie.

[The Germans followed their advantage by continuing their attacks on December 1 with fresh fury. The correspondent describes the battle for the village of Masnières as follows:]

Nine separate counter-attacks launched against Masnières by strong German forces yesterday were all repulsed after most sanguinary fighting, although the British pulled their line back somewhat to lessen the sharp salient there. An intense battle raged all day, and it is stated that the British killed more Germans between daylight and dark than in any similar period since the war began. It was practically a continuous fight from the start of the first counter-attack.

The enemy infantry kept surging forward in waves, and as each came up it was caught by the fire from the artillery, rifles, and machine guns. The attacking forces were mowed down like wheat before the wind, but with characteristic Prussian discipline they continued to fill their ranks and advance until after the ninth assault had failed.

During the afternoon the Germans succeeded in capturing Les Rues Vertes, a suburb south of Masnières, but a British counter-attack pushed the enemy out again.

The British had to encounter ten German attacks in great force, advancing into the suburbs of Les Rues Vertes under the protection of a frightful bombardment. They repulsed these attacks ten times with machine-gun and rifle fire, until the enemy officers sent back word that their position in this suburb was untenable and they had to retreat from the annihilating fire. But by this time Masnières was at the end of a sharp salient,

formed by the enemy's gain of the ridge below, and during the night, according to orders, the British withdrew unknown to the Germans, who were busy with their dead and wounded. Even on Sunday morning the Germans did not know that not a single English soldier remained in Masnières, and they bombarded it anew before sending forward more storm troops in the afternoon, when they discovered its abandonment.

The Germans continued their battle on the 2d and 3d, employing great forces. They approached La Vacquerie from the east and southeast, and at the outset it appeared that the attack was comparatively local. In their first charge the enemy came up against a stone wall and they were forced to fall back. They kept coming in waves, however. They finally won a footing in the town, but immediately were ejected. Intense fighting at close quarters followed.

In the early dawn on December 4 the British withdrew from the Bourlon salient to a depth varying from a half to two and a half miles. The readjustment of the lines was effected without any losses to the British and left them in possession of about two thirds of the territory originally captured. Fierce artillery exchanges between the two fronts continued day and night from the 6th to the 12th, and there were indications that the Germans were massing immense forces for another great offensive.

THE GARIBALDI TAKE THE COL DI LANA

TOLD IN COLONEL "PEPPINO" GARIBALDI'S OWN WORDS

[1916]

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

[FOR many years Italy had longed to extend her territory on the north through the Trentino and on the east to Trieste and along the coast of the Adriatic: partly to liberate her fellow countrymen who lived in these regions; partly to secure herself against an Austrian invasion by holding the mountain passes; and partly to gain complete control of the Adriatic Sea. The war seemed to offer her an opportunity to satisfy her ambition, and on May 23, 1915, she entered the conflict on the side of the Entente.

The following selection describes the capture of one of the Austrian key positions in the Carnic Alps and gives a graphic idea of the obstacles the Italians were compelled to overcome in their advance through the mountains. Colonel Garibaldi is a grandson of the famous Italian patriot who was largely responsible for the liberation of Italy from Austrian rule in the middle of the last century.

The Editor.]

TOWARD the middle of the short winter afternoon the gorge we had been following opened out into a narrow valley, and straight over across the little lake which the road skirted, reflected in the shimmering sheet of steaming water that the thaw was throwing out across the ice, was a vivid white triangle of towering mountain. A true granite Alp among the splintered Dolomites—a fortress among cathedrals — it was the outstanding, the

dominating feature in a panorama which I knew from my map was made up of the mountain chain along which wriggled the interlocked lines of the Austro-Italian battle front.

"Plainly a peak with a personality," I said to the officer at my side. "What is it called?"

"It's the Col di Lana," was the reply; "the mountain Colonel 'Peppino' Garibaldi took in a first attempt and Gelasio Caetani, the Italio-American mining engineer, afterward blew up and captured completely. It is one of the most important positions on our whole front, for whichever side holds it not only effectually blocks the enemy's advance, but has also an invaluable sallyport from which to launch his own. We simply *had* to have it, and it was taken in what was probably the only way humanly possible. It's Colonel Garibaldi's headquarters, by the way, where we put up to-night and to-morrow; perhaps you can get him to tell you the story." . . .

By the light of a little spirit lamp and to the accompaniment of a steady drip of eaves and the rumble of distant avalanches of falling snow, Colonel Garibaldi, that evening, told me "the story": —

". . . In July I was given command of a battalion occupying a position at the foot of the Col di Lana. Perhaps you saw from the lake, as you came up, the commanding position of this mountain. If so, you will understand its supreme importance to us, whether for defensive or offensive purposes. Looking straight down the Cordevole Valley toward the plains of Italy, it not only furnished the Austrians an incomparable observation post, but also stood as an effectual barrier against any advance of our own toward the Livinallongo Valley

and the important Pordoi Pass. We needed it imperatively for the safety of any line we established in this region; and just as imperatively would we need it when we were ready to push the Austrians back. Since it was just as important for the Austrians to maintain possession of this great natural fortress as it was for us to take it away from them, you will understand how it came about that the struggle for the Col di Lana was perhaps the bitterest that has yet been waged for any one point on the Alpine front.

"Early in July, under cover of our guns to the south and east, the Alpini streamed down from the Cima di Falzarego and Sasso di Stria, which they had occupied shortly before, and secured what was at first but a precarious foothold on the stony lower eastern slope of the Col di Lana. Indeed, it was little more than a toe-hold at first; but the never-resting Alpini soon dug themselves in and became firmly established. It was to the command of this battalion of Alpini that I came on the 12th of July, after being given to understand that my work was to be the taking of the Col di Lana regardless of cost. . . .

"At that time the Austrians — who had appreciated the great importance of that mountain from the outset — had us heavily out-gunned, while mining in the hard rock was too slow to make it worth while until some single position of crucial value hung in the balance. So — well, I simply did the best I could under the circumstances. The most I could do was to give my men as complete protection as possible while they were not fighting, and this end was accomplished by establishing them in galleries cut out of the solid rock. This was, I

believe, the first time the 'gallery-barracks' — now quite the rule at all exposed points — were used on the Italian front.

"There was no other way in the beginning but to drive the enemy off the Col di Lana trench by trench, and this was the task I set myself to toward the end of July. What made the task an almost prohibitive one was the fact that the Austrian guns from Corte and Cherz — which we were in no position to reduce to silence — were able to rake us unmercifully. Every move we made during the next nine months was carried out under their fire, and there is no use in denying that we suffered heavily. I used no more men than I could possibly help using, and the Higher Command was very generous in the matter of reserves, and even in increasing the strength of the force at my disposal as we gradually got more room to work in. By the end of October my original command of a battalion had been increased largely.

"The Austrians made a brave and skillful defense, but the steady pressure we were bringing to bear on them gradually forced them back up the mountain. By the first week in November we were in possession of three sides of the mountain, while the Austrians held the fourth side and — but most important of all — the summit. The latter presented a sheer wall of rock, more than two hundred metres high, to us from any direction we were able to approach it, and on the crest of this cliff — the only point exposed to our artillery fire — the enemy had a cunningly concealed machine-gun post served by fourteen men. Back and behind, under shelter in a rock gallery, was a reserve of two hundred men,

who.were expected to remain safely under cover during a bombardment and then sally forth to repel any infantry attack that might follow it. The handful in the machine-gun post, it was calculated, would be sufficient, and more than sufficient, to keep us from scaling the cliff before their reserves came up to support them; and so they would have been if there had been *only* an infantry attack to reckon with. It failed to allow sufficiently, however, for the weight of the artillery we were bringing up, and the skill of our gunners. The apparent impregnability of the position was really its undoing.

"This cunningly conceived plan of defense I had managed to get a pretty accurate idea of — no matter how — and I laid my own plans accordingly. All the guns I could get hold of I had emplaced in positions most favorable for concentrating on the real key to the summit — the exposed machine-gun post on the crown of the cliff — with the idea, if possible, of destroying men and guns completely, or, failing in that, at least to render it untenable for the reserves who would try to rally to its defense.

"We had the position ranged to an inch, and so, fortunately, lost no time in 'feeling' for it. This, with the surprise incident to it, was perhaps the principal element in our success; for the plan — at least so far as *taking* the summit was concerned — worked out quite as perfectly in action as upon paper. That is the great satisfaction of working with the Alpino, by the way: he is so sure, so dependable, that the 'human fallibility' element in a plan (always the most uncertain quantity) is practically eliminated.

"It is almost certain that our sudden gust of concen-

trated gunfire snuffed out the lives of all the men in the machine-gun post before they had time to send word of our developing infantry attack to the reserves in the gallery below. At any rate, these latter made no attempt whatever to swarm up to the defense of the crest, even after our artillery fire ceased. The consequence was that the one hundred and twenty Alpini I sent to scale the cliff reached the top with only three casualties, these probably caused by rolling rocks or flying rock fragments. The Austrians in their big 'funk-hole' were taken completely by surprise, and one hundred and thirty of them fell prisoners to considerably less than that number of Italians. The rest of the two hundred escaped or were killed in their flight.

"So far it was so good; but, unfortunately, taking the summit and holding it were two entirely different matters. No sooner did the Austrians discover what had happened than they opened on the summit with all their available artillery. We have since ascertained that the fire of one hundred and twenty guns was concentrated upon a space of one hundred by one hundred and fifty metres which offered the only approach to cover that the barren summit afforded. Fifty of my men, finding shelter in the lee of rocky ledges, remained right out on the summit; the others crept over the edge of the cliff and held on by their fingers and toes. Not a man of them sought safety by flight, though a retirement would have been quite justified, considering what a hell the Austrians' guns were making of the summit. The enemy counter-attacked at nightfall, but despite superior numbers and the almost complete exhaustion of that little band of Alpini heroes, they were able to retake only a

half of the summit. Here, at a ten-metres-high ridge which roughly bisects the *cima*, the Alpini held the Austrians, and here, in turn, the latter held the reinforcements which I was finally able to send to the Alpini's aid. There, exposed to the fire of the guns of either side (and so comparatively safe from both), a line was established from which there seemed little probability that one combatant could drive the other, at least without a radical change from the methods so far employed.

"The idea of blowing up positions that cannot be taken otherwise is by no means a new one. Probably it dates back almost as far as the invention of gunpowder itself. Doubtless, if we only knew of them, there have been attempts to mine the Great Wall of China. It was, therefore, only natural that, when the Austrians had us held up before a position it was vitally necessary we should have, we should begin to consider the possibility of mining it as the only alternative. The conception of the plan did not necessarily originate in the mind of any one individual, however many have laid claim to it. It was the inevitable thing if we were not going to abandon striving for our objective.

"But while there was nothing new in the idea of the mine itself, in carrying out an engineering operation of such magnitude at so great an altitude and from a position constantly exposed to intense artillery fire there were presented many problems quite without precedent. It was these problems which gave us pause; but finally, despite the prospect of difficulties which we fully realized might at any time become prohibitive, it was decided to make the attempt to blow up that portion of the summit of the Col di Lana still held by the enemy.

"The choice of the engineer for the work was a singularly fortunate one. Gelasio Caetani — he is a son of the Duke of Sermoneta — had operated as a mining engineer in the American West for a number of years previous to the war, and the practical experience gained in California and Alaska was invaluable preparation for the great task now set for him. His ready resource and great personal courage were also incalculable assets. (As an instance of the latter I could tell you how, to permit him to make certain imperative observations, he allowed himself to be lowered over the side of a sheer cliff at a point only partially protected from the enemy's fire.)

"Well, the tunnel was started about the middle of January, 1916. Some of my men — Italians who had hurried home to fight for their country when the war started — had had some previous experience with hand and machine drills in the mines of Colorado and British Columbia, but the most of our labor had to gain its experience as the work progressed. Considering this, as well as the difficulty of bringing up material (to say nothing of food and munitions), we made very good progress.

"The worst thing about it all was the fact that it had to be done under the incessant fire of the Austrian artillery. I provided for the men as best I could by putting them in galleries, where they were at least able to get their rest in comparative safety. My own headquarters were in a little shed in the lee of a big rock. When the enemy finally found out what we were up to they celebrated their discovery by a steady bombardment which lasted for fourteen days without interrup-

tion. During a certain forty-two hours of that fortnight there was, by actual count, an average of thirty-eight shells a minute exploding on our little position. With all the protection it was possible to provide, the strain became such that I found it advisable to change the battalion holding our portion of the summit every week. Did I have any respite myself? Well, hardly; or, rather, not until I had to.

"We were constantly confronted with new and perplexing problems — things which no one had ever been called upon to solve before — most of them in connection with transportation. How we contrived to surmount one of these I shall never forget. The Austrians had performed a brave and audacious feat in emplacing one of their batteries at a certain point, the fire from which threatened to make our position absolutely untenable. The location of this battery was so cunningly chosen that not one of our guns could reach it; and yet we *had* to silence it — and for good — if we were going to go on with our work. The only point from which we could fire upon these destructive guns was so exposed that any artillery we might be able to mount there could only count on the shortest shrift under the fire of the hundred or more 'heavies' that the Austrians would be able to concentrate upon it. And yet (I figured), well employed, these few minutes might prove enough to do the work in. As there was no other alternative I decided to chance it.

"And then there arose another difficulty. The smallest gun that would stand a chance of doing the job cut out for it weighed one hundred and twenty kilos — about two hundred and sixty-five pounds; this just for

the gun alone, with all detachable parts removed. But the point where the gun was to be mounted was so exposed that there was no chance of rigging up a cableway, while the incline was so steep and rough that it was out of the question to try to drag it up with ropes. Just as we were on the verge of giving up in despair, one of the Alpini — a man of Herculean frame who had made his living in peace-time by breaking chains on his chest and performing other feats of strength — came and suggested that he be allowed to carry the gun up on his shoulder. Grasping at a straw, I let him indulge in a few 'practice maneuvers'; but these only showed that, while the young Samson could shoulder and trot off with the gun without great effort, the task of lifting himself and his burden from foothold to foothold in the crumbling rock of the seventy-degree slope was too much for him.

"But out of this failure there came a new idea. Why not let my strong man simply support the weight of the gun on his shoulder — acting as a sort of ambulant gun-carriage, so to speak — while a line of men pulled him along with a rope? We rigged up a harness to equalize the pull on the broad back, and, with the aid of sixteen ordinary men, the feat was accomplished without a hitch. I am sorry to say, however, that poor Samson was laid up for a spell with racked muscles.

"The gun — with the necessary parts and munition — was taken up in the night, and at daybreak it was set up and ready for action. It fired just forty shots before the Austrian 'heavies' blew it — and all but one or two of its brave crew — to pieces with a rain of high-explosive. But it had done its work, and done it well. The

sacrifice was not in vain. The troublesome Austrian battery was put so completely out of action that the enemy never thought it worth while to reëmplace it.

"That is just a sample of the fantastic things we were doing all of the three months that we drove the tunnel under the summit of the Col di Lana. The last few weeks were further enlivened by the knowledge that the Austrians were countermining against us. Once they drove so near that we could feel the jar of their drills, but they exploded their mine just a few metres short of where it would have upset us for good and for all. All the time work went on until, on the 17th of April, the mine was finished, charged, and 'tamped.' That night, while every gun we could bring to bear rained shell upon the Austrian position, it was exploded. A crater one hundred and fifty feet in diameter and sixty feet deep engulfed the ridge the enemy had occupied, and this our waiting Alpini rushed and firmly held. Feeble Austrian counter-attacks were easily repulsed, and the Col di Lana was at last completely in Italian hands."

[In the autumn of 1917 the Teuton army broke through the flank of the Italian forces that were threatening Trieste, and drove deep into the plains of Italy, undoing at a blow the gains the Italians had spent nearly two and a half years and countless lives to gain, and capturing a vast booty of prisoners and supplies.]

V

THE EASTERN FRONT

HISTORICAL NOTE

The campaign on the Eastern Front began with the mobilizing of the Austrian and Serbian forces, during the last days of July, 1914, the massing of Russian troops and the mobilizing of German armies to meet Russia. The main Austrian forces were sent to Galicia to meet the Russian advance, and an effort was also made to enter Poland. The Russian plan was to engage Austria as soon as possible, before Germany could move forces from the Western Front. Russia met with reverses in East Prussia, and was defeated by the Germans in the battle of Tannenberg, September 1, when the army opposing Von Hindenburg was enveloped in the swamp districts. But the main armies still pressed forward and were generally victorious over Austria. The main Austrian army was defeated and routed at Lemberg and Lublin, the Germans failed in their attempt to come to the rescue; and the Russians crossed the San, invested Przemysl, the key to Galicia, penetrated the Carpathians, and finally took Przemysl, March 22, 1915. Nothing now seemed to stand in the way of Russia's campaign.

Meanwhile the Germans won the battle of the Mazurian Lakes region, February 10, 1915, and began a great offensive early in May which turned the tide in favor of Austria. Under Von Mackensen, a large army swept the Russians to the rear at all points; Przemysl and Lemberg were retaken, and Warsaw fell, August 5. The Russian army escaped, but Galicia had been lost, the campaign in Poland had failed, and many prisoners and a large section of Russian territory were in the hands of the Austro-Germans. But the Russians rallied and in the late spring of 1916 once more broke through the Austrian lines. Later, Rumania joined the Allies and Russian success seemed secure. But the Germans, strengthened by the Bulgars and Turks, carried the day; the Rumanian forces were routed and the Russian armies once more withdrew. Then, in the spring of 1917, came the Russian revolution, internal disruption in the army, Teutonic intrigue, and the gradual withdrawal of Russia as a factor in the war.

INTRENCHED WITH THE AUSTRIANS IN GALICIA

[1914]

BY FRITZ KREISLER

JUST then our own artillery came thundering up, occupied a little hill in the rear and opened fire on the enemy. The moral effect of the thundering of one's own artillery is most extraordinary, and many of us thought that we had never heard any more welcome sound than the deep roaring and crashing that started in at our rear. It quickly helped to disperse the nervousness caused by the first entering into battle and to restore self-control and confidence. Besides, by getting into action, our artillery was now focusing the attention and drawing the fire of the Russian guns, for most of the latter's shells whined harmlessly above us, being aimed at the batteries in our rear. Considerably relieved by this diversion, we resumed our forward movement after about fifteen minutes of further rest, our goal being the little chain of hills which our advance guard had previously occupied pending our arrival. Here we were ordered to take up positions and dig trenches, any further advance being out of the question, as the Russian artillery overlooked and commanded the entire plain stretching in front of us.

We started at once to dig our trenches, half of my platoon stepping forward abreast, the men being placed an arm's length apart. After laying their rifles down,

barrels pointing to the enemy, a line was drawn behind the row of rifles and parallel to it. Then each man would dig up the ground, starting from his part of the line backwards, throwing forward the earth removed, until it formed a sort of breastwork. The second half of the platoon was meanwhile resting in the rear, rifle in hand and ready for action. After a half-hour they took the place of the first division at work, and *vice versa*. Within an hour work on the trenches was so far advanced that they could be deepened while standing in them. Such an open trench affords sufficient shelter against rifle bullets striking from the front and can be made in a measure shell-proof by being covered with boards, if at hand, and with sod. . . .

Where we were in Galicia at the beginning of the war, with conditions utterly unsteady and positions shifting daily and hourly, only the most superficial trenches were used. In fact, we thought ourselves fortunate if we could requisition straw enough to cover the bottom. That afternoon we had about finished our work when our friend the aeroplane appeared on the horizon again. This time it immediately opened fire. It disappeared, but apparently had seen enough, for very soon our position was shelled. By this time, however, shrapnel had almost ceased to be a source of concern to us and we scarcely paid any attention to it. Human nerves quickly get accustomed to the most unusual conditions and circumstances, and I noticed that quite a number of men actually fell asleep from sheer exhaustion in the trenches, in spite of the roaring of the cannon about us and the whizzing of shrapnel over our heads. . . .

At nine o'clock in the morning everything was ready

to receive the enemy, the men taking a short and well-deserved rest in the trenches, while we officers were called to the colonel, who acquainted us with the general situation, and giving his orders, addressed us in a short, business-like way, appealing to our sense of duty and expressing his firm belief in our victory. We all knew that this martial attitude and abrupt manner were a mask to hide his inner self, full of throbbing emotion and tender solicitude for his subordinates, and we returned to our trenches deeply moved.

The camp was absolutely quiet, the only movements being around the field kitchens in the rear, which were being removed from the battle line. A half-hour later any casual observer, glancing over the deserted fields, might have laughed at the intimation that the earth around him was harboring thousands of men armed to their teeth, and that pandemonium of hell would break loose within an hour. Barely a sound was audible, and a hush of expectancy descended upon us. I looked around at my men in the trench; some were quietly asleep, some writing letters, others conversing in subdued and hushed tones. Every face I saw bore the unmistakable stamp of feeling so characteristic of the last hour before a battle — that curious mixture of solemn dignity, grave responsibility, and suppressed emotion, with an undercurrent of sad resignation. They were pondering over their possible fate, or perhaps dreaming of their dear ones at home.

By and by even the little conversation ceased, and they sat silent, waiting and waiting, perhaps awed by their own silence. Sometimes one would bravely try to crack a joke, and they laughed, but it sounded strained.

They were plainly nervous, these brave men that fought like lions in the open when led to an attack, heedless of danger and destruction. They felt under a cloud in the security of the trenches, and they were conscious of it and ashamed. Sometimes my faithful orderly would turn his eye on me, mute, as if in quest of an explanation of his own feeling. Poor dear unsophisticated boy! I was as nervous as they all were, although trying my best to look unconcerned; but I knew that the hush that hovered around us like a dark cloud would give way like magic to wild enthusiasm as soon as the first shot broke the spell and the exultation of the battle took hold of us all.

Suddenly, at about ten o'clock, a dull thud sounded somewhere far away from us, and simultaneously we saw a small white round cloud about half a mile ahead of us where the shrapnel had exploded. The battle had begun. Other shots followed shortly, exploding here and there, but doing no harm. The Russian gunners evidently were trying to locate and draw an answer from our batteries. These, however, remained mute, not caring to reveal their position. For a long time the Russians fired at random, mostly at too short range to do any harm, but slowly the harmless-looking white clouds came nearer, until a shell, whining as it whizzed past us, burst about a hundred yards behind our trench. A second shell followed, exploding almost at the same place. At the same time we noticed a faint spinning noise above us. Soaring high above our position, looking like a speck in the firmament, flew a Russian aeroplane, watching the effect of the shells and presumably directing the fire of the Russian artillery. This explained

its sudden accuracy. One of our aeroplanes rose, giving chase to the enemy, and simultaneously got into action. The Russians kept up a sharply concentrated, well-directed fire against our center, our gunners responding gallantly, and the spirited artillery duel which ensued grew in intensity until the entrails of the earth seemed fairly to shake with the thunder.

By one o'clock the incessant roaring, crashing, and splintering of bursting shells had become unendurable to our nerves, which were already strained to the snapping-point by the lack of action and the expectancy. Suddenly there appeared a thin dark line on the horizon which moved rapidly toward us, looking not unlike a running bird with immense outstretched wings. We looked through our glasses; there could be no doubt — it was Russian cavalry, swooping down upon us with incredible impetus and swiftness. I quickly glanced at our colonel. He stared open-mouthed. This was, indeed, good fortune for us — too good to believe. No cavalry attack could stand before well-disciplined infantry, providing the latter keep cool and well composed, calmly waiting until the riders come sufficiently close to take sure aim.

There was action for us at last. At a sharp word of command, our men scrambled out of the trenches for better view and aim, shouting with joy as they did so. What a change had come over us all! My heart beat with wild exultation. I glanced at my men. They were all eagerness and determination, hand at the trigger, eyes on the approaching enemy, every muscle strained, yet calm, their bronzed faces hardened to immobility, waiting for the command to fire. Every subaltern offi-

cer's eye hung on our colonel, who stood about thirty yards ahead of us on a little hill, his figure well defined in the sunlight, motionless, the very picture of calm assurance and proud bearing. He scanned the horizon with his glasses. Shrapnel was hailing around him, but he seemed utterly unaware of it; for that matter we had all forgotten it, though it kept up its terrible uproar, spitting here and there destruction into our midst.

By this time the avalanche of tramping horses had come perceptibly nearer. Soon they would sweep by the bundle of hay which marked the carefully measured range within which our fire was effective. Suddenly the mad stampede came to an abrupt standstill, and then the Cossacks scattered precipitately to the right and left, only to disclose in their rear the advancing Russian infantry, the movements of which it had been their endeavor to veil. . . .

The first Russian lines were mowed down as if by a gigantic scythe, and so were the reserves as they tried to advance. The first attack had collapsed. After a short time, however, they came on again, this time more cautiously, armed with nippers to cut the barbed wire and using the bodies of their own fallen comrades as a rampart. Again they were repulsed. Once more their cavalry executed a feigned attack under cover of which the Russian infantry rallied, strongly reinforced by reserves, and more determined than ever.

Supported by heavy artillery fire, their lines rolled endlessly on and hurled themselves against the barbed-wire fences. For a short time it almost seemed as if they would break through by sheer weight of numbers. At that critical moment, however, our reserves succeeded

in executing a flanking movement. Surprised and caught in a deadly cross-fire, the Russian line wavered and finally fled in disorder.

All these combined artillery, infantry, cavalry, and aeroplane attacks had utterly failed in their object of dislodging our center or shaking its position, each one being frustrated by the resourceful, cool alertness of our commanding general and the splendid heroism and stoicism of our troops. But the strain of the continuous fighting for nearly the whole day without respite of any kind, or chance for food or rest, in the end told on the power of endurance of our men, and when the last attack had been successfully repulsed they lay mostly prostrated on the ground, panting and exhausted. Our losses had been very considerable, too, stretcher-bearers being busy administering first aid and carrying the wounded back to the nearest field hospital, while many a brave man lay stark and still.

By eight o'clock it had grown perceptibly cooler. We now had time to collect our impressions and look about us. The Russians had left many dead on the field, and at the barbed-wire entanglements which our sappers had constructed as an obstacle to their advance, their bodies lay heaped upon each other, looking not unlike the more innocent bundles of hay lying in the field. We could see the small Red Cross parties in the field climbing over the horribly grotesque tumuli of bodies, trying to disentangle the wounded from the dead and administer first aid to them.

Enthusiasm seemed suddenly to disappear before this terrible spectacle. Life that only a few hours before had glowed with enthusiasm and exultation, suddenly

paled and sickened. The silence of the night was interrupted only by the low moaning of the wounded that came regularly to us. It was hideous in its terrible monotony. . . .

THE RUSSIAN VICTORY AT PRZEMYSL

[1915]

BY BERNARD PARES

[The great Austrian fortress of Przemysl, in Galicia, surrendered to the Russian forces March 22, 1915. With one short interruption, the siege had been continuous since September 21, 1914. The victory was celebrated by a Te Deum of thanksgiving in the presence of the Czar and General Staff. Until this fortress was taken, the Russians were not in a position to invade Hungary. Early in April the whole Russian battle front was moved forward along the Carpathians, and for some time the fight for Galicia was favorable to Russia.

The Editor.]

The fall of Przemysl, which will now no doubt be called by its Russian name of Peremyshl, is in every way surprising. Even a few days before, quite well-informed people had no idea that the end was coming so soon. The town was a first-class fortress, whose development had been an object of special solicitude to the late Archduke Ferdinand. Of course it was recognized that Peremyshl was the gate of Hungary and the key to Galicia; but, more than that, it was strengthened into a great point of debouchment for an aggressive movement for Austro-Hungary against Russia; for the Russian policy of Austria, like her original plan of campaign, was based on the assumption of the offensive. It was generally understood that Peremyshl was garrisoned by about 50,000 men, that the garrison was exclusively

Hungarian, and that the commander, Kusmanek, was one of the few really able Austrian commanders in this war. The stores were said to be enough for a siege of three years. The circle of the forts was so extended as to make operations easy against any but the largest blockading force; and the aerodrome, which was well covered, gave communication with the outside world. An air post has run almost regularly, the letters (of which I have some) being stamped "Flieger-Post." As long as Peremyshl held out, the local Jews constantly circulated rumors of an Austrian return, and the Russian tenure of Galicia remained precarious. The practical difficulties offered to the Russians by Peremyshl were very great; for the one double railway line westward runs through the town, so that all military and Red Cross communications have been indefinitely lengthened. . . .

For weeks past the fortress had kept up a terrific fire which was greater than any experienced elsewhere from Austrian artillery. Thousands of shells yielded only tens of wounded, and it would seem that the Austrians could have had no other object than to get rid of their ammunition. The fire was now intensified to stupendous proportions and the sortie took place; but, so far from the whole garrison coming out, it was only a portion of it, and was driven back with the annihilation of almost a whole division.

Now followed extraordinary scenes. Austrian soldiers were seen fighting each other, while the Russians looked on. Amid the chaos a small group of staff officers appeared, casually enough, with a white flag, and announced surrender. Austrians were seen cutting pieces

out of slaughtered horses that lay in heaps, and showing an entire indifference to their capture. Explosions of war material continued after the surrender.

The greatest surprise of all was the strength of the garrison, which numbered, not 50,000, but 130,000, which makes of Peremyshl a second Metz. Different explanations are offered; for instance, the troops which had lost their field trains and therefore their mobility are reported to have taken refuge in Peremyshl after Rawa Ruska, but surely the subsequent withdrawal of the blockade gave them ample time for retreat. A more convincing account is that Peremyshl was full of dépôts, left there to be supports of a great advancing army. In any case no kind of defense can be pleaded for the surrender of this imposing force.

The numbers of the garrison, of course, reduced to one third the time during which food supplies would last; but even so the fortress should have held out for a year. The epidemic diseases within the lines supply only a partial explanation. The troops, instead of being all Hungarians, were of various Austrian nationalities; and there is good reason to think that the conditions of defense led to feuds, brawls, and in the end open disobedience of orders. This was all the more likely because, while food was squandered on the officers, the rank and file and the local population were reduced to extremes, and because the officers, to judge by the first sortie, took but little part in the actual fighting. The wholesale slaughter of horses of itself robbed the army of its mobility. The fall of Peremyshl is the most striking example so far of the general demoralization of the Austrian army and monarchy. Peremyshl, so long

a formidable hindrance to the Russians, is now [March, 1915], a splendid base for an advance into Hungary.

[The hopes thus held out were doubtless well founded, as far as Russian successes over Austria were concerned. But in May and June, the Germans under Von Mackensen began a great offensive which brought disaster to the Russian forces. The Russians were driven back in the Carpathians, along the Dunajec they suffered defeat, and presently the whole Carpathian army was threatened. June 2d the Austro-German forces recaptured Przemysl; and by the 14th the German army was attacking the Russians over a forty-three-mile front, taking positions from Czerniawa to Lienawa. June 21st the Austro-German forces took Rawa Ruska, thirty-two miles northwest of Lemberg; and the next day the Russians abandoned Lemberg, which was occupied by the Austrians and Germans. The Russians were then defeated on the Dniester, and on the entire front from Halicz to Firjelow. For a considerable time the Russians were able to head off the attacks on Warsaw, but on August 5 the city fell into the hands of the Germans. The Russian disaster is explained by the lack of ammunition and by the great superiority of the German artillery and generalship.]

THE DEFEAT AT GALLIPOLI

[1915]

BY SIR IAN HAMILTON

[In an attempt to capture Constantinople and open the Dardanelles, thus securing a much needed passage to the grain ports of southern Russia, an English army, under Sir Ian Hamilton, landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula on April 26, 1915. The campaign which ended with the retreat from Gallipoli, as reported January 9, 1916, with the final abandonment of positions which the British had held, covered a period of about eleven months. General Ian Hamilton's report, which made known to the world for the first time some of the more important details of the great disaster, covers the period from early May to the middle of October, when General Hamilton was recalled. The operations at Suvla Bay took place early in August, and led to the climax on August 10th, when the Turks made their attack upon the battalions of the Sixth North Lancashire and Fifth Wiltshire regiments. The campaign in the Dardanelles came to an end with the abandonment of Sedd-el-Bahr. The following selection from General Hamilton's report tells the story of the fateful days in August.

The Editor.]

First our men were shelled by every enemy gun, then assaulted by a huge column consisting of no less than a full division plus three battalions. The North Lancashire men were simply overwhelmed in their shallow trenches by sheer weight of numbers, while the Wiltshires, who were caught out in the open, were literally almost annihilated.

The ponderous mass of the enemy swept over the crest and swarmed round the Hampshires and General Baldwin's brigade, which had to give ground and were only extricated with great difficulty and with very heavy losses.

Now it was our turn. The warships and the New Zealand and the Australian artillery, an Indian mountain artillery brigade, and the Sixty-ninth Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, were getting the chance of a lifetime. As successive solid lines of Turks topped the crest of the ridge, gaps were torn through their formation and an iron rain fell on them as they tried to re-form in the gullies.

Not here only did the Turks pay dearly for their recapture of the vital crest. Enemy reinforcements continued to move up under a heavy and accurate fire from our guns. Still they kept topping the ridges and pouring down the western slopes of Chunnuk Bair as if determined to regain everything they had lost. But once they were over the crest they became exposed not only to the full blast of the guns, naval and military, but to a battery of ten New Zealand machine guns, which played upon their serried ranks at close range until their barrels were red-hot.

Enormous losses were inflicted, and of the swarms which had once fairly crossed the crest line only a handful ever struggled back to their own side of Chunnuk Bair.

At the same time strong forces of the enemy were hurled against the spurs to the northeast, where there arose a conflict so deadly that it may be considered the climax of four days' fighting for the ridge. Portions of

LANDING UNDER FIRE AT THE DARDANELLES

LANDING UNDER FIRE AT THE DARDANELLES

It would be difficult to find in all history a more heroic episode than the landing of the British troops at Gallipoli.

The circumstances of the landing were fully described in the accompanying article. The launches shown in the illustration are being towed by a picket boat under cover of fire from the British battleship just behind them. These launches were the target of innumerable cannon, machine guns, and rifles, and the losses were fearfully heavy. Many of the men were shot or drowned before the boats grounded. Many more were killed on the beach, but the survivors made good the landing, and, flinging themselves against the Turkish positions, won a precarious footing along the shore.

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our line were pierced and the troops were driven clean down the hill. At the foot of the hill the men who were supervising the transport of food and water were rallied by Staff Captain Street. Unhesitatingly they followed him back, where they plunged again into the midst of that series of struggles in which generals fought in the ranks and men dropped their scientific weapons and caught one another by the throat.

The Turks came on again and again, fighting magnificently and calling upon the name of God. Our men stood to it and maintained by many a deed of daring the old traditions of their race; they died in the ranks where they stood. . . . By evening the total casualties of General Birdwood's force had reached 12,000, and included a large proportion of officers. The Thirteenth Division of the new army, under Major-General Shaw, had alone lost 6000 out of a grand total of 10,500. Brigadier-General Baldwin was gone, and all his staff and commanding officers, thirteen, had disappeared from the fighting effectives. The Warwicks and Worcesters had lost literally every single officer.

The old German notion that no unit could stand the loss of more than twenty-five per cent has been completely falsified. The Thirteenth Division and the Twenty-ninth Brigade of the Tenth Irish Division had lost more than twice that, and in spirit were game for as much more fighting as might be required.

[The operations in the region of Anzac were in process at about the same time. General Hamilton reports that during the night of August 11th two brigades were brought from Imbros to Suvla Bay. The brigades and their batteries were landed in the darkness, and the Turks were taken by

surprise. But misfortunes soon came here as elsewhere in the campaign. The senior commanders lacked experience in the new trench warfare, and did not understand the Turkish methods of fighting. On August 15th General Stopford was relieved of the command of his division and General Delisle succeeded him. Then, too, the soldiers suffered greatly from lack of water. A large quantity of water was secretly collected at Anzac, where a reservoir holding 30,000 gallons was built. Oil tins with a capacity of 80,000 gallons were collected and fitted with handles. But at the most important juncture an accident to a steamer delayed the landing of the supply. It was not, therefore, feasible to bring up the reserves when most needed. General Hamilton's report continues:]

At times I thought of throwing my reserves into this stubborn central battle, where probably they would have turned the scale. But each time water troubles made me give up the idea, all ranks at Anzac being reduced to a pint a day. True, thirst is a sensation unknown to the dwellers in cool, well-watered England, but at Anzac, when the mules with water-bags arrived at the front, the men would rush up to them in swarms just to lick the moisture that exuded through the canvas bags. Until wells had been discovered under freshly won hills, the reinforcing of Anzac by even so much as a brigade was unthinkable.

[By the middle of August the British were also short of rifles. General Hamilton cabled for 50,000 fresh rifles and reinforcements "at once," believing that by their aid his troops could clear a passage through for the fleet to Constantinople. But the reinforcements and munitions were not forthcoming. The retirement from the Suvla Bay and Anzac regions was a step toward the abandonment of the entire peninsula of Gallipoli. At the time General Hamilton

was recalled in October the evacuation of the peninsula seemed to him unthinkable. But the abandonment came as a matter of course after it became clear that Constantinople could not then be taken. Great Britain's losses in the Dardanelles up to December 11, 1915, are officially given as 112,921 officers and men. This figure, which includes the naval lists, covers the total number of killed, wounded, and missing. Besides these casualties, the number of sick admitted to the hospitals was 96,683. General Sir Charles Monro, then in command, reported, January 9, 1916, that the evacuation of the peninsula was complete. The guns and howitzers were successfully removed, with the exception of a few worn-out guns, which were blown up before the last forces withdrew. The casualties amounted to one member of the British rank and file wounded, with no casualties among the French. Some of the forces were sent to Salonica, while others were assigned to duty in Mesopotamia. A military expert has written: "In summing up the effect of the Gallipoli failure it is fair to say that it is readily susceptible of great exaggeration. It must be remembered that the British never held very much in the Strait. Had they taken Constantinople, the war would certainly have been shortened. Having failed to take it, the war will follow the course it would have followed had the Dardanelles movement not been attempted. This entire theater is subsidiary, a side issue. The movement was designed to help Russia, not because there was any decisively inherent value in Constantinople itself."]

A BRITISH SOLDIER AT SUVLA BAY

[1915]

BY JOHN HARGRAVE

A PALE pink sunrise burst across the eastern sky as our transport came steaming into the bay. The haze of early morning dusk still held, blurring the mainland and water in misty outlines. . . . You must understand that we knew not where we were. We had never heard of Suvla Bay — we did n't know what part of the peninsula we had reached. The mystery of the adventure made it all the more exciting. It was to be "a new landing by the Tenth Division" — that was all we knew.

Some of us had slept, and some had lain awake all night. Rapidly the pink sunrise swept behind the rugged mountains to the left, and was reflected in wobbling ripples in the bay. We joined the host of battleships, monitors, and troopships standing out, and "stood by." We could hear the rattle of machine guns and the distant gloom behind the streak of sandy shore. The decks were crowded with that same khaki crowd. We all stood eagerly watching and listening. The death-silence had come upon us. No one spoke. No one whistled.

We could see the lighters and small boats towing troops ashore. We saw the men scramble out, only to be blown to pieces by land mines as they waded to the

beach. On the Lala Baba side we watched platoons and companies form up and march along in fours, all in step, as if they were on parade. . . . .

No sooner had [my companion] spoken than a high explosive from the Turkish positions on the Sari Bair range came screaming over the Salt Lake.

They were like a little group of dead beetles, and the wounded were crawling away like ants into the dead yellow grass and the sage-bushes to die. A whole platoon was smashed.

It was not yet daylight. We could see the flicker of rifle fire, and the crackle sounded first on one part of the bay, and then on another. Among the dark rocks and bushes it looked as if people were striking thousands of matches.

Mechanical Death went steadily on. Four Turkish batteries on the Kislar Dagh were blown up one after the other by our battleships. We watched the thick, rolling smoke of the explosions, and saw bits of wheels and the arms and legs of gunners blown up in little black fragments against that pearl-pink sunrise. The noise of Mechanical Battle went surging from one side of the bay to the other — it swept round suddenly with an angry rattle of maxims and the hard, echoing crackle of rifle fire. Now and then our battleships crashed forth, and their shells went hurtling and screaming over the mountains to burst with a muffled roar somewhere out of sight.

Mechanical Death moved back and forth. It whistled and screamed and crashed. It spat fire, and unfolded puffs of gray and white and black smoke. It flashed tongues of livid flame, like some devilish ant-

eater lapping up its insects . . . and the insects were the sons of men.

Mechanical Death, as we saw him at work, was hard and metallic, steel-studded and shrapnel-toothed. Now and then he bristled with bayonets, and they glittered here and there in tiny groups, and charged up the rocks and through the bushes. The noise increased. Mechanical Death worked first on our side, and then with the Turks. He led forward a squad, and the next instant mowed them down with a hail of lead. He galloped up a battery, unlimbered — and before the first shell could be rammed home Mechanical Death blew up the whole lot with a high explosive from a Turkish battery in the hills.

And so it went on hour after hour. Crackle, rattle, and roar; scream, whistle, and crash. We stood there on the deck watching the men get killed. Now and then a shell came wailing and moaning across the bay, and dropped into the water with a great column of spray glittering in the early morning sunshine. A German Taube buzzed overhead; the hum-hum-hum of the engine was very loud. She dropped several bombs, but none of them did much damage. The little yellow-skinned observation balloon floated above one of our battleships like a penny toy. The Turks had several shots at it, but missed it every time.

The incessant noise of battle grew more distant as our troops on shore advanced. It broke out like a bush-fire, and spread from one section to another. Mechanical Death pressed forward across the Salt Lake. It stormed the heights of the Kapanja Sirt on the one side, and took Lala Baba on the other. Puffs of smoke hung

on the hills, and the shore was all wreathed in the smoke of rifle and machine-gun fire. A deadly conflict this — for one Turk on the hills was worth ten British down below on the Salt Lake.

There was no glory. Here was Death sure enough, — Mechanical Death run amuck, — but where was the glory? . . . We wondered how it was that we were still alive when so many lay dead. Some were killed on the decks of the transports by shrapnel. Our monitors crept close to the sandy shore and poured out a deadly brood of Death. . . .

And now came the time for us to land. We huddled into the lighter, and hauled our stores down below. Some of us were "green about the gills," and some were trying to pretend we did n't care. We watched the boat which landed just before us strike a mine and be blown to pieces. Encouraging sight. . . .

The Kapanja Sirt runs along one side of Suvla Bay. It is one wing of that horseshoe formation of rugged mountains which hems in the Anafarta Ova and the Salt Lake. Our searching zone for wounded lay along this ridge, which rises like the vertebræ of some great antediluvian reptile — dropping sheer down on the Gulf of Saros side, and, in varying slopes, to the plains and the Salt Lake on the other.

Here again small things left a vivid impression — the crack of a rifle from the top of the ridge, and a party of British climbing up the rocks and scrub in search of the hidden Turk. . . .

I worked up and down the line of squads trying to keep them in touch with each other. We were carrying stretchers, haversacks, iron rations, medical haversacks,

medical water-bottles (filled on Lemnos Island), and three "monkey-boxes" or field medical companions. . . . The stretcher squads worked slowly forward. We passed an old Turkish well with a stone-flagged front and a stone trough. Later on we came upon the trenches and bivouacs of a Turkish sniping headquarters. . . . It was near here that our first man was killed later in the day. He was looking into these bivouacs, and was about to crawl out when a bullet went through his brain. It was a sniper's shot. . . .

Now came a period of utter stagnation. It was a deadlock. We held the bay, the plain of Anafarta, the Salt Lake, the Kislar Dagh, and Kapanja Sirt in a horseshoe. The Turks held the heights of Sari Bair, Anafarta Village, and the hills in a semicircle inclosing us. Nothing happened. We shelled and they shelled — every day. Snipers sniped and men got killed; but there was no further advance. Things had remained at a standstill since the first week of the landing.

Rumors floated from one unit to another: "We are going to make a great attack on the 28th," — always a fixed date; "the Italians are landing troops to help the Australians at Anzac," — every possible absurdity was noised abroad. . . . Orders to pack up ready for a move came suddenly. It was now late in September. The wet season was just beginning. The storm-clouds were coming up over the hills in great masses of rolling banks, black and forbidding. It grew colder at night, and a cold wind sprang up during the day. . . .

And so at last we got aboard. It was still a profound secret. No one knew whither we were going, or why we were leaving the desolation of Suvla Bay. But every

one was glad. Anything would be better than this barren waste of sand and flies and dead men.

That was the last we saw of the bay. . . . Only three months ago we had landed 25,000 strong; and now we numbered about 6000. A fearful loss — a smashed division. . . . The queer thing is, that when I look back upon that "Great Failure" it is not the danger or the importance of the undertaking which is strongly impressed so much as a jumble of smells and sounds and small things. It is just these small things which no author can make up in his study at home. . . . Stay-at-home critics and prophets of war cannot strike just that tiny spark of reality which makes the whole thing "live." . . . There was adventure wild and queer enough in the Dardanelles campaign to fill a volume of Turkish Nights' Entertainments, but the people at home know nothing of it. This is the very type of adventure and incident which would have aroused a war-sickened people; which would have rekindled war-weary enthusiasm and patriotism in the land. Maybe most of these accounts of marvelous escapes and 'cute encounters, secret scoutings and extraordinary expeditions, will lie now forever with the silent dead and the thousands of rounds of ammunition in the silver sand of Suvla Bay.

BULGARIA ENTERS THE WAR

[1915]

BY J. B. W. GARDINER

[In preparation for a successful campaign in the Balkans, Germany massed a large army on the Serbian frontier, along the Danube and the Drina, under command of Von Mackensen. When this army was in readiness, Bulgaria mobilized for the attack on Serbia. The order for mobilization was given September 22, 1915; the Bulgars invaded Serbia October 10th, and declared war on the Serbs four days later. Greece mobilized, but remained neutral, leaving Serbia unaided. Bulgarian armies entered Nish and swept through Macedonia. The Allies went to the assistance of Serbia, but too late to avail. Serbia resisted, but was everywhere overwhelmed. The campaign continued until December, when Monastir was captured.

The Editor.]

Germany, in order to strike a vital blow at her most formidable enemy, — England, — looked to the Far East as the scene of her next endeavor. But an offensive in the East would call for a base at Constantinople, and Bulgaria stood in the way. Bulgaria was the bridge between Hungary and Turkey. Without Bulgaria's aid the Germans could never reach Constantinople. From such information as is at hand, it was not merely a question of getting shell over the Oriental Railroad to the hard-pressed Turks on Gallipoli. The ammunition factory at Tophane near Constantinople had a production almost, if not quite, sufficient to meet the demands

of the Gallipoli defenders. Rumania had, it is true, refused to permit the passage of shell over her railroads; but it was more than a question of shell. It was a question of a place in the sun through domination of the Oriental Railroad; it was a question of an attack on Egypt, of a thorough reorganization of Turkey in Teuton interests by means of a direct connection with Germany and Austria. Bulgaria alone was in position to furnish such connection and to provide a regular passageway through which free, unhampered communication could be had between Germany and her Moslem ally. With Bulgaria in the field, it remained for the Germanic allies to conquer only the northern part of Serbia where the Oriental road runs from Belgrade to Pirot, in order to open a direct route from Berlin to Constantinople. The diplomatic efforts of the Teutons were therefore concentrated on Sofia, and, in spite of all the Entente could offer, Bulgaria, early in October, entered the lists on the side of the Central Powers.

The opening gun of the campaign against Serbia was fired immediately upon the announcement of Bulgaria's decision. This campaign was essentially different from that in any other field of operations. Germany, as well as her opponents, realized from the outset that it was entirely subsidiary. Victory, no matter how complete, might bring the destruction or the dismemberment of the Serbian army. Under no possible circumstances could it bring a decision. The maximum practical result would be obtained when the Oriental Railroad was under complete control of the Central Powers, which meant the occupation of the northeast corner of Serbia only, involving the railway points of Belgrade, Nish, and

Pirot. Any other accomplishment in this field would be purely incidental.

The entrance of Bulgaria into the war contributed to the forces of the Teutonic Allies certainly not more than 400,000 men and probably not more than 350,000. The Serbian strength, depleted by the Austrian campaign of the previous year and sapped by the typhus scourge which had decimated the population, was at that time not more than 250,000 effectives. Opposed to this force were the 350,000 Bulgarians and an equal number of Austrians and Germans. Obviously, therefore, Serbia could not turn back the attack alone, but would have to depend for the backbone of her defense upon assistance obtained from extraneous sources. Her first call was upon Greece, who, under the Treaty of Bucharest which closed the Second Balkan War, was obligated to unite with Serbia in case of attack. The ties of kinship with the German Kaiser proved stronger, however, than treaty obligations, and, contrary to the will of the Greek people, King Constantine refused to be bound.

Serbia then turned to her western Allies, France and England, who, taking advantage of certain leasehold rights in Salonica which Serbia had acquired by treaty, started a belated movement of troops to that port.

When the Teutonic allies attacked, the Serbians were concentrated along the line of the Danube and along the northeastern border, guarding the railroad passes between Serbia and Bulgaria. The British and French contingents, having landed in Salonica, were moving up into Macedonia. As in other campaigns, the military problem involved in this invasion can best find expres-

sion in terms of railroads, and in this case was extremely simple. There is in Serbia but one railroad running north and south. This road, entering Serbia at Belgrade, has its other terminus at Monastir. At Uskub, some seventy miles north of Monastir, a branch breaks off to the northwest, running up toward Montenegro. It is obvious, therefore, that the maintenance of this one line was fundamental to the Serbian defense, as it was their single line of retreat and supply, and the one means by which the reinforcements of the Allies could come north from Macedonia. This road was then the objective of both Bulgarian and Teuton armies. While the Teutons were engaged in forcing the passage of the Danube, the Bulgarians struck from the east at practically every pass along the border. Throwing a force into Macedonia from Strumnitza, they had no trouble in holding the British and French back, while, penetrating the passes farther north, they reached the railroad at a number of points.

The end came soon. The Serbians offered stubborn resistance from the outset, but with their life-line cut by the Bulgarians, unable to get food, outnumbered at every point, they fell back from point to point until, in the last week of December [1915], the Teuton occupation of Serbia was complete. Not a vestige of military force remained. The British and French fell back, now that there was nothing for them to do, and took up a position in front of Salonica, which they strongly fortified. The Serbian army, or its miserable remnant, was either scattered in the wilds of Albania, or, having reached the sea, was transported by the Allies to some of the Mediterranean islands to recuperate. Germany

had taken her first real step toward a place in the sun.

While the Serbians were being driven out of their own country and the entire eastern situation was being got under control by the Teutonic Powers, Great Britain was maintaining an army of at least a quarter of a million men on Gallipoli — men who were fighting a series of battles in which there was not one chance in ten thousand of winning. These men could have been used to great advantage in Serbia had the British seen fit to transfer them. But, having undertaken the Gallipoli campaign, they were afraid to let go lest the admission of defeat would cause a loss of prestige among the Mohammedans of the East, where it is essential to the Empire that British rule be unquestioned. When it finally became apparent to the British High Command that further fighting on the peninsula was useless and that to acknowledge failure was really the bigger thing to do, Serbia had been overrun and the gates of the East had been opened.

FROM SALONICA

[1916]

BY ALBERT KINROSS

[SALONICA has occupied an exceptional position in relation to the war. After the retreat of the remnants of the British army from Gallipoli, decisive action along the new front established by the Allies at Salonica was long anticipated. Too late to be of real service, Salonica was made the base of operations for the relief of Serbia. The French landed a division there under General Sarrail, but there was no Allied commander to coördinate all forces. In November, 1915, large Allied reinforcements arrived; yet they were held in Salonica, on account of the uncertain situation in Greece. In December the Allied forces began to fortify their quarters; and Salonica became notable as a blocking-point, rather than as a center of action. The presence of the Allies there seriously blocked the plans of the Central Powers for the conquest of Mesopotamia, Suez, and Egypt.

The Editor.]

I HAVE been here seven months now and am beginning to feel like an old inhabitant. We reached here early in November, and now it is June. One's main impression of this country, if one is a native of northern Europe, is sunshine and ever sunshine blazing over the slender whiteness of minarets. I speak now of the town and not of the moors beyond. Macedonia, like Caledonia, is "stern and wild," though I doubt much whether its inhabitants are "romantic children."

We came here in November and had to begin at the

beginning. Luckily there was the harbor and three good quays. On them we poured our men, our stores and ammunition, to say nothing of our mules and horses, guns, ovens, and pontoons. How we sorted ourselves all out is still a mystery. Men slept literally anywhere, in the mud, in the cold, in passable hotels. I, as an old campaigner, had little to complain about. I slept in a bed (and quite a good bed too), after seeing to it that my men were under cover. They took it all good-humoredly, and so went the first night. The next day I had time to skirmish and constituted myself the unit's billeting officer. I found rooms for all my friends, and the mosquitoes took stock of us. They were on the wane, however, a dying race, and only Captain F——, a succulent morsel, was pretty properly attacked. Perhaps some of my own immunity was bought at the cost of a night's rest.

I was given a "dump" of canned meat and biscuit, a string of motor-lorries, a herd of native labor, and told to feed the division, more or less. My men and I and the native labor checked and filled up the lorries. We worked by some kind of artificial light fed by benzine. The native laborers were Greek refugees from Thrace and Asia Minor, and we shoved them along by signs and plentiful cursing. We were five Europeans to eighty of these enigmas. We half expected them to cut our throats in the dark and make off with the meat and biscuit. Why they did not do so, I have never discovered. However, about one o'clock in the morning the heavens began to open and the stormy winds to blow. Out went our flimsy lights, down came the rain. A lorry driver, returned from up-country, reported a bridge

carried away and all the rest of the lorries stuck. It seemed about time to close the shop. The piece of waste land which was the scene of this first act had now become a swamp, the darkness was illuminated only by flashes of lightning, we were all wet to the skin; so I gave the signal to retire, which was obeyed with alacrity. Home I floundered to bed, leaving the division to "the unconsumed portion of its emergency ration." Nor did the division take much hurt. I can see it bivouacked, huddled together, wet and muddied, snoring blissfully, too tired to "grouse."

So much for Chaos. To-day the swamp where I worked on that first night is drained and firm; good roads lead to it, good roads run away inland and climb the hills; the flimsy bridges of yesterday are replaced by work unknown in Macedonia since the days of the Roman legionaries; and the legionaries of the Allies now repose in cities of wood and canvas, pitched in the shadow of prehistoric tumuli or covering hillsides more ancient still. Down in the dusty plain, too, are our legions, and even in the sun-baked marshland to the east — Serb, French, and British, and at one point scores of Canadians. . . .

The retreat and the four air raids are the only things that have happened since we came here, except for our troubles with the Greek Government, which while I write (June 3) seem to be exceptionally flourishing. Outside this quiet room, Allied troops and marines are moving to positions before the Prefecture and Post-Office, and I dare say that, by the time this letter is read, the administration of Greek Macedonia will be in the capable hands of General Sarrail.

The retreat of the Allies from Serbia made most of us sit up. It was a very breathless business, of which the full story will be told in time. The men that came down were pretty well spent — spent to the world, in fact, and rather relieved to find themselves alive.

Of the four air raids I have a somewhat closer knowledge. The first was just a pretty picture seen against a cloudless sky. The Taubes — we always call them Taubes — looked like wicked moths playing amid white puffs of shrapnel. They did little damage and soon retired. The first Zeppelin was a sterner foe. It came when we were all innocently asleep; and at two o'clock in the morning, waking or sleeping, a man's courage is not at its proudest.

I was billeted at that time in a little smelly house of three floors and six apartments. The house was packed with the original tenants, Jew and Greek, together with such lodgers as myself. In our flat of four rooms and a kitchen were the landlord and his lady, four sons and two daughters. The sons slept on the sitting-room floor, and if you came home in the dark you were likely to tread on them. Two French officers shared the best bedroom, while I slept alone in the second best. *Bang-bang-bang* went the bombs from the Zeppelin; the French officers cried, "*En bas!*" and the boys banged at my door yelling, "*Embros!*" which is Greek for "Forwards!" As it did n't seem to matter much where one went, the whole thing, failing dugouts, being purely a question of luck, I stayed in bed and touched wood. The crashes of the big bombs were terrifying. The house shook with each explosion; but as all things — good or bad — must come to an end,

so too, after a while, ended this business. A wonderful orange-colored blaze lit up the world outside, and so I got out of bed and watched it, deciding at last to dress and see things at close quarters. . . .

Most of the year the war has shifted from this quarter; and apart from the gunners, whose thunders punctuate the writing of these notes and sketches, we are all busy with routine work which, save for a higher pressure, is very like the work of peace. Incidentally I may say that since I began this paper, I have shifted toward the Serbian frontier, a line of lakes and hills, and am now encamped in a paradise of pied meadows, ever-changing butterflies, and plentiful tortoises. I sit out of doors, in the never-failing sunshine, and continue. *Bang* go the guns, and miles away in the Bulgar lines you see the smoke that follows the bursting of the heavy shells. Our business all winter was to make this possible.

To me now, looking back, it was chiefly a matter of lost sleep, of lorries going endlessly up-country, night and day, and of brother officers, here and there, getting very ragged about the nerves. Much of that time I was on "night duty," and an agreeable feature of my work was that it brought me into close contact with the navy.

Our senior service, unlike our army, was ready for war; was, indeed, seemingly ready for anything and everybody. Here no improvisation was needed: a sailor is a sailor, whether he belong to the Grand Fleet or be only the humble master of a trawler. Gunnery is but an added virtue; the discipline and craftsmanship are there already. The fleet out here — and by fleet I mean every conceivable kind of vessel — had mainly been

switched on from Gallipoli, and from lighter to battleship was full of stories and escapes that now are history. The transports interested me more than the fighting units; they came and went so pluckily, with but the slightest means of defense. Hardly one that had not its tale of a submarine, and often of several. Here and there one met the submarined now serving on another vessel. Out again they would go, making strange courses, running through the darkest nights without a light. Coming here, I had ten days of similar expectancy, enough to last me a lifetime. These seamen take such journeyings as the normal, with loads of responsibility and possible boards of inquiry that may cost them their career as an added burden. . . .

More seriously interesting than personal fancies is the active quality of the Entente which one discovers in Salonica. In France the two armies were separated; here they mingle. On the Western Front, the Belgians held their section of the line, then came the British, and below them was the great French section; one hardly met a Belgian or a French soldier except by accident. Here in Macedonia we mingle freely, in fact are arriving at friendships that must survive the war; and the ridiculous thing out here is the way we go discovering one another. From a hundred British mouths I have heard what a wonderful army is that of our Ally, and that if *we* were one tenth part as efficient, and so forth, and so forth; and again, from my French friends I hear how wonderfully organized is the army of Great Britain, and if *theirs* were one tenth part as well equipped and found, and so forth, and so forth. Both parties are quite sincere; in some points each army takes the

lead, and it is on a few such points that we fasten. Nor must it be forgotten that the art of war is essentially a French art, and that in the mathematical side of war, as exemplified, let us say, by gunnery and fortification, the world has never known their betters. This scientific intensity of the good French soldier has rather surprised us of the New Armies, as it must surprise any other body of amateurs, be they British, Chinese, or American. In aviation, too, the Frenchmen win our unstinted admiration, partly because they have taken over the whole of that side of our common effort, and partly on account of the splendid human material which they employ in this heroic arm. It interested me vastly to discover that many of the French "observers" were young painters in normal times, and really far more preoccupied with art than with aerial duels. Young Boutet de Monvel, for instance, is such an one: he has accounted for two Taubes, and will, I hope, account for more. . . .

This was shortly after the naval gunners had brought down the Zeppelin. I assisted at that strange spectacle, and have since lost all faith in such engines of terror. It is rather tempting Providence to say so, for while I write, the anti-aircraft guns on the other side of the hill are popping away at Herr Taube, who may take a fancy to the half-mile of infantry going by on the road in column of four, bands playing, and totally indifferent to the hovering pursuer. The Zeppelin, however, is a different proposition. The first time it came we all stood by helpless and gasped. The second time we were ready; and then all we had to do was to blind it with a sun of searchlights that stabbed it straight in the eye. . . .

To tell the truth, this Salonica campaign, always barring the retreat, is child's play to what most of us underwent in France. What we actually have done, and that in itself is a notable feat, has been to turn a wilderness into a country fit for settlement and permanent occupation. Each day now I ride out on new-made roads, planned by the Allied engineers and made by the Allied infantry. The villages I pass are tragic with ruined houses and the desolation wrought by Turk and *comitadji*. There are villages made dead by massacre and fire, and others half standing and half destroyed. In some new houses have been built since the Greeks took over, and in almost all, at this season, you see that great bird, the stork, sitting on her huge nest. Really, once the mountains overpassed, it is a beautiful country, fine in climate, rich in soil, with splendid pasturages, and now so full of good roads, new light railways, and other connections as to be within easy access of the town and sea. . . .

VI
THE WAR IN ASIA AND AFRICA

HISTORICAL NOTE

The war in the Far East began early in August, 1914, with the successful campaign of the Japanese against the Germans and the capture of Kiao-Chau. The Japanese fleet also aided the Allies in the pursuit of German raiders and the protection of the seas in the Far East. Another phase of the war in Asia began with fighting between the Russians and Turks in Armenia, and later in Persia. Still another campaign started with the landing of British troops in Basra Province, November 15th, and the occupation of Turba, Arabia, by troops from India. A prolonged campaign in the vicinity of Kut-el-Amara led at last to British success, and eventually to the fall of Bagdad. Turkish plans for the conquest of the Suez Canal and Egypt met with defeat, and in due time the British were in a position to begin a successful campaign in the Holy Land.

When the war began the German colonial possessions in Africa amounted to more than a million square miles, including Togo, Kamerun, Southwest Africa, and East Africa. In August, 1914, the French and British forces joined in attacking Togo, which lies between French and English colonies, and on August 26th their occupation was complete. Thus thirty-three thousand square miles passed out of Germany's hands. Kamerun, about ten times as large as Togo, and lying in the elbow of the Gulf of Guinea, was the next to be attacked. The French victories began in January, 1915. Molundu was captured by the Allies March 19th, and the Germans in a general retreat were forced to leave the plateau in the center of the colony. The British and French forces continued winning minor victories throughout 1915.

Meanwhile the war had extended into East Africa. The Germans began the campaign by trying to seize Mombassa, the commercial capital of British East Africa. Shirati, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, was attacked and taken by the British in January, 1915; and the fighting in the lake region continued until June 25th, when the British successfully assailed Bukoba, a fortified German port.

THE ATTACK ON TSING-TAU

[1914]

BY JEFFERSON JONES

[The campaign in the Far East began with the proclamation by the Japanese Government that Japan would prepare for war in behalf of England, August 4th. Two days later, the Germans began to fortify Tsing-tau, and the next day Japanese warships appeared off the coast. On the 16th Japan sent an ultimatum to Germany demanding the withdrawal of the German fleet in Far Eastern waters, and the giving up of Kiao-Chau. Germany rejected Japan's demands, and the Kaiser ordered resistance at Kiao-Chau, August 22d. Japan declared war on Germany the following day, and the Germans began action on the 24th by blowing up bridges to halt the Japanese invasion. The first Japanese troops were landed on the 30th, two islands were occupied the next day, and seven more September 3d. After several minor actions, Tsing-tau was invested September 29th; the city was in flames November 1st; the Japanese captured German guns and prisoners on the 4th; and November 6th the fortress was surrendered by the Germans. The following account of the attack is by a correspondent of the "Minneapolis Journal" and the "Japan Advertiser."

The Editor.]

Japanese Headquarters, Shantung, November 2. I have seen war from a grand-stand seat. I never before heard of the possibility of witnessing a modern battle — the attack of warships, the fire of infantry and artillery, the maneuvering of airships over the enemy's lines, the rolling-up from the rear of reinforcements and

supplies — all at one sweep of the eye; yet, after watching for three days the siege of Tsing-tau from a position on Prinz Heinrich Berg, one thousand feet above the sea-level and but three miles from the beleaguered city, I am sure that there is actually such a thing as a theater of war.

On October 31st, the date of the anniversary of the birth of the Emperor of Japan, the actual bombardment of Tsing-tau began. All the residents of the little Chinese village of Tschang-tsun, where was fixed on that day the acting staff headquarters of the Japanese troops, had been awakened early in the morning by the roar of a German aeroplane over the village. Every one quickly dressed and, after a hasty breakfast, went out to the southern edge of the village to gaze toward Tsing-tau.

A great black column of smoke was arising from the city and hung like a pall over the besieged. At first glance it seemed that one of the neighboring hills had turned into an active volcano and was emitting this column of smoke, but it was soon learned that the oil tanks in Tsing-tau were on fire.

As the bombardment was scheduled to start late in the morning, we were invited to accompany members of the staff of the Japanese and British expeditionary forces on a trip to Prinz Heinrich Berg, there to watch the investment of the city. It was about a three-mile journey to this mountain, which had been the scene of some severe fighting between the German and Japanese troops earlier in the month.

When we arrived at the summit there was the theater of war laid out before us like a map. To the left were

the Japanese and British cruisers in the Yellow Sea, preparing for the bombardment. Below was the Japanese battery, stationed near the Meeker House, which the Germans had burned in their retreat from the mountains. Directly ahead was the City of Tsing-tau, with the Austrian cruiser Kaiserin Elisabeth steaming about in the harbor, while to the right one could see the Kiao-Chau coast and central forts and redoubts and the intrenched Japanese and British camps.

We had just couched ourselves comfortably between some large, jagged rocks, where we felt sure we were not in a direct line with the enemy's guns, when suddenly there was a flash as if some one had turned a large golden mirror in the field down beyond to the right. A little column of black smoke drifted away from one of the Japanese trenches, and a minute later those of us on the peak of Prinz Heinrich heard the sharp report of a field gun.

"Gentlemen, the show has started," said the British captain, as he removed his cap and started adjusting his "opera glass." No sooner had he said this than the reports of guns came from all directions with a continuous rumble as if a giant bowling alley were in use. Everywhere the valley at the rear of Tsing-tau was alive with golden flashes from discharging guns, and at the same time great clouds of bluish-white smoke would suddenly spring up around the German batteries where some Japanese shell had burst. Over near the greater harbor of Tsing-tau we could see flames licking up the Standard Oil Company's large tanks. We afterwards learned that these had been set on fire by the Germans and not by a bursting shell.

And then the warships in the Yellow Sea opened fire on Iltis Fort, and for three hours we continually played our glasses on the field — on Tsing-tau and on the warships. With glasses on the central redoubt of the Germans we watched the effects of the Japanese fire until the boom of guns from the German Fort A, on a little peninsula jutting out from Kiao-Chau Bay, toward the east, attracted our attention there. We could see the big siege gun on this fort rise up over the bunker, aim at a warship, fire, and then quickly go down again. And then we would turn our eyes toward the warships in time to see a fountain of water two hundred yards from a vessel, where the shell had struck. We scanned the city of Tsing-tau. The one-hundred-and-fifty-ton crane in the greater harbor, which we had seen earlier in the day, and which was said to be the largest crane in the world, had disappeared and only its base remained standing. A Japanese shell had carried away the crane.

But this first day's firing of the Japanese investing troops was mainly to test the range of the different batteries. The attempt also was made to silence the line of forts extending in the east from Iltis Hill, near the wireless and signal stations at the rear of Tsing-tau, to the coast fort near the burning oil tank on the west. In this they were partly successful, two guns at Iltis Fort being silenced by the guns at sea.

On November 1st, the second day of the bombardment, we again stationed ourselves on the peak of Prinz Heinrich Berg. From the earliest hours of morning the Japanese and British forces had kept up a continuous fire on the German redoubts in front of the Iltis, Moltke, and Bismarck forts, and when we arrived at our seats

it seemed as though the shells were dropping around the German trenches every minute. Particularly on the redoubt of Taitung-Chen was the Japanese fire heavy, and by early afternoon, through field glasses, this German redoubt appeared to have had an attack of smallpox, so pitted was it from the holes made by bursting Japanese shells. By nightfall many parts of the German redoubts had been destroyed, together with some machine guns. The result was the advancing of the Japanese lines several hundred yards from the bottom of the hills where they had rested earlier in the day.

It was not until the third day of the bombardment that those of us stationed on Prinz Heinrich observed that our theater of war had a curtain, a real asbestos one that screened the fire in the drops directly ahead of us from our eyes. We had learned that the theater was equipped with pits, drops, a gallery for onlookers, exits, and an orchestra of booming cannon and rippling, roaring pom-poms; but that nature had provided it with a curtain — that was something new to us.

We had reached the summit of the mountain about 11 A.M., just as some heavy clouds, evidently disturbed by the bombardment during the previous night, were dropping down into Litsun Valley and in front of Tsing-tau. For three hours we sat on the peak shivering in a blast from the sea, and all the while wondering just what was being enacted beyond the curtain. The firing had suddenly ceased, and with the filmy haze before our eyes we conjured up pictures of the Japanese troops making the general attack upon Iltis Fort, evidently the key to Tsing-tau, while the curtain of the theater of war was down.

By early afternoon the clouds lifted, and with glasses we were able to distinguish fresh sappings of the Japanese infantry nearer to the German redoubts. The Japanese guns, which the day before were stationed below us to the left, near the Meeker House, had advanced half a mile and were on the road just outside the village of Ta-Yau. Turning our glasses on Kiao-Chau Bay, we discovered that the Kaiserin Elisabeth was missing, nor did a search of the shore line reveal her. Whether she was blown up by the Germans or had hidden behind one of the islands I do not know.

All the guns were silent now, and the British captain said: "Well, chaps, shall we take advantage of the intermission?"

A half-hour later we were down the mountain and riding homeward toward Tschang-Tsun.

To understand fully the operations of the Japanese troops in Shantung during the present Far Eastern war one must be acquainted with the topography of this peninsula, as well as with the conditions that exist for the successful movements of the troops.

Since the disembarkation of the Japanese army on September 2d everything has seemingly favored the Germans. The country, which is unusually mountainous, offering natural strongholds for resisting the invading army, is practically devoid of roads in the hinterland. To add to this difficulty, the last two months in Shantung have seen heavy rains and floods which have really aided in holding off the ultimate fall of Kiao-Chau.

One had only to see the road from Lanschan over Makung Pass, on which the Japanese troops were forced to rely for their supplies, partly to understand the reason

for the German garrison at Tsing-tau still holding out. The road, especially near the base, is nothing but a sea of clay in which the military carts sink up to their hubs. Frequent rains every week keep the roadway softened up and thus render it necessary for the Japanese infantry to rebuild it and to construct drainage ditches in order that there may be no delay in getting supplies and ammunition to the troops at the front.

The physical characteristics of Kiao-Chau make it an ideal fortress. The entrance of the bay is nearly two miles wide and is commanded by hills rising six hundred feet directly in the rear of Tsing-tau. The ring of hills that surrounds the city does not extend back into the hinterland, and thus there is no screen behind which the Japanese forces can quickly invest the city. Germany has utilized the semi-circle of hills in the construction of large concrete forts equipped with Krupp guns of fourteen and sixteen inch caliber, which, for four or five miles back into the peninsula, command all approaches to the city.

The Japanese army in approaching Tsing-tau has had to do so practically in the open. The troops found no hills behind which they could with safety mount heavy siege guns without detection by the German garrison. In fact, the strategic plan for the capture of the town has been much like the plan adopted by the Japanese forces at Port Arthur — they have forced their approach by sappings. While this is a gradual method, it is certain of victory in the end and results in very little loss of life.

The natural elevations of the Iltis, Bismarck, and Moltke forts at the rear of Tsing-tau have another

advantage in that they are so situated that they are commanded by at least two other forts. All of the guns had been so placed that they can be turned on their neighbors if the occasion arises.

A Japanese aeroplane soaring over Tsing-tau on October 30th scattered thousands of paper handbills on which was printed the following announcement, in German, from the Staff Headquarters: —

"To the Honored Officers and Men in the Fortress: It is against the will of God as well as the principles of humanity to destroy and render useless arms, ships of war, merchantmen, and other works and constructions not in obedience to the necessity of war, but merely out of spite lest they fall into the hands of the enemy.

"Trusting, as we do, that, as you hold dear the honor of civilization, you will not be betrayed into such base conduct. We beg you, however, to announce to us your own view as mentioned above."

CAMPAIGNING UNDER BOTHA

[1915]

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL

[General Botha's campaign in Southwest Africa began September 27, 1914, when troops of the Union of South Africa entered German territory. On December 25th, Walfish Bay was occupied, and January 14, 1915, Swakopmund fell into Botha's hands. Aus, an important trading-station, was next to fall, April 1st; then Warmbad, April 6th; Windhoek, the capital, May 12th; and July 9th, General Botha accepted from Governor Seitz the surrender of all the forces in Southwest Africa. Hostilities then ceased and the campaign came to a close.

The Editor.]

It is not surprising that the magnitude of the operations in both the European theaters of war should overshadow the campaign which is at present in progress in the German colony of Southwest Africa. Nevertheless the task which lies before General Botha's troops is no light one: it is no petty colonial expedition, as can be judged from the fact that with the exception of a Rhodesian contingent and a few frontiersmen, South Africa has sent practically no troops to the help of the mother country. This has been made the subject of malicious comment by a few shortsighted English critics, whereas it really bears out the fact that the Union troops need every man they can place in the field to complete their own share of the work in which the British Empire is engaged.

To reduce a country of an area of 320,000 square miles is in itself a big undertaking; but when, in addition, that country is protected, not only by trained white troops, but by every natural and artificial barrier, to say nothing of an infernal climate, the difficulties of that undertaking are magnified tenfold.

It was a dull morning with streaks of low-lying cloud, and we were stretched out for an after-breakfast smoke, when we heard that peculiar buzzing, humming noise which heralds the approach of a high-powered aeroplane. We could see nothing for the clouds, and though we should have reasoned that it was equally impossible for the pilot to see us through that opaque mass, the presence of that invisible foe overhead made our hearts beat in a very irregular fashion. Unluckily we had no high-elevation guns at that time, and so we all knew that as long as he kept out of rifle fire, we were absolutely at his mercy. It was a most unpleasant experience.

Suddenly a little puff of wind made a big rift in the cloud, and there right above us, at about five thousand feet, was a Taube monoplane, exactly like a monstrous bird. For a second or so, we all stared as if fascinated by this grim, ominous thing; then realization came to us and I saw men who had never blenched at shrapnel or the murderous hail of machine guns, turn pale, and lick dry lips with an even dryer tongue. Even as I gazed, I saw a tiny object fall from its under side, and to my horror I could have sworn that it was falling straight on me, — though I learned afterwards from men a hundred yards away that they had precisely the same idea themselves. The round thing shot down, gradually increasing in size, until it fell about twenty

yards from our little group, bursting with a loud report and covering us with sand. One man was killed and three wounded; and then rage somehow mastered our terror — rage which was only intensified by our knowledge of our own pitiful helplessness. Rifles went off, but it was useless. In quick succession three other bombs fell; luckily only one exploded, wounding two more men and killing a mule. Curiously enough the horses stood the noose of the tractor without showing any signs of stampeding. Then the machine wheeled round, went off at a great pace, and was soon lost to sight over the distant hills. It was a trying experience, and though it is quite true that one soon gets callous to ordinary shell fire and rifle fire, I don't believe that I shall ever view a bombardment from the air with equanimity. Certainly there is less danger than one would expect, if one lies flat, but the feeling of the machine lurking above keeps one's terror alive.

Next morning, about the same time, the lookout on the observation tank called out, "Aeroplane just coming over the *nek*" (the narrow cut in the hills); and as we looked eastwards, there sure enough it was, a tiny speck in the sky. During the night we had hurried up a heavy field-piece, and the officer in charge ordered it up in position. When it had come within range, the gunners let the pilot have it with shrapnel, and the first shell was aimed beautifully, but alas! the fuse had been timed a second too late and burst when it had passed some fifty yards beyond. Even that distance, I could see the machine rock and sway dizzily, owing to the air concussion. The next second it dropped dead like a stone, probably owing to an airhole caused by the

explosion; and I began to realize that fighting in the air must be as terrifying a job for the pilot as it is for the men below on whom the airmen rain bombs. With great skill the pilot steadied the machine and at once rose to a great height, just missing two shells which had been nicely timed, but were aimed too low for his rapid ascent. His narrow escape seemed to have embittered him, for, after making a wide swoop, he came over our camp from the rear; and when directly overhead — a position which rendered our field gun useless — he dropped five bombs, three of which exploded, killing as many men and wounding six more. . . .

These last two days had shown the Union troops how sadly handicapped they were from lack of even one aeroplane; in another week we were to learn that we needed another item of war equipment, if our advance was to be pushed on appreciably. It was decided that a station some miles away should be occupied, since from there it would be easy to send out some reconnaissance parties and gain an idea of the defenses of Aus. The place was seized next day by a strong party; but owing to the lack of water, it was decided that the main body should retire on 51 Kilometre Station, and the new post be held by a small party, who should be relieved every other day, the traveling being done mainly by night. On the third day of our occupation, however, a strong reconnaissance force left 81 Kilometre Station and advanced toward the pass through the hills on the farther side of which lies Aus, standing on the extreme edge of the fertile land of the Hinterland. We were greeted by a smart fire from some machine guns, but after a brisk engagement we drove

their outposts back and the Germans retired on Aus. For an hour we scanned the place through field-glasses, and perceived certain ominous, but insignificant-looking mounds of earth close to the town which looked suspiciously like modern fortifications. Our surmise soon received direct proof, as a minute or two later the guns, of far heavier caliber than we had given the enemy credit for possessing, spoke, and a shell or two exploded uncomfortably near. Further evidence of the remarkable thoroughness of the German military preparations was shown by a great cloud of dust coming up to Aus from the interior, plainly raised by a column of troops along one of the military roads mentioned earlier in the article. It was obvious that the outpost with which we had been in contact was connected with headquarters by telephone, and no time had been lost in demanding reinforcements from Kubub or some other fort.

The proof of these defenses in Aus came as a most unwelcome surprise, as we had no guns capable of demolishing the fortifications and silencing their guns. Their existence, moreover, is only more convincing evidence of the ultimate aim to which the German occupation of this colony tended. Any argument that they were constructed for defense against the natives is too absurd, since fortifications equal to any demand against natives could have been constructed at a tenth of the cost and labor necessary to erect these.

This discovery, moreover, leads to another and most disconcerting conclusion. If the Germans have taken the trouble to equip in such an elaborate manner Aus, which in itself is not strategically important save as regards its entrance to the fertile Hinterland, it is impos-

sible to avoid the deduction that Keetmanshoop, which is the strategical key of the railways, and Windhoek, the capital and wireless installation center, are even more heavily fortified. . . .

After being present at this check on our advance against Aus, I returned to Luderitzbucht and went up in a transport to Walfish Bay, where arrangements were being made for the first attack on Swakopmund, though little real resistance was expected, since it was believed that the town had been evacuated. We set out in the evening, and after a march of some sixteen miles found ourselves on the outskirts of the town. We then advanced cautiously. On reaching the main square we halted, — halted suspiciously, for each one of us had an uneasy feeling of imminent danger. Suddenly the officer in charge cried, "Down on your faces, lads," and flung himself flat; and a few seconds later, a hundred yards in front of us, the earth heaved up in one awful convulsion, there was a deafening roar and blinding flash, and at the same moment each of us, lying flat though he was, felt as if he had received a stunning blow in the face and on the shoulders. It was the air shock caused by the explosion. Luckily, no one was hurt, and we soon scrambled up and were congratulating ourselves on a narrow escape. I asked the captain in charge of our detachment what had led him to suspect the existence of the land mine, but he could only explain that he *felt* something was close. At the moment we thought it had been timed to go off at a certain minute, which by sheer luck coincided with our arrival; and it was only next day that we discovered that the wires leading to it and to a second mine, which also

exploded harmlessly, came from a little hut three miles inland, from which the Germans must have watched our progress. Thoroughness again! . . .

The two railway lines from Swakopmund, which are linked together by a cross-line before the lower one swerves down toward Windhoek, were both destroyed as systematically as the one starting from Luderitzbucht toward Aus; and a reconnaissance patrol which had been sent out reported that the same damage was visible as far as they dared advance. Therefore any progressive movement from this place must be extremely slow, while it was almost certain that the invasion would be held up by the fortifications and big guns of Windhoek. In this case, the certainty of a similar deadlock along the southern line of advance (that is, from Luderitzbucht to Aus) would mean that both columns would be faced with a siege, although handicapped by the absence of even a pretense of a siege train. The situation was therefore critical, especially as there was always the danger that the remnants of the rebel commandos under Maritz might burst out into sporadic activity along the southeastern frontier.

Fortunately this danger was lessened by the complete failure of the rebel attack on Upington and the subsequent surrender of Kemp. Moreover, it was ascertained from the prisoners taken there that Maritz was not on good terms with the German leaders, and that his surrender might be expected shortly.

The raids of the rebels, however, had given the General Staff an object lesson. Even if they were acquainted with all the water-holes inside the German frontier, still

the distance from the border to Upington was greater than that which would have to be accomplished if a flying column were dispatched from Schuit Drift or Raman's Drift to seize Warmbad. For such an expedition Port Nolloth would be exceedingly useful as a base of operations on the one side, since supplies could be landed there and then pushed forward to Steinkopf, which is only about twenty miles from Raman's Drift, in fact, from Steinkopf to Warmbad is from sixty to seventy miles, which could easily be covered by a flying column in two days. From the interior the concentration of supplies and men is not so easy, and it would entail a lot of trouble to collect enough material at Upington, whence it would have to be transferred to Schuit Drift. Seventeen miles from there is a place named Nous, where good water can be found; and another flying column should manage the 65-mile rush on Warmbad from there easily enough. Once Warmbad is occupied, supplies could be transferred there without much difficulty, and then a gradual advance could be made toward Seeheim, thus cutting the railway communication between Aus and Keetmanshoop and the interior. As the name suggests, Warmbad has some natural springs, so that the water problem, which has proved the great difficulty in the campaign, would have no further terrors. It is certainly true that the military roads inside the great railway loop would still be available for reinforcements and supplies; but with the enormous numerical superiority of the Union troops, it would be a simple matter merely to invest Aus, since with the occupation of Seeheim, any westward advance on the part of the invading force would be through the

fertile pastures which form such a startling contrast to the grim and sterile exterior.

The split between the German leaders and Kemp, Maritz, and the remainder of the rebels, which has already led to the surrender of Kemp, will certainly facilitate the progress of operations; but the ultimate reduction of the country will be, nevertheless, a tedious business. The object of the campaign is not one of territorial aggrandizement, though the acquisition of the country will bring some material reward, since it is not wholly composed of sand and desert, as is popularly believed. Every man, however, who takes part in the work will have the higher satisfaction of knowing that his reward is the accomplishment of a duty to humanity. . . .

GENERAL SMUTS'S CAMPAIGN IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA

[1914–1915]

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL

The history of operations in East Africa during 1914 and 1915 affords little but a meager record of sporadic raids, isolated bush fights, and attacks on blockhouses, the result on the whole being in favor of the Germans, who, at the beginning of this year, still occupied a small section of British territory. As regards naval warfare, they had less cause for self-congratulation, as their surprise of the Pegasus in Zanzibar had been completely offset by the bombardment of Dar-es-Salam and the bottling-up and destruction of the Königsberg in the Rufiji River. It was plain, however, that the Germans would not be left for long in enjoyment of their partial success; and the conclusion of the campaign in Southwest Africa left the Union free to assist the mother-country in another theater.

The Imperial Government first invited the enrollment of an overseas contingent: and it was only when this had been dispatched to Europe that attention was concentrated on German East Africa. A detachment of home troops under General Smith-Dorrien was sent out; and those South Africans who, for various reasons, had been unable to volunteer for Europe, were delighted at the prospect of serving under one of the heroes of Mons. But this was not to be. On landing at Cape-

town, Smith-Dorrien's health became impaired, and by the time he had reached Johannesburg to confer with Smuts, who had already offered his services, he fell seriously ill, and was unable to take up his command.

In selecting a substitute, the Imperial Government was happily inspired, for Smuts was at once offered the appointment, with the rank of full general in the British army. This further mark of confidence in the Dutch was hailed enthusiastically throughout the country: and it was confidently hoped that he would accomplish his arduous task as brilliantly as his colleague, Botha, had done in Germany's sister colony.

The physical character of the country to be attacked (to say nothing of its evil reputation as the haunt of the tsetse fly, that dread enemy of horses and cattle) had persuaded the military authorities in the beginning to employ only infantry; but at the eleventh hour it was felt that the innate genius of the South African for mounted tactics should at least be given a trial, and the first batch of troops had hardly been landed at Kilindini (the port of Mombasa) when a mounted brigade was raised and taken up. . . .

Anything more different from the campaign in which most of the South African troops had taken part a few months previously, than the one on which they were now embarked, could not be imagined. Instead of the arid, sandy tracts of German Southwest Africa, they found a country covered with thick bush, while on the southern horizon Kilimanjaro, within a few degrees of the equator, raised its snow-capped peak nearly twenty thousand feet above sea-level.

The first march was to M'buyuni, where a light rail-

way was already in process of construction from Maktau, to be continued up to the German frontier. The advance guard waited for the arrival of the other arms, and a reconnaissance in force was directed against Salaita Hill, which revealed the enemy in great strength upon the eastern slopes of Kilimanjaro. The terrain was very difficult, and the men deployed against the German position received a severe grueling from "pompoms" and mountain guns, which were admirably placed and difficult to locate. Shortly after this General Smuts arrived in person, and at once decided to employ the traditional tactics of South Africa, used in the first instance by T'Chaka, the Lion of the Zulus, who based his idea on the horns of a bull and enveloped his enemy by a double outflanking movement before driving home the *impis* stationed in his center. Acting on this principle, Smuts directed the mounted brigade, based north of Kilimanjaro, to sweep along the western foothills of the mountain, and concentrated his forces for a thrust at Moshi, the terminus of the Tanga–Kilimanjaro railway. . . .

The second position taken up by the Germans in their retirement was as formidable as nature could produce. Lying behind the Lumi, they were protected in front by seven miles of dense bush; on the right by the Pare Mountains and the swamps of the Ruwu, and on the left by the dangerous broken spurs of Kilimanjaro. By a very arduous night march through the bush, the South African troops secured the passage of the Lumi, and a dash made by some mounted men resulted in the occupation of Chala Hill and other positions dominating Taveta and Salaita. As the enemy were found to hold

their line in great strength, the infantry brigades, on March 11, were ordered to attack the precipitous bush-clad hills of Reata and Latema, which formed the main position. The ground at this point was covered with a thick, thorny scrub, which rendered an advance difficult and afforded little shelter from the rain of projectiles poured forth from guns of all calibers, from the tiny "pom-pom" to naval guns salved from the Königsberg. What endless toil and labor their transport and emplacement must have cost the Germans and their native auxiliaries, the swamps and forests alone can tell! . . .

A base camp had been formed at Kajiado, about forty-five miles south of Nairobi, on the branch line from Magadi Junction, and from there on March 9th the mechanical transport started on its way. The cars had all traveled down to their base by road through the Masai district — the paradise of the big-game hunter. Wildebeeste, buffalo, zebras, giraffes, kongoni, Thompson gazelles, rietbuck, and steinbok were to be seen in thousands. At first, roads were practically non-existent; the modern motor-car, however, is not to be stopped by the ordinary difficulties of veldt travel, though a series of very bad *sluits* necessitated the rescue of some cars stalled through carburetor and magneto trouble. The third stage, from X—— to Y——, led through great forests and black swamps of evil reputation, to cross which a corduroy road of logs was constructed from the abundant timber of the neighborhood. . . .

The advance guard was composed of cavalry, a sprinkling of infantry, and a mountain battery. It was the boast of this latter that it could bring a gun into

action within forty-five seconds, and find its range by the third shot. The men are recruited from a particular district of India; the regiment is very proud of its record and jealously resents the enlistment of outsiders, entrance to the ranks being an hereditary privilege. After this advance guard came the General Staff and the main body guarding the principal convoy. The rear guard, composed mainly of colored troops, was preceded by a second convoy, the ammunition supply, and the motor-car section attached to the artillery, the duty of which was to keep the guns provided with shells. . . .

The actual advance into Moshi was preceded by heavy bombardment of five hours, but no resistance was offered when the troops entered, as the place had been evacuated. Once, however, the invaders were fairly established in the town, the Germans, who had taken up new positions on hills commanding the station, opened up with their artillery early in the morning. Another engagement ensued, which secured Moshi, though not without heavy losses. The enemy were now in a somewhat precarious situation; their line of retreat toward Tanga was no longer safe, since at any moment they might be headed off by the mounted brigade occupying Moshi. But any doubt as to the course of action which they ought to pursue was settled by Smuts's next move. Detaching a force to his left rear along the Tanga railway to prevent the Germans breaking back on to British soil, he concentrated his main body, which had been employed in the thrust, in Moshi, and dispatched Van der Venter, the hero of the lightning cavalry raid across the deserts of German Southwest Africa, to make a dash dead west

on Arusha, a junction commanding the caravan roads to Moshi, Dar-es-Salam, and Nairobi. The Germans had now split up into small bands making for their main rail artery from Tanganyika to the coast, and one scattered unit, taking advantage of a prepared position, tried to bar Van der Venter's way. After a brief engagement they broke, leaving one of the guns of the ill-fated Königsberg in British hands, and Van der Venter occupied Arusha without further hindrance. In this way Smuts's tactics had proved completely successful, and one cannot do better than quote the concluding passage of his own dispatch: —

"During these operations the enemy has been severely defeated and has been flung south of the Ruwu River. We have cleared him finally out of British territory, and we are now in occupation of the healthiest and most valuable settled parts of German East Africa, comprising the Kilimanjaro and Meru areas. . . ."

Meanwhile the cordon is being drawn closer and closer. To west and southwest they are barred by the chain drawn through Rhodesia to the Belgian Congo, while the entry of Portugal into the war has not only closed the one remaining frontier, but has put an end to the surreptitious smuggling of supplies landed at Beira in *soi-disant* neutral bottoms. Moreover, the prospects of a guerrilla warfare can scarcely be said to be inviting, since the Germans would be pitted against men who are past masters of that game; and the Prussian school of war, with its doctrine of iron discipline and suppression of all initiative, is the last training likely to turn out soldiers who can maintain dashing operations and unconventional tactics.

Within a few weeks General Smuts has completely altered the whole aspect of this minor campaign, and the whole secret of his success is mobility. A study of the two African colonial campaigns affords a striking similarity, despite the difference of the physical characteristics of the two countries. . . . In this campaign mobility has neutralized all the elaborately prepared defensive positions of the enemy, which became untenable owing to the menace on flank and rear. It was a maxim of Stonewall Jackson's that mobility and secrecy were the two essentials of successful strategy, and he acted up to his words by attacking his enemy where he was least expected. Aerial reconnaissance has robbed the modern general of much of his chances of secrecy, but Smuts has shown that speed and mobility, properly applied, can still play a most important part in modern war. The success of his operations was facilitated by the accuracy of the information obtained by his Intelligence Department and air scouts; and in all his movements he gave evidence that peace and politics have not blunted the skill which he displayed a decade and a half ago, when he led a cavalry raid through the Cape Province, until his burghers rode their horses down to the beaches of the Atlantic.

A final word as to the composition of the victorious army. Not since the days of the Roman Empire has a force of such diverse peoples, creeds, and castes been gathered together under one standard; but whereas Saxon and Gaul, Scythian and Iberian, Dacian and Numidian, followed the eagles through compulsion or in hope of loot, the various types under Smuts — Englishman and Dutchman, Canadian, Australian,

South African, Indian, and Haussa — are fighting for liberty. And history teaches us that in the long run the defender of liberty wins the day.

[The fighting in East Africa did not come to an end with General Smuts's campaign, but continued intermittently. An official report from London, November 21, 1917, reported the sustained pursuit of the remaining German forces, during which nearly one thousand prisoners were captured, important positions occupied, and the last heavy gun remaining in German possession in the colony taken intact. The report indicated that the remainder of the enemy was being driven into the Kitangari Valley. December 4th, it was announced in London that East Africa had been completely cleared of the enemy; 4403 prisoners had been taken prisoners.]

WITH MAUDE AT THE TAKING OF BAGDAD

[1917]

BY ARTHUR T. CLARK

[England declared war on Turkey, November 5, 1914; the Turkish fort at Fao, at the head of the Persian Gulf, was taken November 7th, and Busra on the 23d. In the operations of 1915 a force under General Townshend captured Kut-el-Amara, September 29th, and the Turks withdrew to Bagdad. General Townshend then pushed on in the direction of Bagdad, with fifteen thousand men; but he suffered a reverse, and after losing several thousand men, retreated to Kut, where his forces were besieged by the Turks until he was forced to surrender after one hundred and forty-three days. The second campaign against the Turks near Kut began to be successful in January, 1917, and Kut fell February 26th. By March 8th the British were within eight miles of Bagdad, which fell into their hands three days later. The way was then open for campaigns elsewhere.

The author of this selection is a young American who went to Mesopotamia to engage in Y.M.C.A. work.

The Editor.]

The new campaign was under way. General Maude had taken command of the expeditionary force. Townshend and his men were prisoners of the Turks. Kut-el-Amara was in Turkish hands. Kut-el-Amara must be taken. So stood affairs when our transport arrived at the Tigris. We stuck on the bar at the mouth. Every boat does. It was hot and sticky like a summer day in New York. Near the mouth of the river a fleet of native boats, *mahailas,* was starting on a trading expedition.

Shades of Sinbad, indeed! Those great bulging sails might take their ancient hulls and the Arabian pilots to any magic shore. Afternoon brought the tide and set us free. We entered the muddy river steaming between banks of swamp. Little was said as we steamed up the winding current. We studied the faces of the skippers of the native boats we passed. Little they knew or cared whether British or Turks were winning farther up the river. They had their business as usual, and had never paid the Turks any taxes. We spent the night amid peaceful Oriental scenes and people, where Father Time is never heeded, and where present and future blend into one.

We were due for a different, more modern, atmosphere in the morning. We were at Busra. All the thoughts of peace, of quiet, of ease, conjured up with the night fled before the light of a different scene. There was war, unceasing and tireless. The proof was on every hand. The river was full of transports of the army, and gunboats of the navy. The land, for miles, was a mass of camps, barracks, supply dumps and workshops. It was war and nothing else. None of these things would have been here otherwise. It was a tremendous business and Busra was the warehouse and workshop. Time meant something now. Immense bands of Indian and Egyptian laborers were working at top speed on roads, railroads, and wharves. Other bands were unloading stores from the ocean boats, and piling them up in great huge pyramids. Here and there a motor-lorry or a Ford ambulance was sending up a cloud of dust as it tore over the desert, while at the transport stations were hundreds more, with their drivers awaiting orders to get on with a job.

Not a moment must be lost. Kut-el-Amara must be taken.

Busra, with its river district of Ashar, lay on the west bank of the river. The many flat-roofed Turkish buildings were now converted into billets or offices of the British army. Where had stood soft couches for the idle pasha, now stood tables with typewriters going at newspaper-office speed. Where had been Turkish gardens, now were piles of cut stone for roads, brought from overseas. There were signs of the intrigue of the days of peace. Materials for the Berlin–Bagdad Railway were piled as they had been left by the Teuton railway engineers. A canal, near the town, was bridged for the small British army railway by rails, "made in Berlin," marked "Busra." Immense as were the preparations we knew that each unit of troops, each stock of stores, each conveyance, machine, building, and improvement was to have its share, large or small, in the great campaign which must be successful because everything was ready. . . .

It was a cold, crisp evening in December, one of the coldest days of the year, though still above freezing, when a paddle boat landed at the casualty dock, and sent off the wounded on stretchers. With their uniforms spattered with blood, and rough field dressings on their wounds they were brought into the hospital huts. They were the first wounded of the campaign. Some of them, young boys of nineteen or twenty, had gone over the top for the first time. One of them was sitting up on his stretcher and seemed quite happy.

"Good-evening, chum," I said. "Where d' ye cop it?"

With a broad grin he turned and said, "Aw, I copped it fair, not 'alf — a blinkin bit o' shell in me thigh."

But he smiled when he said it. A few hours later I found him sitting on his bed, wiggling his five toes to show he could use the leg he still had. Another boatload came next day. They were a game lot. Yes, they had done their bit, but were willing to take more if there was more coming to them. Some of the operations were worse than wounds, but they went to them all like men. We had a celebration in one of the wards. A piece of shell was taken from one of the men's legs. With the iron scrap were a button and a piece of a watch that had come from the clothes of the comrade on his right. "Good Christmas present, that," he said as he thought of the approaching day of days.

All was going well at Kut. General Marshall's force was moving westward, south of Kut, while the other section of the force, under General Cobbe, was attacking the Sanniyat trenches on the northern bank. The Tigris, from Kut running almost due east, gave two distinct fronts, one on each bank. Marshes north of the river made any enveloping movement by the British in that section out of the question. But on the south side the position was different, and the blow was struck. The enemy's attention was held by our attacks on the north bank at Sanniyat while at some distance south of the river a force moved west, lengthening out its line over the river Hai, which flows due south from Kut, till the cavalry advance post was four miles west of Kut. The position changed its face from north and south to east and west. Slowly but surely the line moved nearer the Tigris, the Turks steadily falling back toward its edge.

There was hard fighting to be done, and Tommy did it well.

Christmas came, and there was a light-hearted, happy lot of men to enjoy the songs that go round at Christmastime. Wherever it was possible an extra fine concert was got up among the men to celebrate the occasion. In one of our hospital tents queer-looking performers stood on the platform of the improvised stage. Bandaged heads with slits for eyes, arms in slings, feet with bandages so thick they might mean gout, brought added zest to the occasion when each man tried to do his part in the evening fun. When pieces of sweet chocolate were offered as prizes for excellence with the mouth organ or with songs, the applicants for the test came in crowds. "I can no sing bu' I wi' try," said a Scotchman who had just come from Sanniyat with a slight scrape from a stray bullet. He started off on a little Scotch ballad that sent the thoughts home to the fireside.

But there were more serious things to be thought of elsewhere. In the firing trenches were men who could not take time off to think about Christmas. Many units had gone from our station into the trenches a few days before, and each boat brought back some of the old friends who had "stopped" something during one of the engagements that were going on so steadily. January came around, and the New Year started. The pressure against the Turkish lines south of the river became more and more earnest. Casualties were heavy on both sides. In one sector of the line a small detachment of English troops got into a tight hole, and was nearly surrounded. Help was slow in arriving. Something went wrong. Some of them thought "the beggars have let us down,"

but they did n't say it. They gritted their teeth, and fired till their rifles were hot. When relief came the Turks were repulsed. The little force was nearly wiped out, but they found more Turkish dead around them than they had lost.

Day after day the pressure against the Turks continued, till at last it was too great to withstand, and after nearly a month's resistance they withdrew to the northern bank, crossing in pontoons and native craft under cover of darkness. The river Hai now became the center of activity, and convoys and wounded came quite regularly from the trenches just below the town of Kut. "We could see the place, easy. I think we'll be in in a few days," said one enthusiastic Tommy who a few hours before had been hit as he was wildly plunging on toward Kut, as though it were his responsibility to take the town. Little did he suppose that there was no intention of entering the city from that direction. It would n't do to disillusion him.

The 1st of February was celebrated by the bringing down of a German Fokker airplane. Now wild and marvelous exploits were following each other in quick succession. On the 2d, a section of cavalry galloped up the river twenty-five miles past Kut, and threatened to cut the Turkish line of communications with their force. On the 10th the force moving north was just across the river from Kut. The Turkish liquorice factory, "shelled till it was no longer a landmark," and the position around it, fell into British hands. Five days later, in a bend of the river at Kut, the Turkish force, less fortunate than the one that got back to safety, surrendered. All day long they came out of their trenches with white

flags tied to their bayonets. In one place the surrendering force outnumbered the attacking force. They seemed happy to be taken.

"We have waited for the rain and mud to stop you," said a young Turkish officer, "but Fate willed that it should not rain."

Now every fighting Turk was on the north bank of the river. Two days afterward the Scotchmen delivered a terrific attack on the Sanniyat position. It failed and casualties that day were heavy. It was a busy time for us in camp, but work is a pleasure when there is such response as comes from wounded men. Some of the men had smoked their last "fags," and when we found them some they were as thankful as though we had found them bags of gold. Some had no hands to hold them or light them, but when a chum stuck one into another's mouth and held a match to it a smile came over his face with a meaning that words could not express. At night the pain grew worse and the smiles less broad, but there was never a whimper. One man had "copped it" a little worse than he could stand, and was gradually approaching the time to "go west." He whispered to ask whether he might have a fag. He had it, and the lines of his face that were drawn with pain relaxed in an easy smile.

The 22d was a day which will be long remembered. Another attack at Sanniyat! — this time a success. All through the day they fought. Six times the Turks counter-attacked only to be beaten back, almost destroyed. By evening two lines of trenches were in our hands. All through the night the British force on the other side of Kut was preparing to cross the river, the

Turks all on the northern bank. Across the river from Kut there was a great commotion among the British troops, and anxious to stop what might cross there the Turks brought all the men they could spare to the scene. Nothing stirred. A little lower down a party launched a pontoon, crossed and captured a Turkish trench mortar. More Turkish troops were drawn down the river. It was nearly day when quietly, mysteriously, three parties of boats started to cross the river four miles above Kut. The Turks had been drawn away. The stunt was a surprise. Three companies of English and one of Indian troops got a foothold on the Turkish bank.

That was the beginning of the end. A pontoon-bridge fairly sprang across the river. While it was in progress the Scotch again attacked at Sanniyat. Still trusting in their strong position, the Turks fought doggedly, despite the fact that a few miles to their rear the British were crossing the river. Perhaps they did not know. The attack was splendid and the opposition crumbled. By 4.30 in the afternoon the army was crossing the newly made bridge, built in nine hours across a river in flood three hundred and forty yards wide. That was the end. Pell-mell the Turks rushed up the river, leaving guns, stores, shells, small-arms, ammunition, equipment, bridge material, tents, trench mortars strewn over the country in their wake. The story of that hasty retreat one hundred and fifteen miles to Bagdad with the British following, gunboats on the river, cavalry on the right, and infantry following as fast as their legs could carry them, is a melodrama in itself. A river-bank strewn with war materials, guns half buried or thrown into the river, Turkish wounded, stripped and plundered by

Arab "Budoos," half-dead animals, struggling in a mess of harness and rope, and the Turkish force, now a disorderly mob, fleeing for Bagdad, closed in and riddled with bullets on both sides, and driven from behind — that tells something of the scene.

A week's halt at Azizie gave time for the British to reorganize and prepare for the final drive. The Turks, still disorganized and demoralized, took up a position at Lajj, the site of Townshend's camp at the time in 1915 when he could sweep on no farther toward Bagdad. A day of heavy spirited attacks was all the Turks could stand this time. They evacuated the position during the night. Seven miles south of Bagdad the river Diala flows from the northeast into the Tigris. Here the Turks made their last feeble stand. To press the advantage of the Turkish retreat, boats were launched in the bright moonlight to cross the river without the aid of artillery for which registering was impossible, so swift had been the advance. Time after time volunteers entered these boats, only to be shot down and to float, in the drifting boats, down the river. Next night, behind a barrage of dust raised by a volley of shells, sixty men made the opposite bank. All that night in a natural stronghold in the bank, they held back the Turkish attacks. Next day British machine guns on the south bank, playing in front of the little position, prevented the Turks from attacking. Next night, while the little force still held their position, the main British force silently crossed, high up, over the stream and swung round in the rear of the Turks. Another pell-mell retreat began, and there was no determined halt until the pursued Turks were twenty miles north of Bagdad.

WITH MAUDE AT THE TAKING OF BAGDAD

Our paddle boat was steaming toward Bagdad. We were turning the last bend in the winding river just as the sun was rising. There through the mist we could see the shimmery City of the Caliphs. All that the wondrous tales of Bagdad had told us lay half concealed through that veiling mist. The domes and the minarets of the mosques, as perfect as the best in form, the clusters of palms, the fruit orchards and the old wall to keep out the hordes of "infidels," all were there, the City of Golden Domes and the Palace of Harun-al-Raschid. We steamed nearer, the mist cleared, and there was the tumble-down city of a Turkish pasha. Nearer still we moved, and now there was more to be seen, barges of supplies, the paddle boats, the huge camps in the palms, and the British flags. It was the British city of Bagdad.

THE BRITISH IN THE PROMISED LAND

[1917]

BY W. T. MASSEY

[ACTIVE steps toward the invasion of Palestine began when the British army from Egypt, under General Sir Archibald Murray, laid down a railway across the Sinai Desert to Rafa on the Turkish border. A battle with the Turks occurred at Katia, August 4–5, 1916; El Arish was taken by the British, December 21st; and Rafa was captured, January 9, 1917. The Turks, with 20,000 men, attacked the British near Gaza, March 27th, but were repulsed with the loss of a general and an entire divisional staff, and about 8000 men. The Turks regard Syria and Palestine as highly important, and hence they deeply intrenched themselves between Gaza and Beersheba with forces numbering fully 120,000. Beersheba was taken by the British November 1st. This victory prepared the way for the capture of Gaza, November 7th, and the scattering of the Turkish army. Askalon was taken November 10th, and Jaffa November 18th. The account which follows is by a war correspondent of the London "Times."

The Editor.]

THE Promised Land! After twelve months' incessant toil in the Sinai Desert, sometimes fighting hard, always digging, making military works, building railways, constructing pipe lines and roads, and forever marching over the heavy, inhospitable wastes, our troops have at last come into the Promised Land.

What a marvelous change of scene! They are in Palestine. Behind them is a hundred miles and more of

monotonous sand. Before them, as far as the eye can reach, is unfolded a picture of transcending beauty. No wonder, when the troops come up to Rafa and look over the billowy downs, they break into rounds of cheers.

Before and around us everything is green and fresh. Big patches of barley, for which the plain south of Gaza is famous, shine like emeralds, and the immense tracts of pasture are to-day as bright and beautiful as the rolling downs at home.

I have been out on a reconnaissance over ground evacuated by the Turks and toward positions which the enemy at present holds. The high minaret of Gaza showed itself to us from above the dark framework of trees inclosing the town. That mosque was formerly a Christian church built by the Knights Templars in the twelfth century, when the Crusaders fortified themselves within Gaza's walls, but Saladin drove them out.

After many centuries (Napoleon's hold on Gaza was merely temporary) British forces are within sight of the town. Away on our right over the abandoned Turkish stronghold of Wali Sheikh Narun is Beersheba, tucked in the plain beneath the southern end of the hills of Judea. These two of the most ancient cities of Palestine — it was in Gaza that Samson was betrayed by Delilah to the Philistines, and Abraham dug the "well of the oath" in Beersheba — have been seen by some of our troops, and the Desert Column is exceeding glad. . . .

The biggest battle in all Palestine's long history is being fought at Gaza by bodies of troops on both sides

immeasurably larger than any armies which have taken part in the countless campaigns of the Holy Land. Though we have only fought the first phase, it is clear that we are engaged upon the hardest struggle in this age-worn battle area. We have gained our first line, which we are consolidating, but apparently there is a period of trench warfare before us ere we reach the important system of trenches which has lately been cut to turn Gaza into a modern fortress of great strength. We paid a price for our gains, but we inflicted very heavy casualties on the Turks, whose counter-attacks were repulsed with sanguinary losses. With the conditions preëminently favorable to the defense, an early decision before Gaza must not be expected.

We had to dispose the British forces on a sixteen-mile front, practically the whole of which the Turks had intrenched deeply. The positions we had to attack on the Gaza front could not be stronger if the whole country had been built up for defense. There are sand dunes two miles deep between the sea and the town and an extraordinary variety of redoubts, trenches, and pits covering the western town, while Samson Ridge, three thousand yards to the southwest, is strongly held to secure the enemy observation posts.

Southeast of Gaza there is a green plain a mile and a half wide and six miles deep inclosed on the sea side by sand dunes, on the north by the town, and the east by a range of hills running to Alimuntar, the spot where Samson displayed his prodigious strength. The plain is intersected by the Wadi Ghuzze, a ravine with precipitous sides, through which the winter rains on the Judean hills pour in terrific torrent to the sea. It is now

"JERUSALEM DELIVERED"

"JERUSALEM DELIVERED"

On December 10, 1917, Jerusalem was at last delivered from centuries of Turkish oppression by the British army under General Allenby. The Turks and their Teuton allies had already evacuated the city and the British forces took possession without bloodshed.

Carrying out the customs of the Crusaders, who many centuries before delivered for a short time the Holy City from the infidels, General Allenby is seen in the picture entering Jerusalem on foot through the famous Jaffa Gate. With him are his staff and commanders of the French and Italian forces.

Of the scene that marked the transfer of Jerusalem from the hands of the Turks, W. T. Massey, correspondent of the London "Daily Chronicle," wrote: —

"There were no thunderous salutes to acclaim the world-stirring victory, which will have its place in the chronicles of all time. No flags were hoisted, and there was no enemy flag to haul down. There were no soldier shouts of triumph over a defeated foe, but just a short military procession into Mount Zion, a portion of the city two hundred yards from the walls, and out of it.

"The ceremony was full of dignity and simplicity, though it was also full of meaning. It was a purely military act, with a minimum of military display, but its significance was not lost on the population, who saw in it the end of an old régime and the beginning of a new era of freedom and justice for all classes and creeds. No bells in the ancient belfries rang, no 'Te Deums' were sung, no preacher came forth to point the moral to the multitude, but right down in the hearts of the people, who cling to Jerusalem with the deepest reverence and piety, there was unfeigned delight that the old order had given place to the new."

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dry, but crossings have been made for guns, cavalry, infantry, and supply columns. The northernmost part of the plain is covered with trenches protecting the town, and for two miles to the southeast of Alimuntar the enemy on the irregular hills and deep woods, at one spot, prepared an intricate system connected up with trenches of great defensive power.

Three miles due south of Alimuntar is Mansura Ridge, facing another important series of defenses. About a mile farther to the east is Sheikh Abbas Ridge, backed by ground torn and cracked as if by an earthquake, and looking over the country rolling to the Beersheba road. East by south are the tiny villages of Sihan, Atawinieh, Aseiferieh, and Munkheileh, near which our cavalry fought strong actions against infantry counter-attacking from Hareira Sharia.

The whole country is extremely difficult for cavalry, as it constitutes a continuous bottle neck, full of deep ravines, but the part played by the mounted troops under these disadvantageous circumstances was superb. Soon after daybreak on April 17th our movement began. A war vessel assisted the shore batteries to cover a short advance of infantry to take up positions from which we might hope to secure our first objective at a subsequent date. The operations were brilliantly successful. We got to our mark on the sand dunes quickly, reached the positions in front in a few minutes, and took Sheikh Abbas Ridge by half-past 7, with remarkably small casualties. The cavalry were out on the right during this blazing hot morning, but it was impossible to hide them owing to every movement raising dense columns of dust. A wet night would have been of immense ad-

vantage, but throughout the operations rain was denied to us.

On April 18th, while the country was obscured by dust clouds, we made ready for the next advance, sending much supplies forward. The whole terrain was covered with supply columns, and when the wind decreased an enormous pall of dust hung over the area. An occasional motor rushing across country raised a trail of dust like steam issuing from an express train. Bombardment of the outer trenches of Gaza began as the sun lifted over the black hills of Judea on the 19th.

Infantry attacks were launched at 8.30 o'clock. On the left they gained Samson Ridge and found the trenches full of Turkish dead. The enemy observation posts were seized. Toward Alimuntar and south of Gaza progress was more difficult and slower, but Scottish troops went forward with splendid steadiness under a desperately heavy machine-gun fire, and ultimately advanced two thousand yards to Outpost Hill, south of Alimuntar, where they have consolidated their gains.

There was also considerable progress from Sheikh Abbas Ridge. Between nine and ten I saw a "tank" go into action against a green hill near a warren in front of Alimuntar. She stood with her nose poised in the air across a trench, down which her crew poured rapid fire right and left. Then she crossed the trench and turned south. The Austrian gunners with the Turks soon found the range, and turned an immense volume of fire on the tank, which seemed completely surrounded by bursting high-explosive shells. For several minutes I lost sight of her, but presently she emerged, pursuing

the uneven tenor of her way toward our lines. Then a second succession of rapid artillery fire again enveloped the tank. When the fire ceased she had disappeared. I thought she had been smashed to pieces. But I learned she dropped back into the trench we had captured.

During the day, particularly in the afternoon, our mounted troops were heavily engaged. The Turks made five desperate counter-attacks with infantry against the mounted troops and camel corps. Though inflicting considerable losses on us, they must have suffered severe casualties.

One heroic episode I did not see, but I repeat it from the evidence of competent witnesses. It was an effort by sixty men of the Camel Corps. The enemy had concentrated considerable forces at one spot to break through. A junior officer of the Camel Corps saw the preparation and took his men forward, with two machine guns, up a grassy slope, to prevent the advance, with absolutely no cover. His small party crept on stealthily, undeterred by a murderous machine-gun fire, in what was a forlorn hope. A tremendous shell fire fell about them, but the party, gradually becoming smaller through inevitable losses, pressed on until within three hundred yards. The crest was lined with scores of machine guns and hundreds of riflemen. There they stopped, and kept the Turks from issuing to attack by sound and accurate bursts of fire every time the enemy showed themselves. For an hour and a half this gradually reduced band staved off attack until every one was hit. Most of them were killed, and the wounded fell into Turkish hands. It was too late in

the day for the Turks to get through. My informant declared that every Camel Corps man in this section deserved the Victoria Cross, whether he be alive or dead.

VII
LIFE IN THE TRENCHES

HISTORICAL NOTE

The modes of making warfare and the habitat of the soldier changed rapidly after the battle of the Marne. Since the Germans were unable to press forward to Paris and had met with a disastrous defeat in open battle, the resource seemed to be to "dig in," as the phrase now goes, and produce habitable quarters underground. Accordingly, the defeated armies turned to the new task, and the Allied armies followed suit. The result was not only a prolongation of the war, but the discovery of new difficulties without number. For with all the aid that could be given by the huge guns in the rear and the machine guns close at hand, it was almost impossible to make determinate headway. The history of the war for many months was the exasperating record of trenches taken at terrible cost, lost and re-taken, with hardly ever a victory of importance.

Naturally, the mode of life pursued in the trenches adapted itself to the type of warfare. In stormy times in cold weather, the trench added greatly to the hardship of war. Nothing short of the dangers of an attack near the barbed-wire entanglements seemed to be more uncomfortable than life in trenches knee-deep with cold water and mud. The sufferings from disease were added to the tortures of war. Meanwhile, however, new comforts and even luxuries were added to trenches built to outlast a season. Apparently, some of the Germans came to prefer trench life to any other and to make it almost impossible for their enemies to drive them from their new haunts. These trenches seemed impregnable at a certain stage of the war. Not until the battle of the Somme did it appear possible to destroy on a large scale these new haunts of the soldier, namely, by the massed fire of heavy artillery, or by tunneling underneath and blowing up whole sections at a time.

THE ARRIVAL OF KITCHENER'S MOB

[1915]

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

Coming into the trenches for the first time when the deadlock along the Western Front had become seemingly unbreakable, we reaped the benefit of the gallant little remnant of the First British Expeditionary Force. After the retreat from Mons, they had dug themselves in and were holding tenaciously on, awaiting the long-heralded arrival of Kitchener's Mob. As the units of the new armies arrived in France, they were sent into the trenches for twenty-four hours' instruction in trench warfare, with a battalion of regulars. This one-day course in trench fighting is preliminary to fitting new troops into their own particular sectors along the front. . . .

It was quite dark when we entered the desolate belt of country known as the "fire zone." Pipes and cigarettes were put out and talking ceased. We extended to groups of platoons in fours, at one hundred paces interval, each platoon keeping in touch with the one in front by means of connecting files. We passed rows of ruined cottages where only the scent of the roses in neglected little front gardens reminded one of the home-loving people who had lived there in happier days. Dim lights streamed through chinks and crannies in the walls. Now and then blanket coverings would be lifted from apertures that had been windows or doors, and

we would see bright fires blazing in the middle of brick kitchen floors, and groups of men sitting about them luxuriously sipping tea from steaming canteens. They were laughing and talking and singing songs in loud, boisterous voices which contrasted strangely with our timid noiselessness. I was marching with one of the trench guides who had been sent back to pilot us to our position. I asked him if the Tommies in the houses were not in danger of being heard by the enemy. He laughed uproariously at this, whereupon one of our officers, a little second lieutenant, turned and hissed in melodramatic undertones, "Silence in the ranks there! Where do you think you are!" Officers and men, we were new to the game then, and we held rather exaggerated notions as to the amount of care to be observed in moving up to the trenches. . . .

As we came within range of rifle fire, we again changed our formation, and marched in single file along the edge of the road. The sharp *crack! crack!* of small arms now sounded with vicious and ominous distinctness. We heard the melancholy song of the ricochets and spent bullets as they whirled in a wide arc, high over our heads, and occasionally the less pleasing *phtt! phtt!* of those speeding straight from the muzzle of a German rifle. We breathed more freely when we entered the communication trench in the center of a little thicket, a mile or more back of the first-line trenches.

We wound in and out of what appeared in the darkness to be a hopeless labyrinth of earthworks. Cross-streets and alleys led off in every direction. All along the way we had glimpses of dugouts lighted by candles, the doorways carefully concealed with blankets or pieces

of old sacking. Groups of Tommies, in comfortable nooks and corners, were boiling tea or frying bacon over little stoves made of old iron buckets or biscuit tins.

I marveled at the skill of our trench guide who went confidently on in the darkness, with scarcely a pause. At length, after a winding, zigzag journey, we arrived at our trench where we met the Gloucesters.

There is n't one of us who has n't a warm spot in his heart for the Gloucesters: they welcomed us so heartily and initiated us into all the mysteries of trench etiquette and trench traditions. We were, at best, but amateur Tommies. In them I recognized the lineal descendants of the line Atkins; men whose grandfathers had fought in the Crimea, and whose fathers in Indian mutinies. They were the fighting sons of fighting sires, and they taught us more of life in the trenches, in twenty-four hours, than we had learned during nine months of training in England.

We learned how orders are passed down the line, from sentry to sentry, quietly, and with the speed of a man running. We learned how the sentries are posted and their duties. We saw the intricate mazes of telephone wires, and the men of the signaling corps at their posts in the trenches, in communication with brigade, divisional, and army corps headquarters. We learned how to "sleep" five men in a four-by-six dugout; and, when there are no dugouts, how to hunch up on the firing-benches with our waterproof sheets over our heads, and doze, with our knees for a pillow. We learned the order of precedence for troops in the communication trenches.

"Never forget that! Outgoin' troops 'as the right

o' way. They ain't had no rest, an' they 're all slathered in mud, likely, an' beat for sleep. Incomin' troops is fresh, an' they stands to one side to let the others pass."

We saw the listening patrols go out at night, through the underground passage which leads to the far side of the barbed-wire entanglements. From there they creep far out between the opposing lines of trenches, to keep watch upon the movements of the enemy, and to report the presence of his working parties or patrols. This is dangerous, nerve-trying work, for the men sent out upon it are exposed not only to the shots of the enemy, but to the wild shots of their own comrades as well. I saw one patrol come in just before dawn. One of the men brought with him a piece of barbed wire, clipped from the German entanglements two hundred and fifty yards away. . . . I was tremendously interested. At that time it seemed incredible to me that men crawled over to the German lines in this manner and clipped pieces of German wire for souvenirs.

Several men were killed and wounded during the night. One of them was a sentry with whom I had been talking only a few minutes before. He was standing on the firing-bench looking into the darkness, when he fell back into the trench without a cry. It was a terrible wound. I would not have believed that a bullet could so horribly disfigure one. He was given first aid by the light of a candle; but it was useless. Silently his comrades removed his identification disc and wrapped him in a blanket. "Poor old Walt!" they said. An hour later he was buried in a shell hole at the back of the trench.

One thing we learned during our first night in the

trenches was of the very first importance. And that was, respect for our enemies. We came from England full of absurd newspaper tales about the German soldier's inferiority as a fighting man. We had read that he was a wretched marksman: he would not stand up to the bayonet: whenever opportunity offered he crept over and gave himself up: he was poorly fed and clothed and was so weary of the war that his officers had to drive him to fight, at the muzzles of their revolvers. We thought him almost beneath contempt. We were convinced in a night that we had greatly underestimated his abilities as a marksman. As for his all-round inferiority as a fighting man, one of the Gloucesters put it rather well: —

"'Ere! If the Germans is so bloomin' rotten, 'ow is it we ain't a-fightin' 'em sommers along the Rhine, or in Austry-Hung'ry? No, they ain't a-firin' wild, I give you my word! Not around this part o' France they ain't! . . ."

How am I to give a really vivid picture of trench life as I saw it for the first time, how make it live for others, when I remember that the many descriptive accounts I had read of it in England did not in the least visualize it for me? I watched the rockets rising from the German lines, watched them burst into points of light, over the devastated strip of country called "No Man's Land" and drift down. And I watched the charitable shadows rush back like the very wind of darkness. The desolate landscape emerged from the gloom and receded again, like a series of pictures thrown upon a screen. All of this was so new, so terrible, I doubted its reality. Indeed, I doubted my own identity, as one does at

times when brought face to face with some experiences which cannot be compared with past experiences or even measured with them. I groped darkly for some new truth which was flickering just beyond the border of consciousness. But I was so blinded by the adventure that it did not come to me then. Later I understood. It was my first glimmering realization of the tremendous sadness, the awful futility of war. . . .

The fire trench was built in much the same way as those we had made during our training in England. In pattern it was something like a tessellated border. For the space of five yards it ran straight, then it turned at right angles around a traverse of solid earth six feet square, then straight again for another five yards, then around another traverse, and so throughout the length of the line. Each five-yard segment, which is called a "bay," offered firing room for five men. The traverses, of course, were for the purpose of preventing enfilade fire. They also limited the execution which might be done by one shell. Even so they were not an unmixed blessing, for they were always in the way when you wanted to get anywhere in a hurry.

"An' you *are* in a 'urry w'en you sees a Minnie [*Minenwerfer*] comin' your w'y. But you gets trench legs arter a w'ile. It'll be a funny sight to see the blokes walkin' along the street in Lunnon w'en the war's over. They'll be so used to dodgin' in an' out o' traverses they won't be able to go in a straight line."

As we walked through the firing-line trenches, I could quite understand the possibility of one's acquiring trench legs. Five paces forward, two to the right, two to the left, two to the left again, then five to the right,

and so on to Switzerland. . . . My own experience was confined to that part of the British front which lies between Messines in Belgium and Loos in France. There, certainly, one could walk for miles through an intricate maze of continuous underground passages.

But the firing-line trench was neither a traffic route nor a promenade. The great bulk of inter-trench business passed through the traveling-trench, about fifteen yards in the rear of the fire trench and running parallel to it. The two were connected by many passageways, the chief difference being that the fire trench was the business district, while the traveling-trench was primarily residential. Along the latter were built most of the dugouts, lavatories, and trench kitchens. The sleeping-quarters for the men were not very elaborate. Recesses were made in the wall of the trench about two feet above the floor. They were not more than three feet high, so that one had to crawl in head first when going to bed. They were partitioned in the middle, and were supposed to offer accommodation for four men, two on each side. . . .

THE NEW WARFARE

[1915]

BY IAN HAY

The trench system has one thing to recommend it. It tidies things up a bit.

For the first few months after the war broke out confusion reigned supreme. Belgium and the north of France were one huge jumbled battlefield, rather like a public park on a Saturday afternoon — one of those parks where promiscuous football is permitted. Friend and foe were inextricably mingled, and the direction of the goal was uncertain. If you rode into a village, you might find it occupied by a Highland regiment or a squad of Uhlans. If you dimly discerned troops marching side by side with you in the dawning, it was by no means certain that they would prove to be your friends. On the other hand, it was never safe to assume that a battalion which you saw hastily intrenching itself against your approach was German. It might belong to your own brigade. There was no front and no rear, so direction counted for nothing. The country swarmed with troops which had been left "in the air," owing to their own too rapid advance, or the equally rapid retirement of their supporters; with scattered details trying to join their units; or with dispatch riders hunting for a peripatetic divisional headquarters. Snipers shot both sides impartially. It was all most upsetting.

Well, as already indicated, the trench system has put

that all right. The trenches now run continuously — a long, irregular, but perfectly definite line of cleavage — from the North Sea to the Vosges. Everybody has been carefully sorted out — human beings on one side, Germans on the other. Nothing could be more suitable.

The result is an agreeable blend of war and peace. This week, for instance, our battalion has been undergoing a rest-cure a few miles from the hottest part of the firing-line. (We had a fairly heavy spell of work last week.) In the morning we wash our clothes, and perform a few mild martial exercises. In the afternoon we sleep, in all degrees of *déshabille*, under the trees in the orchard. In the evening we play football, or bathe in the canal, or lie on our backs on the grass, watching our aeroplanes buzzing home to roost, attended by German shrapnel. We could not have done this in the autumn. Now, thanks to our trenches, a few miles away, we are as safe here as in the wilds of Argyllshire or West Kensington.

But there are drawbacks to everything. The fact is, a trench is that most uninteresting of human devices, a compromise. It is neither satisfactory as a domicile nor efficient as a weapon of defense. The most luxuriant dugout; the most artistic window-box — these, in spite of all biased assertions to the contrary, compare unfavorably with a flat in Knightsbridge. On the other hand, the knowledge that you are keeping yourself tolerably immune from the assaults of your enemy is heavily discounted by the fact that the enemy is equally immune from yours. In other words, you "get no forrarder" with a trench; and the one thing which we are all

anxious to do is to bring this war to a speedy and gory conclusion, and get home to hot baths and regular meals. . . .

For reasons foreshadowed last month, we find that we are committed to an indefinite period of trench life, like every one else.

Certainly, we are starting at the bottom of the ladder. These trenches are badly sited, badly constructed, difficult of access from the rear, and swarming with large, fat, unpleasant flies, of the bluebottle variety. They go to sleep chiefly upon the ceiling of one's dug-out, during the short hours of darkness, but for twenty hours out of twenty-four they are very busy, indeed. They divide their attention between stray carrion and our rations. If you sit still for five minutes they also settle upon *you*, like pins in a pin-cushion. Then, when face, hands, and knees can endure no more, and the inevitable convulsive wriggle occurs, they rise in a vociferous swarm, only to settle again when the victim becomes quiescent. To these, high explosives are a welcome relief.

The trenches themselves are no garden city, like those at Armentières. They were sited and dug in the dark, not many weeks ago, to secure two hundred yards of French territory recovered from the Boche by bomb and bayonet. (The captured trench lies behind us now, and serves as our second line.) They are muddy — you come to water at three feet — and at one end, owing to their concave formation, are open to enfilade. The parapet in many places is too low. If you make it higher with sandbags you offer the enemy a comfortable target: if you deepen the trench you turn it into a running

stream. Therefore long-legged subalterns crawl painfully past these danger spots on all fours.

Then there is Zacchæus [the sniper]. We call him by this name because he lives up a tree. There is a row of pollarded willows standing parallel to our front, a hundred and fifty yards away. Up, or in, one of these lives Zacchæus. We have never seen him; but we know he is there; because if you look over the top of the parapet he shoots you through the head. We do not even know which of the trees he lives in. There are nine of them, and every morning we comb them out, one by one, with a machine gun. But all in vain. Zacchæus merely crawls away into the standing corn behind his trees, and waits till we have finished. Then he comes back and tries to shoot the machine-gun officer. He has not succeeded yet, but he sticks to his task with gentle persistence. He is evidently of a persevering rather than vindictive disposition. . . .

The day's work in the trenches begins about nine o'clock the night before. Darkness having fallen, various parties steal out into the No Man's Land beyond the parapet. There are numerous things to be done. The barbed wire has been broken up by shrapnel, and must be repaired. The whole position in front of the wire must be patrolled, to prevent the enemy from creeping forward in the dark. The corn has grown to an uncomfortable height in places, so a fatigue party is told off to cut it — surely the strangest piece of harvesting that the annals of agriculture can record. On the left the muffled clinking of picks and shovels announces that a "sap" is in course of construction: those incorrigible night-birds, the Royal Engineers, are making it

for the machine gunners, who in the fullness of time will convey their voluble weapon to its forward extremity, and "loose off a belt or two" in the direction of a rather dangerous hollow midway between the trenches, from which of late mysterious sounds of digging and guttural talking have been detected by the officer who lies in the listening-post, in front of the barbed-wire entanglement, drawing secrets from the bowels of the earth by means of a microphone.

Behind the firing-trench even greater activity prevails. Damage done to the parapet by shell fire is being repaired. Positions and emplacements are being constantly improved, communication trenches widened or made more secure. Down these trenches fatigue parties are filing and ammunition from the limbered wagons which are waiting in the shadow of a wood, perhaps a mile back. It is at this hour, too, that the wounded, who have been lying pathetically cheerful and patient in the dressing-station in the reserve trench, are smuggled to the field ambulance — probably to find themselves safe in a London hospital within twenty-four hours. Lastly, under the kindly cloak of night, we bury the dead.

Meanwhile, within various stifling dugouts, in the firing-trench or support-trench, overheated company commanders are dictating reports or filling in returns. There is the casualty return, and a report on the doings of the enemy, and another report of one's own doings, and a report on the direction of the wind, and so on. . . . All this literature has to be sent to battalion headquarters by 1 A.M., either by orderly or telephone. There it is collated and condensed, and forwarded to the brigade,

which submits it to the same process and sends it on. . . .

You must not imagine, however, that all this night work is performed in gross darkness. On the contrary. There is abundance of illumination; and by a pretty thought, each illuminates the others. We perform our nocturnal tasks, in front of and behind the firing-trench, amid a perfect hail of star-shells and magnesium lights, topped up at times by a searchlight — all supplied by our obliging friend the Hun. We, on our part, do our best to return these graceful compliments.

The curious and uncanny part of it all is that there is no firing. During these brief hours there exists an informal truce, founded on the principle of live and let live. It would be an easy business to wipe out that working party, over there by the barbed wire, with a machine gun. It would be child's play to shell the road behind the enemy's trenches, crowded as it must be with ration-wagons and water-carts, into a blood-stained wilderness. But so long as each side confines itself to purely defensive and recuperative work, there is little or no interference. . . .

A DESCRIPTION OF TRENCH LIFE

BY RENÉ NICOLAS

So I examine my domain. It is not very extensive, one hundred and twenty metres at the most, occupied by my sixty men. My trench is composed of the communication trench and two large salients, each containing half a section or two squads. Its general arrangement is as follows: —

Each of the salients is divided in the middle by a bomb-shield, and contains therefore two squads, whose dugouts, rather deep, are at the right and left ends of the salient. In front, in shell holes, the listening-patrols are posted during the night. There are machine guns in each of the salients. My headquarters are so placed that I am in immediate touch with both my half-sections. A little winding trench leads to my dugout, which is about two metres underground. It is comfortable and contains a rather dilapidated hair mattress which the Germans, formerly proprietors of this trench, brought over from the village of Perthes. A set of shelves made of three boards has on it some old tin cans, along with the things I have taken out of my haversack. Two or three pegs stuck in the dirt wall serve as clothes hooks. The furnishing is completed by a wooden stool brought from the village, and by a brazier in which charcoal is burning. In one corner are some trench rockets and a large case of cartridges.

This domicile is not at all bad; it is almost luxurious.

The dugouts of my soldiers are large undergrounds holding fifteen men comfortably. Straw helps ward off the dampness of the soil of Champagne, and discarded bayonets stuck in the walls serve as hooks for canteens and haversacks. Meanwhile, as the cold was a bit sharp, I had some braziers made for the men by piercing holes in old tin cans with bayonets. Charcoal was brought up from the kitchens.

So life was sufficiently endurable. We felt pretty secure. The loopholes were well protected, and one could fire comfortably. The machine guns were always in readiness, and in short, the Germans over opposite did not seem malicious. All that could be seen of them were white streaks across the land, many and intertwined, with wire entanglements alongside. That was all — nothing that budged or had the least human semblance, only here and there a sort of ragged, bluish heap that seemed a part of the earth on which it lay — a corpse. There were not many dead directly in front of us, but to the west, on our left, much higher up, in front of the skeleton remnant of a wood, lay a number of those motionless bundles, bearing witness to recent attacks.

Thus the region opposite us was fairly uninteresting — barbed wire, torn-up earth, skeleton trees, and dead men's bodies. And the enemy was there at one hundred metres. I discovered this rather promptly, moreover, and had a very narrow escape. At a given moment, very early in the morning, I went into the communication trench that formed the eastern end of my trench. There was a large hollowed-out place through which one could get a better view of what lay in front of us:

at the left, the ruined village; in front, the labyrinth of trenches and the skeleton wood. Suddenly, as if warned by some instinct, I turned away a little. Five or six bullets, undoubtedly intended for me, whistled through my window, one of them grazing my field-glass. Not a little shaken up, I left that dangerous spot. I soon began to laugh, however, and I should have enjoyed telling my neighbors the Boches that they had missed me. But I was more prudent after that.

Besides, everything was silent except for an occasional shell that passed above our heads and burst so far away that we could not hear it explode. Listening-patrols, being useless during the day, were replaced by two sentries for each half-section who watched through the loopholes of the trench itself. The men in their warm dugouts smoked their pipes, ate, read, or played cards. If this is war, thought many of them, it is n't half bad.

But, like most good things, it did not last. At nine o'clock a messenger came to tell me that the captain wanted to see me. I went to his headquarters, situated in the second line. Orders had just come. A French attack was to be delivered on the Boche trenches to the north and east of Perthes. . . . The plan was to attack at two other points, so that, once having taken the German trenches there, the whole system could be enfiladed. Our rôle was to put them on the wrong scent, and at a specified time to make as much noise as possible with our muskets and machine guns, in order to attract attention to ourselves at the moment when the main attack was being launched elsewhere.

So I went back to my trench and gave the men the necessary instructions. About ten o'clock we were

startled by four loud reports coming almost simultaneously. It was a battery of "75's," placed two hundred metres or so behind us. At the same instant the shells went whistling over our heads and raised four black clouds in the trench opposite. It was the beginning of the bombardment. It was very violent. At the start we all ducked, but we gradually got used to it and learned to distinguish the difference in sound of French firing. . . .

Posted at a loophole, I watched through my glass the effect of the bombardment. All the German trenches, as far as the eye could reach, were filled with constantly recurring explosions. They looked like an uninterrupted line of volcanoes. The noise and the superb masses of earth thrown up into the air fairly intoxicated me. The Boches in their turn began to answer, and, scorning us poor infantrymen, sent their shells far in our rear in quest of the gunners and their guns. The chorus grew deafening. The sensation was that of being under a roof of steel, invisible but with the voices of all the fiends. And in the midst of all this din, two larks kept flitting about joyously, and mingled their song of life with the dull chant of the engines of death. . . .

When everything was quiet, I hurried to the captain to make my report; he was well pleased, congratulated me, and instructed me to congratulate my men. Our baptism of fire had been thoroughly first-class, and we behaved rather well. As for the French attack, it had succeeded in seizing the extreme northern point of the German line. The rest of the afternoon was uneventful.

Then slowly night fell. The order came to detail two

men from each squad to go with tent sheets, under the conduct of the corporal on duty, to fetch rations from the kitchens. . . . When we got back, we were rewarded by supper, consisting of sardines, roast meat, and rice, which we warmed on the braziers. After the meal I took a little rest. My two sergeants divided the rest of the night, and it was solid comfort to go to sleep snugly wrapped in my blanket, with my feet against the warm brazier. . . .

THE IMPREGNABLE TRENCHES

[1916]

BY HENRY SHEAHAN

THE principal element of this modern warfare is lack of mobility. The lines advance, the lines retreat, but never once, since the establishment of the present trench swathe, have the lines of either combatant been pushed clear out of the normal zone of hostilities. The fierce, invisible combats are limited to the first-line positions, averaging a mile each way behind No Man's Land. This stationary character has made the war a daily battle; it has robbed war of all its ancient panoply, its cavalry, its uniforms brilliant as the sun, and has turned it into the national business. . . .

To this end, in numberless sectors along the front, special narrow-gauge railroad lines have been built directly from the railroad station at the edge of the shell zone to the artillery positions. To this end the trenches have been gathered into a special telephone system so that General Joffre at Chantilly can talk to any officers or soldiers anywhere along the swathe. The food, supplies, clothing, and ammunition are delivered every day at the gate of the swathe, and calmly redistributed to the trenches by a sort of military express system.

Only one thing ever disturbs the vast, orderly system: the bony fingers of Death will persist in getting into the cogs of the machine.

The first-line trenches, in a position at all contested, are very apt still to preserve the hurried arrangement of their first plan, which is sometimes hardly any plan at all. It must be admitted that the Germans have the advantage in the great majority of cases, for theirs was the first choice, and they intrenched themselves, as far as possible, along the crests of the eastern hills of France, in a line prepared for just such an exigency.

... It being out of the question to strengthen or rectify very much the front-line trenches close to the enemy, the effort has taken place in the rear lines. Wherever there is a certain security, the rear lines of all the important strategic points have been converted into veritable subterranean fortresses.

The floor plan of these trenches is an adaptation of the military theory of fortification — with its angles, salients, and bastions — to the topography of the region. The gigantic concrete wall of the bomb-proof shelters, the little forts to shelter the machine guns, and the concrete passages in the rear-line trenches will appear as heavy and massive to future generations as Roman masonry appears to us. There are, of course, many unimportant little links of the trench system, upon whose holding nothing depends and for whose domination neither side cares to spend the life of a single soldier, that only have an apology for a second position.

The war needs the money for the preparation of important places. At vital points there may be the tremendously powerful second line, a third line, and even a fourth line. The region between Verdun and the lines, for instance, is the most fearful snarl of

barbed wire, pits, and buried explosives that could be imagined. The distance would have to be contested inch by inch.

The trench theory is built about the soldier. It must preserve him as far as possible from artillery and from the infantry attack. The defenses begin with barbed wire; then come the rifles and machine guns; and behind them the light artillery, the "75's," and the heavy artillery, the "120's," "220's," and, now, an immense howitzer whose real caliber has been carefully concealed. To take a trench position means the crossing of the entanglements of No Man's Land under fire from artillery, rifles, and machine guns, an almost impossible proceeding. An advance is possible only after the opposing trenches have been made untenable by the concentration of artillery fire. The great offensives begin by blowing the first lines absolutely to pieces; this accomplished, the attacking infantry advances to the vacated trenches under the rifle fire of those few whom the deluge of shells has not killed or crazed, works toward the strong second position under a concentrated artillery fire of the retreating enemy as terrible as its own, fights its way heroically into the second position, and stops there. The great line has been bent, has been dented, but never broken. An offensive must cover at least twenty miles of front, for if the break is too narrow the attacking troops will be massacred by the enemy artillery at both ends of the broken first lines. If the front lines are one mile deep, the artillery must put twenty-five square miles of trenches *hors de combat*, a task that takes millions of shells. By the time that the first line has been destroyed and the

troops have reached the second lines, the shells and the men are pretty well used up. A great successful offensive on the Western Front is theoretically possible, given millions of men, but practically impossible. Outside of important local gains, the great western offensives have been failures. . . .

VIII

THE FIGHTING MACHINES

HISTORICAL NOTE

From the first, the Great War brought surprises which showed that the method of warfare and the engines used were rapidly changing. Formerly, there were great engagements in the open which continued for a short time only, or forts equipped with heavy guns were able to hold out against a prolonged siege. The Germans early proved, by their successes at Liège, Namur, and Antwerp, that the great modern siege guns could soon silence a fortress which had been deemed impregnable against an attack from the field. After the battle of the Marne, trench warfare began to take the place of fighting in the open, and barbed-wire entanglements were brought into play in No Man's Land between the lines. Moreover, the use of airplanes as scouts made it impossible to carry on warfare in the open as in former times when armies could be deployed unseen by the enemy until the time for action arrived. The armored railway train and the armored car had come into being. There were not only machine guns, but such guns mounted on motor-cycles; also guns for destroying machine guns. Then, at the battle of the Somme, came the new British armored cars known as "tanks," able to ride over any obstacle and withstand heavy gun fire. Huge guns were still available after the warfare of the trenches began, but the Allies had to produce more effective guns to meet those already possessed by Germany. Meanwhile bayonets and the butt-ends of rifles were still in vogue, and hand-grenades supplemented the older modes of hand-to-hand combat.

The employment by the Germans of gas and liquid flame as weapons of offense compelled the Allies to adopt gas-masks and to find other ways of protecting troops from the effects of these terrible means of attack. Great skill in invention has been shown in the effort to meet the latest output of the enemy with something more effective, if not more terrible.

THE MACHINES

[1916]

BY WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

When the British blockade was tightening its coils about Germany, a sigh of relief went up from the Entente Powers, and their press proclaimed that with gasoline and rubber cut off from the enemy the war would soon come automatically to an end. I am not concerned with the failure of these prophecies to reckon with German chemical ingenuity; they merely throw light on the interesting fact that modern warfare, with its demand for swift-striking movement in every branch of the complicated military organism, could not exist without the motor-vehicle in its various forms.

Through the illustrated weeklies and the moving pictures, Americans have become familiar with the Skoda howitzers, taken to pieces for travel, rumbling along behind great Mercédès traction-motors. They have seen the London motor-busses, loaded to bursting with grinning Tommies on their way to the front, flaunting Bovril and Nestlé's Food signs against an unfamiliar background of canals and serried poplar trees. They cannot realize, however, because they have not witnessed with their own eyes, the vast orderly ferment of wheeled traffic that fills the roads on both sides of that blackened, blasted battle-line between the armies of Western Europe. Where once the task of fulfillment fell to straining horse-flesh, the burden is now laid on wheels

winged by gasoline. From the flashing wire spokes of the dispatch-rider's motor-cycle to the clanking, crushing "feet" of the caterpillar tractor that pulls the big guns into action, the incredibly complicated machinery of war is now dependent on an element which, at the time of the Spanish-American War, was unknown to military use.

It was chance which got me into the British army; it was also by chance that I was attached to the staff of a captain of the Fifth Dragoon Guards and sent off to Belgium five days after my enlistment, without the usual weary months of training in the riding-school. On October 8, 1914, our regiment landed at Ostend; this was the beginning of thirteen months of service, during which I passed from my regular duties in the Dragoon Guards to the Army Service Corps as motor-driver to General Byng, and was subsequently attached to the Headquarters Staff of the Fifth Army Corps. While in this, I saw service in an armored car of the Royal Naval Air Service, went into action with the Motor Machine-Gun Section, and also acted as a dispatch rider. This enabled me to get a fairly good first-hand idea of the use made by the British army of the various types of motor-vehicle; and if some of my experiences left me in doubt as to the ability of the human nervous system to stand up under the racking, killing pace demanded by these branches of the service, I came away from my term at the front full of admiration for the men behind the organization which is responsible for the smooth functioning of the motor-vehicle wing of the British army.

My first good opportunity to see this great system in

action came shortly after my arrival at the front near Zillebeke, where, while waiting for assignment to duty, we watched the supplies coming through. Fresh supplies — vast quantities of them — arrive every day from the various seaports, brought on trains which deposit them at the "rail-head," or private railway station with which every army, army corps, and division is provided. The trains are met by motor-lorries or trucks, which swing into the yards, range up in long lines alongside the freight cars, load up, and pull away again in surprisingly short time. As they drew out of the yards, I noticed that they fell automatically into little groups, and, on inquiry, found that, before the column is formed, all lorries containing a certain kind of supplies go in one group, lining up until in an orderly arrangement of, say, twelve trucks of meat, ten trucks of bread, so many trucks of clothing, groceries, petrol, mechanical stores, and so on, until a column consisting of, perhaps, one hundred lorries stands ready to start toward the front.

The order given, off they go, to the clatter of chains and open exhausts. The roads of Belgium were once good roads, but the endless stream of heavy traffic has reduced them to a fearful condition, despite the efforts of the Royal Engineers and "Jack Ward's battalions" — the large semi-military force of navvies and laborers recruited in London by a patriotic contractor for just such badly needed work as highway repairing. Down the middle of these roads runs a strip of cobblestones — greasy, full of holes, but still cobblestones; on either side there is mud, a slough of despond for the unwary driver. Many a time, in winter, I have seen lorries so

hopelessly stuck that it is impossible to get them out for the moment. All that can be done is to transfer the load to another car and leave the derelict by the roadside to the tender mercies of the salvage companies or the nearest portable mechanical transport workshop.

Before going to the front I had never so much as thought of the problem of caring for the great number of cars that are disabled in the day's run; so that I was surprised to find what thorough high-class work is done by these portable workshops. Mounted on lorry chassis, they present the appearance of box-cars, the sides of which, in service, are lowered to a horizontal position and serve as platforms for the crew to stand on when manipulating the lathe or dynamo inside. Power is furnished by a special gasoline motor. The mechanics employed in these workshops are all highly trained men, who are obliged to pass the most severe tests before they are accepted for this branch of the service. Most of them have been building cars in England, and they are often allowed to specialize on the make with which they are most familiar. If an automobile is beyond the help of these first-aid specialists, it is immediately sent to one of the dépôts where there is a permanent workshop, and another vehicle is sent up to the front to take its place. No cars are kept running if they are not in first-class condition, and every precaution is taken to avoid accidents due to defective machines. Practically all makes of cars are to be seen at the front. Each kind is assigned to the work to which it is best adapted, the fast cars, generally speaking being used for dispatch work, and also for carrying officers to and from the firing-line; the steadier cars find their niche in ambu-

lance work and other duties where speed is a secondary matter.

These details I noted down in the impersonal way of the cavalryman, who is supposed to be concerned with other matters. While we were still at Zillebeke, however, the driver of General Byng's car was killed, and, as I knew there was a shortage of competent drivers, I made the somewhat irregular request to take his place. This was granted, to my surprise — and pleasure; for I had heard that all our untrained men were shortly to be sent back to England to finish their course at the riding-school. Although I had had considerable experience in driving cars at home, I was glad that the general was partial to slow going and objected strenuously to being bumped. This enabled me to lead up gradually to the more severe demands that were made on me when, shortly after, I was attached to the Headquarters Staff of the Fifth Army Corps. Here I was treated to my first, and only, ride into action with an armored car.

The armored car is unquestionably the most wicked-looking thing at the front, and its lines, its whole appearance, give the suggestion of an unlimited capacity for slaughter. The entire body of the car is made of finest sheet steel, nearly half an inch thick; in the place of the tonneau there is a revolving steel turret mounting a rapid-fire gun or a three-pounder. The engine is protected by the same quality of armor as the body, and the vulnerable radiator finds safety behind two steel doors, which, when the car goes into action, are adjusted so as to leave a small opening for the circulation of air. An apron of steel extends round the wheels to within a foot of the ground, guarding as far as possible the pneu-

matic tires. However, in spite of this precaution and the use of double tires on each wheel, I have seen cars come limping home with all eight tires flat.

The crew of an armored car is a variable quantity, but there are always two drivers. It was the lack of a spare driver that led to my being ordered one day to sit beside the man at the wheel of a car that was just going into action. In case anything had happened to him, I should have had to take his place. As we drew into the zone of the enemy's fire, the bullets began to hit our car, first scatteringly, then in a regular shower, coming at the rate of a hundred a minute and beating a devil's tattoo on our armor. The din made by bullets on this steel plating is amazing. It sounds as if some one were striking with a hammer, and striking hard, too. I did not know that, so far as the ordinary rifle bullet is concerned, these armored cars are practically invulnerable, and I expected any moment to find the metal giving way under the shock. We were in action only about ten minutes, but in that short time the terrific noise of our own gun and the scoring bullets, the heaving and lurching of the car, the semi-darkness, and, worst of all, my own inactivity, almost broke my nerve. There was absolutely nothing to do but sit still and receive new sensations; and the unpleasantness of these was indescribable. When we finally got back to safety, I climbed out and took a look at the car, expecting to find it pockmarked and dented beyond recognition. Except for a few small depressions in the armor and a couple of holes through the mud-guards where pieces of shrapnel had struck, there was scarcely a trace of our ordeal by fire. Not a single bullet had penetrated.

The armored car gives unlimited opportunities for the exercise of nerve and initiative, and no man in the war availed himself of these more fully than the famous Commander Sampson, of the Royal Naval Air Service. This officer (for whose capture, dead or alive, the Germans were reported to have offered twenty thousand marks) was equally at home in an aeroplane or an armored car. I have never seen him at work as an aviator, but the town in which we had our headquarters was the starting-place for his amazing trips in his car. Just where he went, and how he got there, is more or less of a mystery. All we knew was that at four o'clock in the morning or thereabouts, Commander Sampson would leave Hazebrouck, and, hours later, come rolling back into the square, almost invariably with a batch of German prisoners!

His arrival at headquarters was the event of the day. Every one in sight would come rushing forward to see what sort of game he had bagged. From the stories that followed these exploits, he must have taken his car right into the German lines — a feat which was as dangerous as you please, but not literally impossible. Few people seem to realize that many of the highways leading cross-country and connecting the hostile lines had not then been destroyed. They were formidably guarded by barbed-wire barricades, and their surface was torn and pitted by shell holes; but neither side was willing to eliminate a means of communication which would be of vast value in case of an advance.

These are the roads that Commander Sampson must have used on his swift trips of destruction. On the front of his car was a formidable arrangement of upright

scythe-like wire-cutters, strong enough to rip through the entanglements and bunt the wooden supporting-posts out of the way; and with these, backed by the momentum of the ponderous car, he forced his way on steel-studded tires through barbed-wire and shot and shell, and accomplished the impossible — not once, but again and again. His car would come back looking as though it had been through a thousand years of war, but the occupants were generally safe and sound, and, as I say, they had things to show that they had given the Germans cause to regret receiving a visit from Commander Sampson. So far as I am aware, no one has yet come forward to claim that reward of twenty thousand marks.

It was not long after my outing in the armored car that I was detailed to duty in the Motor-Cycle Machine-Gun Section as motor-cycle driver. The machines used in this work are much lighter and smaller than the American type. They carry a side-car attachment; but in place of the familiar "wife-killer," a rapid-fire gun is mounted, and the comfortable cushioned seat gives way to a wooden affair so small that the gunner practically holds his rapid-firer in his lap. On his right is the box with the loaded belts of ammunition. When he threads these through the gun and starts firing, the belt uncoils smoothly and falls into an empty box on the other side of the machine.

I was almost ignorant of the workings of the section when our battery of four machines first went into action; and when, after the rush and clatter of getting into position, my gunner began to pour streams of bullets into the enemy's lines, directing the aim like the spray of water from a hose, I sat stupidly upright in my saddle,

fully exposed to a hot fire from the Germans. It was sheer luck that carried me through unhurt until an officer, hurrying past, told me in a few short, crisp words what sort of a fool I was. Then I dropped down full length on the ground beside my machine until it was time to retire, watching my gunner — a seasoned soldier — sitting there in his little seat, unprotected and unconcerned, working his machine without even taking his old clay pipe from his mouth.

The second time I took one of these machines into action — near Ypres — things went much better. We went up in the dark, and some time before we were needed we were given our position — in a ditch, with our gun covering a road. Our orders were simply to fire when the Germans tried to rush that road. For several hours we waited in the strain of uncertainty, but not a sign of "Fritz," although we could hear the other guns along the line in action. Suddenly they attacked. It was a terrible sight. They seemed to rise from the ground in thousands. My gunner had his machine working on them at the first sign, and the Germans, coming on in waves, seemed to melt away before our fire. I never saw men die so quickly before. They went down by hundreds, and still they came on, trampling over their own dead. Those Germans are extremely brave men: there is no other word for it. When their rush was checked and they had retired, we held our position for a while longer, returning to headquarters by evening. We had been in the firing-line for hours, and not once had our situation been dangerous.

My last experience with the Motor Machine-Gun Section came during the fierce fighting around Hill 60,

where records were made that still remain records after long months of war. For two days before the action came off we knew there was something in the wind, although no definite orders had been given. Our mining and tunneling companies had been working for some time; a general concentration of artillery was taking place in the neighborhood. Finally the attack took place. For thirty-five minutes ninety-two batteries rained shells from their three hundred and sixty-eight cannon on the bit of rising ground known as Hill 60 — a withering, scorching fire which stopped as suddenly as it began. Off went the mines we had laid under the hill; the earth shook; the air was filled with thick clouds of mingled dirt and smoke. Instantly our men were out of the trenches advancing at a dead run, while our machine gunners poured steel into the German positions until the progress of our troops made this dangerous. It was all over in a few minutes, and, although we were called for once again, this was the last action in which I served with the M.M.G.S.

Motor-cycling, even with the best of roads, is an exhausting business in the long run; and when I was designated for dispatch-riding, I knew enough of the details of the work not to be overjoyed. The dispatch rider must, first and foremost, be speedy. A leather case — crammed with vitally important documents or empty, for all the rider knows — is strapped to his shoulder, and from that moment his one thought must be to deliver that case to its destination in the shortest order possible. If the rider comes to grief, he can commandeer the first man he meets; but the dispatches must be delivered at all costs.

As I said, I was not over-eager for this new work, but my feelings in the matter were not consulted. My first trip took me from the brigade headquarters to the divisional headquarters farther back. It was dark night when I started; the roads were all shelled to pieces, and as no lights could be carried I simply had to take chances on the shell holes. I had not been gone three minutes when I felt the ground drop away beneath me and I went flying over the handle-bars. My knees and elbows were skinned, but the machine was uninjured, so off I started again. At first I tried to be careful; I soon realized, however, that I should be losing precious time. All I could do, then, was to shoot ahead in the blackness, trusting to luck. Two or three more tumbles came my way on that ride, and by the time I got down to headquarters I was stiff and sore beyond belief. I handed in my dispatch case; and then, after an hour off duty, I had to return over the same road.

It can easily be seen that the light British motorcycles are infinitely superior to the heavy American machines for this rough-and-tumble work. If one of these latter ever fell on the rider, the chances are that his leg would be broken and he, in all probability, severely burned by the heated engine as he lay beneath it. The number of motor-cycles put out of action at the front is astounding. During the second battle for Calais alone, a dispatch rider in our corps lost fourteen machines. He carried dispatches through the thick of this fighting, and was never so much as scratched: a remarkable record, for statistics show that during the first months of the war fifty per cent of the riders sent to France were killed.

Generally speaking, the branch of the motor-vehicle service most to my liking was driving a staff car, and luckily I had more of this work to do than anything else. A staff driver has a car to himself, and, as a rule, works entirely with one officer. He has complete charge of the care of the car. Any one else caught driving it is punished for disobeying orders. When he takes control of his car, he signs a receipt for the car and the tools, lamps, tires, and accessories that go with it. For all these things he is personally responsible, and if anything happens to them through his carelessness he is obliged to make good the loss. The staff driver's life is no sinecure. He is liable for duty practically twenty-four hours each day, and carries a heavy burden of responsibility for the good condition of his car and the welfare of his officers. With all this, however, there goes a latitude of personal initiative and a continual possibility of new and interesting work that made a strong appeal to me.

It was while I was driving a staff car in Flanders last summer that I was ordered to take three officers to the little village of Kemmel, a short distance southwest of Ypres. This place was almost always under fire, and at one time had been in German hands — in the possession of the Crown Prince, as a matter of fact. When they were occupying the place, we shelled it; when we drove them out and took the village, they began shelling, and have kept it up ever since. It was what is known as "unhealthy ground."

As we turned from the main highway into the road leading to Kemmel, I noticed two sentries at the crossing, but they merely saluted and allowed us to pass.

I can only account for this failure of the sentries to warn us of what lay ahead by the fact that I was driving staff officers, who are allowed to pass unhindered anywhere.

The road to Kemmel leads up a long hill, the top of which must be reached before one comes in sight of the village itself, lying in a little valley between Mont Kemmel and Mont Noir, at the bottom of a long down-grade. As we took the hill going up, I had an uneasy feeling that all was not right, although nothing out of the way had been seen except those two sentries. We were going at a rapid clip, and as we shot over the brow of the hill we ran right past a post of German artillery observers. They were in a windmill, and I think they were as much surprised as we. I shall never forget my feeling of cold helplessness as I realized what sort of a trap we had put our heads in.

Needless to say, I made that car fairly fly down the hill to the village, and we had hardly got there before shells began to drop around us. There was nothing to do but pop down into the cellar of a brewery — one of the few buildings that were not completely wrecked. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we got there, and for three hours we were in that cellar — shells pouring into the village all the time. It was a miserable, filthy hole, half full of rotten potatoes, the floor deep in slimy mud, and the ceiling so low that we could not stand upright anywhere. There was nothing to do but lie there in the dirt while the Germans tried their best to blow the place up. I kept wondering what our car would look like when the bombardment let up. It seemed impossible that it should escape; yet, when

twilight came and the shells finally stopped bursting, we crawled out of our cellar into the ruins of the brewery, and found that the car had suffered no vital damage. It was half full of bricks and débris; there were holes through the body and the hood; it was dented and scarred almost beyond recognition. The engine, however, was untouched; and I finally got it going, the sound of its whirring sweet music in our ears.

We were now confronted by the trip back over that same hill. There was no other way to get out of the place; the Germans knew this as well as we did, and they were certain to have some sort of surprise waiting for us: a blockaded road, or machine guns — perhaps both. We felt our way slowly out of the rubble-filled street of the village, and, once on the highway, I took as long a run as possible for the hill, giving the car every ounce of power that was in her. Lights were not to be thought of, of course, and as it was almost pitch dark I drove ahead blindly and trusted to luck to keep us on the road. We took the hill magnificently — and to our unending surprise, the car flew over the summit without a single thing happening. Evidently the possibility of our escaping alive from the ruined village had not occurred to the Germans.

This was as close a call as I ever had. There was no lack of excitement, however, when I was caught with an officer in the city of Ypres, at the beginning of the bombardment preceding the second battle for Calais. We were at the farther side of the city when the shells began to fall, and as we had come up on horses there was no way for us to get through. I hunted round and presently came across a car — a wretched specimen;

still, it could be called a car. It had once been an ambulance, but the body had been destroyed and replaced by a couple of rough bucket-seats built from bacon boxes. Such as it was, it was a lucky find, and I seized on it at once. After some difficulty I got the engine running haltingly, and brought the car round to where my officer was waiting. We started off immediately. By this time the shells were bursting in and around the Grande Place at the rate of forty a minute, and our chance of getting through at all was a long one. I worked up speed as fast as I could, so that by the time we got to the square we were doing between thirty and forty miles an hour.

In the square itself conditions were indescribable. The buildings were crumbling on all sides; the air was filled with smoke and flame and dust, to say nothing of flying fragments of shell and bricks, and it was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. It seemed incredible that we could get through. I slackened speed. My officer must have felt much as I did, but he rapped out, "Drive like hell!" and huddled down into his bacon-box seat, his head held low. I threw open the throttle; the car choked a bit, then responded with a leap, the steel-studded tires striking streams of sparks from the cobbles. My hands were more than full with the steering. As one leaves the square there comes a very sharp turn, and I dared not think what would happen when we reached this. At the speed we were going, it was impossible to twist the car round that corner, yet it would be suicide to slow down. I had read of the trick of racing drivers who skidded round "hairpin turns," and I decided to try this as our only chance.

The turn loomed up before us in the smoke, and I opened the throttle still wider. Just as we reached the corner I twisted the wheel slightly and jammed on the foot-brake with all my might. The skidding studs squealed as the rear end of the car shot over; I felt her tip a little as the two outside wheels came off the ground. She righted at once, though, and in a moment we were safely through. If I had had time to examine those bacon-box seats, I don't think I should have dared to carry out my little maneuver. It is still a mystery to me how they held under the fearful strain of rounding that corner.

With this trip fresh in my mind, I should gladly have dispensed with another visit to Ypres; but my wishes in the matter were not consulted when, later on in the progress of this same bombardment preceding the second battle for Calais, I was ordered to take an officer from headquarters to the village of Potijze. To reach this village there was no way to avoid passing through Ypres, and the city was still under such terrific fire that getting across seemed almost hopeless.

We made our start about nine o'clock in the morning, and in a short while we were in the zone of fire, heading for ravaged Ypres, portions of which were in flames. It happened that in front of us was another car containing two Canadian officers, — a captain and a colonel, if I remember correctly, — which, when we swung into the section of straight road leading into the city, had perhaps a hundred yards' start of us. We were both going along at a brisk clip when a shell — a big one — burst close beside the car in front, completely smothering it in dust and heavy smoke. Even to us the con-

GERMAN PRISONERS IN YPRES

GERMAN PRISONERS IN YPRES

To future generations of Englishmen, Ypres, or Wipers as the Tommies call it, will be a sacred name. For there the British army has written one of the most glorious pages in its history.

In October, 1914, after the German retreat from the Marne, the city was occupied by the little British army under Sir John French. Here it was attacked by a vastly superior force of Germans bent on driving through to Calais and the Channel. In this first battle of Ypres the old British army was virtually annihilated, but it held until support arrived, and the Kaiser's thrust to the sea was barred.

Five months later came the second battle of Ypres heralded by the first use of poison gas. Thanks to the magnificent defense of the Canadian troops the line held, and although the British were forced to give up the high ground before the city, Ypres itself remained in their hands.

For twenty-six months the Germans, from their commanding positions on three sides of the city, battered the ruins of Ypres with their artillery and made the British position one of the most costly and difficult to hold on the Western Front. To straighten out their line, secure the high positions, and attempt eventually to sever the German communications with their U-boat bases on the Belgium coast, the British, in June, 1917, began the third battle of Ypres with a series of brilliant attacks that retook from the Germans all the ground the British had lost in the first and second battles. Pressing forward the British continued their thrusts, taking many prisoners and guns until November when the weather rendered further attacks unprofitable.

This illustration is from a photograph taken on October 31, 1917. A group of German prisoners, captured in the battle of Menin Road, are seen marching through Ypres guarded by British soldiers and carrying a wounded comrade. The ragged walls and heaps of débris that alone are left of this city — once among the quaintest and most beautiful of Europe — bear terrible testimony to the destructive force of modern artillery.

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cussion was terrific. I stopped at once and waited to see what had happened.

When the smoke lifted, the Canadian officers' car was revealed to us turned almost around on the road by the swirl of the explosion. As we came up, we found that the running parts of their car were intact, but the wind-shield and both the rear doors had been carried away; the mud-guards were torn about, and in the tonneau the headless body of one of the officers was crumpled up in a swiftly forming pool of blood. The other officer — he had been sitting in the front seat — was horribly wounded in the head and side. He had been flung across the driver, who, although spattered over with his companion's blood, was unhurt, and insisted on driving back with us to Vlamertinghe, supporting the body of his officer. I shall never forget the man's white face, smeared with crimson, or the look of his staring eyes; I shall never forget the tone of his voice as he cried to the orderly who came rushing out of the field ambulance at Vlamertinghe, "For God's sake, take this thing away!"

It was simply good luck that brought me unharmed through these experiences. The vast majority of men who survive the ordeal of this war will have only their good luck to thank. Personal initiative, a cool head, a quick hand, do count; but never before has the factor of bravery been of so little avail to the man in the fighting-line. Mere human flesh, no matter what its fiber, seems to stand no chance in the clash and welter of mechanical forces that Science has let loose over the battlefields of to-day. Romance, in the old high sense of the word, has almost vanished; but such traces of it

as remain are found, to their fullest extent perhaps, in the aviation and motor-car divisions of the modern army. Here the man is most nearly his own master; here he has the best chance to show of what stuff he is made. It is interesting to think that some of the oldest and most appealing qualities of warfare have found their reincarnation, as it were, in the latest developments of the military art.

THE MACHINE-GUN DESTROYERS

[1916]

BY LOUIS-OCTAVE PHILIPPE

For some time it has been noticed that the Germans, to make up for the enormous losses which they have sustained, have been replacing their soldiers by *matériel*. Men are not lacking, — not yet, — but their principal force of resistance is now represented by a great quantity of artillery and an abundance of machine guns. The German artillery production was long ago counterbalanced by our own. It was the machine guns that caused us the most trouble in our attempts to advance, and we were thus forced to try to find a new instrument for their destruction. After some experimenting, it was decided to equip all our regiments with a new portable cannon, thirty-seven millimetres in caliber, and designed purposely to demolish machine guns during an attack.

It is not permissible for me to describe the "37," but I can say that there exists nothing in the world more accurate. Anything which can be seen can be hit, and it is perfectly possible to strike, with the second shell, a rolled-up handkerchief fifteen hundred metres away. The speed of fire is extreme. A well-trained crew can shoot thirty or thirty-five shells a minute. Since the cannon can be very conveniently and quickly taken to pieces, its transportation is comparatively easy. Its

weight allows it to be carried by its crew over the roughest ground.

When in my regiment volunteers were called for to form a group of "37" gunners, I was instinctively attracted toward this pretty little jewel of a miniature cannon, and immediately offered my services. I have a profound distaste for talking about myself. However, I shall have to overcome it, because in recounting my experience with the 37-millimetre gun it will be absolutely necessary to speak personally.

From the time of my arrival at the school of instruction, I set to work with ardor. I felt in my element. I quickly fell in love with my new specialty. I was taught to be marksman of the piece, a most delicate rôle, and was discovered to be an excellent shot. When the course of instruction was over, my gun crew carried off first prize in a competitive examination for the army corps, against one hundred and twenty-three rivals. At the same time, though it was not obligatory, I followed the course of instruction for gun captains, and I learned as well as any non-commissioned officer how to calculate distances, angles of projection, and so forth.

I was then far from realizing that this supplementary work would be responsible at a later day, during the battle of the Somme, for my nomination as a sergeant, and my promotion to the captaincy of the gun, "for heroic conduct under fire," after having been a corporal only twenty-four hours (a unique experience in our regiment); for a citation in the *ordre du jour* before the whole army, the personal felicitations of the general, and — a nice wound which now permits me to recover quietly in Paris from my long fatigues and privations.

But let us not anticipate. I should like, however, to say just one more word before beginning my story: you must not think, in reading what follows, that I am a prodigy of valor and recklessness. It is simply that I have become used to danger during my long experience in battles. Whatever happens, I am always calm and master of myself. And then, — I may as well confess it, — since the war I have become a fatalist. I believe that when the hour of death is destined to come, nothing can postpone it. And, on the other hand, until that hour is ready to strike, one is invulnerable. This idea is so firmly implanted in my soul that I recoil before nothing, knowing well that nothing will happen to me except that which *must* happen.

In the first-line trenches, on September 10th, our complete crew consisted of a sergeant, a corporal, a man to load the gun, four shell-carriers, and myself, the marksman. On the 12th, as we left to take part in the attack on the Forest of Anderlu, our corporal was wounded by a piece of shrapnel, which grazed his neck and then broke his collar-bone. We went forward on the first wave of assault, carrying on our shoulders the cannon, which had been taken to pieces, and six sacks containing altogether one hundred and eight shells, weighing about two hundred and thirty kilogrammes.

For the first three or four hundred metres all went well; but when we arrived at the southern edge of the wood, one carrier fell, wounded by a piece of shrapnel in the hip. Then, five minutes later, another fell, with a wound in the head; then the gun-loader, with a piece of shrapnel in his chest. Pretty bad luck for our first

sally! Our burden became heavy with so few to carry it, so we decided to abandon three sacks of shells. A third carrier was wounded by a machine-gun bullet just as we were about to put the gun in position. There remained only the sergeant, one carrier, and myself. Since our "75's" had by this time destroyed the enemy machine guns, we arrived at our first objective without having fired a single shot.

On the 13th, at noon, *alerte!* We put ourselves in firing position and wait. While on his way to ask the commandant's orders, the captain of the gun is hit in the thigh by a piece of shrapnel. I am alone with my one carrier. What am I to do? I decide to stay in the same place, and as we are expecting a counter-attack at any moment, we wait for it to break loose. I shall have to aim, load the gun, and fire, while my single carrier hands me the shells. . . .

I take the lead of my little column, and after numerous stops, — for the cannon is hard to carry for those who are not used to it, especially when the shells are falling thick, — we arrive at a sunken road which runs along the northern edge of the forest, forming our first line of trenches. At once I look for a good place to set up the cannon, and I choose, at the northwestern corner of the wood, a high mound of earth, under which there is a half-demolished German bomb-proof. From this position I command the ridge behind which runs the "Hospital Trench." I can see perfectly every point of this trench, and even way beyond it. Of course if I can see, I am seen; but no matter.

At half-past four the attack breaks loose. Our first waves of assault are soon stopped at the crest, by the

enemy machine guns. I have made all my men get into the Boche bomb-proof, because the shells are falling rather thickly, and their splinters are flying round everywhere. As for myself, I climb up on the bank, and, with the aid of field-glasses, I do my utmost to find out where the machine-gun shots are coming from.

All of a sudden, while looking in the direction from which I hear the furious *tic-tacs*, I believe I can see some very thin puffs of white smoke. My eyes are tired from continual straining. I make desperate efforts to differentiate the various objects. Yes, there is no doubt about it; there is at least one enemy machine gun over there. But where shall I aim?

Fortunately I make out, through my telescope-sight, a picket twenty millimetres to the left. What luck! I am going to have a chance to shoot!

"Come out, quick!" I call to my men.

Then I lie down on the gun, carefully place my range-finder twenty millimetres to the right, and slowly take aim. I rise, put the field-glasses to my eyes, and look at my objective. With my foot I press the trigger, and the shot is fired. My first shell falls short. I lengthen the range and see my second fall exactly on the spot from which the little white puffs of smoke have risen. I shoot as fast as I possibly can, — thirty shells, — and when the last shot has been fired, I discover, with joy, that the rapid *tic-tacs* have stopped.

A few minutes later the "Hospital Trench" became ours, and I did not have another chance to shoot that day. . . .

The next day we were to attack the Priez farm, and I was under the orders of my friend Commandant B——.

He had confidence in me, and since he was a friend of my family, was very fond of me. He sent for me, and said, —

"You know, I've learned what you did yesterday. It was splendid. To-day I hope that you will do even better. I give you perfect liberty to make whatever arrangements you like. We shall attack at one o'clock."

I was very happy — filled with a great desire to do good work. I made up my mind to try to do all I possibly could to prove my gratitude to this man who had been so good to me, and who had always treated me as if I were his own child. I did do all that was humanly possible that day. But alas, I did not do enough, since I did not succeed in shooting the Boche who killed my friend a few hours later!

I spend the whole morning in studying carefully, with my field-glasses, the Priez farm, its surroundings, and the ravine of Combles. In front of the farm I see five or six Germans running across a little open space, disappearing immediately in a hole. At once I put my gun in action, and the dirt and the Boches fly into the air. . . .

I am in the act of leveling my cannon when I see Commandant B—— beside me, with two other officers.

"You don't intend to knock over the brickyard with your little gun, do you?" he asks.

"No, *mon commandant*," I answer; "but I intend to make my shells pass through the little loopholes which you see. They will explode inside the brickyard, wounding or killing the Boches who are there, and destroying the machine guns which may be in there, too."

"It is n't possible that you can succeed in making your shells go through those little holes!"

"Wait two minutes, and you can judge, *mon commandant*."

I put my cannon in position carefully, take aim, and shoot. The first shot is too long, and slightly to the right. The second, again, is too long. The third explodes inside the brickyard, and several seconds later we see smoke coming out of the little holes. Without losing any time I shoot at full speed. All my shells hit their target.

The commandant and the two officers were lost in astonishment. Like every one else in the regiment they had been skeptical of the real value of our new little cannon, although the work which I had done the day before had shown that it could be useful. But the sight of such accuracy of fire literally stupefied them. . . .

At exactly five o'clock our waves of assault start for the attack. I hoist my cannon to the position which I have prepared, on the highest spot I could find. It is none too easy to do this, as we are in full view from all sides. All of a sudden, the fire of the enemy machine guns is let loose. In front of us, in the orchard, one, then two, then three, begin to shoot at full speed, as well as several others down in the ravine. I begin to fire on those situated directly in front. Immediately countless bullets whizz around us. I make my men go down, and continue to shoot alone, with one man to pass me the shells. I destroy one machine gun, then two. The third stops firing, I don't know why.

Now the bullets are coming from everywhere at once, striking the gun-shield with a dull thud, though fortu-

nately not penetrating it. My hour has not yet come. I let them clatter and whistle. And now I level my cannon in the direction of the ravine. I am the target of two or three machine guns which are visibly and obstinately trying to put me out of action. A terrible duel is taking place. The man who is passing me the shells has his hand pierced by a bullet. I summon another and keep on firing. I silence two more enemy machine guns.

Finally, seeing that our first waves of attack have reached the outskirts of the farm, I bring the cannon down, take it to pieces, and we set out in the direction of the orchard, by way of the "Hospital Trench." On the way I set up the cannon three times, and three more machine guns are silenced. . . .

I spent that whole day in examining with great care the ravine of Combles and the ridge of Hill 140, behind which lies Frégicourt. I discovered during the course of these observations at least twenty loopholes for machine guns. I told the commandant about them, and our "75's" sprinkled them with shells, as was fit and proper. I did no shooting that day.

The morning of September 16th was again spent in making observations, and in the afternoon, when our attack broke out, at five o'clock, my cannon was set up astride a trench ready to sweep the ravine of Combles. I had a great deal to do that day, for the Boche machine guns were numerous. It is extremely difficult to discover the exact spot from which the shots are fired. The flashes are rendered absolutely invisible by the fire-screens with which all the German machine guns are provided. Only with the greatest difficulty can one succeed in distinguishing, even with a good pair of field-

glasses, a very thin and tiny puff of white smoke which escapes from behind the screen at each shot, only to evaporate immediately.

I was fortunate enough to destroy two more machine guns, though it was unusually hard to fire from this position as the ground in front was broken up into little valleys. Then, as our waves of assault progressed, I silenced a third, situated at the crest of Hill 140. I had a particularly hard time destroying this last one. I could not find any position from which to fire conveniently. Each time that I tried to put the gun into action, I encountered some new obstacle to obstruct my range. As a last resort, I decided to get right in front of the machine gun, about a hundred metres away from it. We mounted it in the bottom of the trench itself. Then we raised it carefully above our heads, and set it right across the trench. Six seconds later the first shell fell exactly on my objective. Two minutes later the machine gun and its crew no longer existed. For the first time my gun-shield was pierced by a bullet, fired point-blank, I don't know from where.

The next day an intense German bombardment made us fear a counter-attack, so I set up my cannon in a position from which I should be able to protect our left flank, in case the Boches should try to surprise us from that side. Toward four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was in the commandant's shelter, the German bombardment still raging, the colonel entered, fresh from inspecting the positions of the battalion. . . .

We are to be relieved at midnight. I begin to make my preparations, for I foresee that it is not going to be easy to transport our cannon in the pitch-dark. The

rain, indeed, has transformed the trenches into quagmires, into which we sink up to our knees. On that account I ask the commandant if we cannot wait until daybreak, before starting out, and he readily grants the permission. Toward five o'clock in the morning comes the order to depart. The march is extremely difficult. We sink in the mud, and it is necessary to use our hands to climb out. We slip. Men and cannon often fall and roll together in the shell holes. After a few moments we are nothing but moving masses of mud. It takes us eight hours to cover the five and a half kilometres which separate our first-line trenches from Maurepas. There we find again the gun-carriage, and — the rolling kitchens. . . .

From the moment of his arrival the general begins to congratulate us upon the brilliant manner in which the regiment has conducted itself. He tells us, moreover, that we shall probably have, in the near future, an opportunity to gather new laurels. There is no longer any room for doubt — we are going back into that furnace. Nevertheless, we would rather know the worst than remain, as we have been, in uncertainty.

During the course of the review the colonel called me to the attention of the general, on account of my conduct under fire. The general complimented me heartily, and told me that my citation in the order of the day would be brought to the attention of all the regiments of the army corps. He shook my hand cordially, telling me to continue to do my duty.

On the 25th, in the afternoon, came the order to depart. That evening we again arrived at Maurepas. On the 26th Combles was taken by the One Hundred and

Tenth. During the night of the 27th we relieved that regiment. Our first-line trenches were situated several hundred metres in front of the railroad station of Combles. The enemy trenches were between Morval and Frégicourt — twelve hundred metres away. I installed myself with my men a little to the left of the railroad track, in a large, comfortable bomb-proof of reinforced concrete which had formerly been occupied by some Boche officers. The cannon we set up on top of the bomb-proof itself, taking care to cover it with some green painted canvas.

During the night of the 28th we advanced our line three hundred metres, without opposition. The following night we again advanced three hundred or four hundred metres under the same conditions, and on the morning of the 1st of October we found ourselves nose to nose with the Boches, a hundred metres from their trenches. . . .

THE TANKS

[1917]

BY COLONEL E. D. SWINTON

[The decisive part played by the "tanks" in the great British drive at Cambrai established anew the military value of these engines of war. An atmosphere of mystery surrounded these "dust-colored tortoises" or "steel land-ships" when they came into being. The name given to the new section of the Machine-Gun Corps, at Bisley, in April, 1916, "The Heavy Armored Section of the Motor Machine-Gun Service," gave no clue, as there were no signs of cars. A site was chosen in a remote part of England for the preliminary trials, and uncommon measures were taken to protect the region. Later, companies were drafted and the new engines were put into operation. The following description of the "tanks" is from an article written for the "World's Work," September, 1917, under permission of the British Government, by Colonel Swinton, to whom is due the invention of these armored cars.

The Editor.]

On a certain Friday in September, 1916, after two years of fighting, when it might have been thought that human ingenuity in the art of killing had been exhausted, a fresh engine of war was suddenly sprung upon a world sick of hearing of new methods of slaughter. A day or two later, so soon as the newspapers were able to give some information about this development, the word "tank" was on all British lips, and since that moment has probably been spoken, written, and printed more often than during the whole previous period since its

incorporation into the English language. . . . That Friday in September, 1916, marked a step forward. It was the beginning of an era in which dwindling man-power will force more and more into prominence the necessity for the conservation of life, and in which the power and insensibility of machinery will have to be as fully exploited upon the field of battle as they have been in that of industry. . . . Why should a fighting automobile have been so inappropriately named? The reply can be given in two words — for secrecy. In its experimental stage the machine was known as a "land-cruiser" or "land-ship." But it is a military platitude that the "element of surprise" — as it is always called in the textbooks — has immense value in war; and it was naturally realized that the greatest results to be expected from the employment of this new weapon would be attained if it could be launched unexpectedly, so that the enemy might be caught unprepared to meet it. And when it crystallized into a definite shape, and reached the stage of production, it became obvious that its original names were far too suggestive of the real thing. It was therefore decided to christen it by some non-committal word which would give no inkling of its nature and would, at the same time, be sufficiently descriptive and short to be readily adopted by all legitimately concerned. . . .

That all the care and precautions taken [in the manufacture and transportation of the "tanks"] were successful in their object is now a matter of history. Though the Germans apparently had a suspicion that some surprise was in preparation, they had no knowledge of its nature until a day or two before the "tanks"

were "let out of the bag," when their aviators reported certain objects that looked like armored motors at certain places behind our lines. Beyond this they were unprepared, and had taken no special measures to meet the attack, which after all was the business end of the matter. . . .

It is in the circumstances impossible to present, even to the public of a nation which is fighting the common foe, more than a very incomplete account, lacking in information and details on the very points upon which an accurate statement of facts would be most enlightening and welcome. And it is obvious that this must be so when a weapon actually in use is the subject of discussion, more especially when it is still in its infancy and owes a great part of its potentialities for the future to whatever of its nature and capabilities still remains unknown to the enemy.

Were it not for such limitations, it would be instructive to describe the mechanical evolution of the "tank" from its embryonic stage until the actual monster, complete in its then form, loomed up through the mist on the morning of the 15th of September and amidst the laughter of our infantry heaved its bulk across the crater-pitted surface of No Man's Land toward the startled Huns. For other reasons, also, it is not yet possible to give an account of the fight waged against apathy, inertia, and other obstacles, which, though merely a repetition of the history of the struggle for life of every other invention that has forced its way into existence for the benefit of a conservative and unimaginative race, possesses its own special interest. . . .

Novel to the present generation as is the "tank,"

the basic principle underlying it — i.e., the provision of collective protection of troops attacking, and therefore on the move — is not new. It has exerted its influence ever since the time when engines capable of throwing large numbers of missiles took their place in warfare. The present machine is the result of evolution, through intermediate stages, as mechanical science has grown, of old prototypes, such as the Roman *testodo*, or tortoise, and the mediæval belfry, used in siege operations, in which the missile-throwing power of the defense gradually forced on the attack the adoption of some form of mobile protection. The reason for its production is the same (making allowance for development) as that which was responsible for the tortoise of old — the great fire-power of the defense, of recent years greatly intensified by the introduction of the machine gun. The possibility of producing it is due to the perfection of the internal-combustion engine, to which also the ordinary automobile, the airplane, the submarine, and the airship owe their existence.

Ever since the appearance of the magazine rifle, the advantage that would be conferred on the attack by employing a moving armored shield, fort, or cupola has indeed been so obvious that a vague consciousness of it has probably at some time or other formed the subject of the day dreams even of those not directly concerned with war, but happening to possess some knowledge of military history and mechanics and to be blessed with imagination. Since the introduction of the machine gun, and the more recent appearance of the armored motor-car of the ordinary wheeled type, the concrete idea of constructing some such engine has occurred to

the minds of many more, especially to engineers. M. Albert Robida, both in his writings and pictures in "La Caricature," predicted the use of "tanks" in 1883. . . .

So far as the writer is aware, the first definite proposal for a fighting machine on the lines of the existing "tank" was due to the appearance of the Hornsby-Ackroyd caterpillar tractor, which was tested for military traction purposes in England in 1906–08. It was made by a military officer, and was carried up to the stage of the preparation of sketch drawings, when the project died for want of support.

Independently, without knowledge on their part of the previous abortive effort, a similar idea took shape in the minds of some other soldiers at the very beginning of the war; and it was on this occasion inspired by an invention from the country in which new ideas are supposed always to be welcome. In July, 1914, it became known that there was in existence an automobile for agricultural purposes, propelled on the caterpillar principle, which was possessed of quite unusual powers of crossing rough ground and traversing obstacles. This was the Holt tractor, made in Peoria, Illinois. The accounts of the performances of this machine, constructed for haulage and not especially for climbing, suggested that one similarly designed especially to travel across country would, except in speed, have all the value of the existing armored motor-cars without their limitations.

The immediate incentive to action on the part of those responsible for the "tank movement," therefore, was the fact that the construction of such a machine at

last seemed to be a practical proposition. Even its most ardent backers, however, did not then fully realize how great the need for it was. The war had not lasted long, however, before this was made abundantly clear. . . .

A word of general description and a few more upon the functions of the "tanks." They are powerfully engined, armed automobiles inclosed in a bullet-proof casing for the protection of their crews. Propelled on the caterpillar principle, they possess considerable powers of traveling over rough ground, both in crossing trenches, craters, and other cavities, and climbing over raised obstacles, such as parapets, can tear their way without difficulty through wire entanglements, can uproot largish trees, and can throw down the walls of ordinary dwelling-houses. Nevertheless, despite their elemental strength and apparent clumsiness, in the hands of skilled drivers they are as docile as trained elephants.

They are divided into "males" and "females." The "male" is, *par excellence*, the machine-gun hunter and destroyer. He carries light, quick-firing guns capable of firing shell, and is intended to be to the machine gun what the torpedo-boat destroyer was designed to be to the torpedo boat, or the ladybird is supposed to be to the aphis. The "female," which, in accordance with the laws of nature, is the man-killer, carries nothing but machine guns for employment against the enemy personnel. Her special rôle is to keep down hostile rifle fire, to beat back counter-attacks and rushes of infantry, and to act generally as a consort to her lord and master.

Both "sexes," however, are heavy-weights endowed

with great brute force, and share, in common, the attribute of being able to roll out and flatten machine guns and their emplacements. Both, therefore, act as protectors to infantry, in so much as they can destroy or "blanket" the one thing which has, so far, proved its greatest bugbear in the attack. Moreover, every "tank" that goes forward, whether actually moving or disabled, assists the infantry near it in another way. It bulks above them and is the center of attraction. It acts as a magnet for the bullets of the hostile machine guns, and collects them to itself as Arnold von Winkelried is supposed in 1386 to have drawn to his own body the spears of the Austrians at the battle of Sempach. Every bullet that clangs against its steel sides is one less aimed at the infantry. Each silvery star splashed on its hide is the signature of one that has not drilled its way through the body of an infantry soldier. . . .

It is true that in any consideration of their employment too much importance must not be attached to some of the results of their first appearance, for certain influences then came into play which can never again have quite the same effect. Against the Germans they had all the advantages of being a surprise, and, by their strangeness and the apparently irresistible nature of their advance, inspired terror. On our own infantry, on the other hand, their almost equally unexpected début and their abnormality had quite the contrary effect. It was a relaxation of tension, and a reaction which had its own particular value. The very grotesqueness of the machines, their ungainly, indescribable method of progress, their coloring — surpassing in weirdness the sickest fancies of the most rabid Cubist — were in

BRITISH TANKS IN ACTION

Of the many instruments of destruction that owe their birth to the present war none has captured the imagination of the world more than the British armored tank cars, first used in the Somme campaign of 1916.

These "battleships on wheels" owe their birth to an American, having been adapted from our caterpillar tractors. The cars are about twenty-three feet long and nine feet wide, and weigh approximately seventy thousand pounds or more. Around either side of the car are corrugated belts. On the inside are two lines of jointed steel rails on which the car runs, laying its track as it goes. Thanks to the size of the caterpillars the tanks can pass over ground that would bog any ordinary car; and as the center of gravity is near the rear base they can charge up the steepest slopes or run more than half their length across a trench without tipping.

The technique of tank fighting and the usefulness of the monsters in battle are well illustrated by the following incident of the Somme fighting told by Philip Gibbs, the British war correspondent: —

"A 'tank' had been coming along slowly in a lumbering way, crawling over the interminable succession of shell craters, lurching over and down and into and out of old German trenches, nosing heavily into soft earth, and grunting up again, and sitting poised on broken parapets as though quite winded by this exercise, and then waddling forward in the wake of the infantry.

"It moved forward in a monstrous way, not swerving much to the left or right, but heaving itself on jerkily, like a dragon with indigestion, but very fierce. Fire leaped from its nostrils. The German machine guns splashed its sides with bullets, which ricocheted off. Not all those bullets kept it back. It got on top of the enemy's trench, trudged down the length of it, laying its sandbags flat and sweeping it with fire.

"The German machine guns were silent, and when our men followed the 'tank,' shouting and cheering, they found a few German gunners standing with their hands up as a sign of surrender to the monster who had come upon them."

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reality great moral assets. They supplied the touch of comic relief, and excited the mirth of the British soldier, always blessed with a keen sense of the ridiculous. . . . As has been related in the accounts published at the time, it was a laughing, cheering crowd of infantry which in many cases followed the "tanks" forward on that 15th of September. On the other hand, the new engines underwent their baptism of fire, and there were failures due to this which should not recur.

Some of these results were produced by the element of novelty, and are already discounted. But the solid material value of the "tanks" to the infantry remains.

Mr. Frederick Palmer, the American war correspondent, has estimated that in the latter stages of the battle of the Somme the intervention of the "tanks" — though many machines failed from mechanical and other defects — saved some twenty thousand British lives, and subsequent estimates of the quality of the assistance rendered by them during May, 1917, are similar. But the most convincing proof of the difference made by their intervention is ocular, and is afforded by the "pattern" of the field of battle over which a British attack has passed. Where "tanks" have accompanied the advance and have been able to eat up the enemy machine guns left over by our bombardment, the bodies of our infantry strew No Man's Land irregularly, here and there. Where "tanks" have not been used, in some places the bodies can be seen to be lying in front of the enemy's machine-gun "nests" and strong points in swaths like cut corn: in a series of high-water marks showing where the successive waves of the assaults have

met and been petrified by the death-dealing spray of the German Maxims. . . .

This — the latest engine of war — of course has its limitations. For instance, "tanks" alone, in their present state of development, cannot push matters to a decision, nor win a great action. That must still be done, as in the past, by the infantry — the "Queen of Battles." But "Behemoth," clad in his bullet-proof skin, and urged onward by the power of scores of horses, laughs at entanglements, whilst machine guns are his "meat." His main object cannot be too often or too strongly emphasized; other, ancillary duties need not be specified here. To the infantry soldier attempting to force his way by his own puny strength, through mud or dust and groves of barbed wire, his body naked to every kind of missile, but more especially to the sleet of lead which whistles horizontally across No Man's Land, he is the mechanical big brother with the punch and the big stick.

IX

THE WORK OF THE NAVIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

As early as July 26, 1914, British and French fleets were made ready for sea, the German fleet was ordered to concentrate in home waters, and the Italian fleet was massed. July 29th and 30th, the British fleet left Portland, and the British and German fleets in the Far East began to mobilize. The first encounter of the war was between German and Russian cruisers off Libau, August 2d. On the same day, the German High Sea fleet seized the Wilson liner Castro. August 4th, a British mine-layer was sunk by a German fleet. The British third flotilla had a battle with the Germans in the North Sea, August 5th, and the British cruiser Amphion was damaged. The German mine-layer Koenigin Luise was sunk, and many German merchant ships were seized by English, French, and Russian authorities, on the same day. Naval actions and the seizing of ships soon became general throughout the world. August 13th, the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau, which took refuge in the Dardanelles, were seen flying the Turkish flag. The first action of moment was the fight off Heligoland, August 28th, between British and German warships. The exploits of the German cruiser Emden, long the terror of the seas, began September 20th and continued until November, when the Emden was run to earth by the Australian cruiser Sydney. November 1st, a German squadron under Admiral Spee defeated a British squadron under Admiral Craddock off Coronel, Chili, and the British flagship Good Hope and the cruiser Monmouth went down with all on board. But presently the remaining German warships and commerce-destroyers were either sunk or compelled to seek refuge in some neutral port till the end of the war, and the seas were free save so far as the submarines were concerned. The battle of Jutland brought great losses to both sides, and a period of relative quiescence followed. The Allies lost several battleships and other warships in the Dardanelles. But the larger warships played a less conspicuous part, as the submarines and their destroyers increased in numbers and activity.

THE ESCAPE OF A MERCHANTMAN

[1914]

BY EDWARD NOBLE

[The following narrative is the last episode in the thrilling voyage of an English sailing ship, the Juggernaut, bound homeward with grain at the beginning of the war, and arriving at last in the danger-zone where enemy raiders and submarines may be expected to appear at any moment.

The Editor.]

So far the navy had kept faith with them, shepherding them, smiling at their sluggish march. The navy, it appeared, knew the Juggernaut quite as well as her crew knew her; but now, since they had squared away for the run home, the navy had become invisible. They were sorry for that. They had grown accustomed to see the gray hulls popping up and coming to greet them. They missed the news they gave, diluted and censored as it was; they missed the new comradeship which had been born of this war; the acknowledgment, at last, that the mercantile marine was an admitted safeguard. That was splendid. It gave a new color to all their work.

Yesterday a couple of trawlers had steamed past, punching into the breeze which kept the Juggernaut humming; but the men did not connect them [the trawlers] with the navy. They wondered stolidly what fishermen were doing so far from home. . . . Then, on a day when they drew down the Irish Coast, they heard the thunder of guns so distant that they wondered what

sort of luck had permitted the Squareheads [the Germans] to get so far west. They babbled over this for an hour, saw more trawlers, and confessed they were done. At noon a destroyer vomiting smoke from four funnels came full tilt from the east and halted a moment alongside to ask had they seen anything of the enemy. The Juggernaut had seen nothing and said so. "But we heard gun fire out west," Captain Mason added; "it went on for an hour. Is there any news?"

"None. We are after one of his cruisers. Seems to have got through, though. Make the best of your breeze in to the land, Captain, if you want to see it."

And he was off, dancing into a sea that tried to swallow him. He moved in a Niagara of spray, leaping like the cars on a switch-back.

If they wanted to see home! They whispered the officer's phrase, staring at the dim seascape, wondering, thrilled. At last they were in touch with the war. They talked incessantly of it, reiterating the facts they had gleaned. They longed for the speed of that destroyer and questioned whether the navy would have any use for them when they got in. . . . There had been hints of raiders and submarines. Captain Mason knew just how much and how little to pass on to the crew, and he succeeded in keeping them enthusiastic. He had been told, among other things, that if he had an opportunity, he must sink any enemy ship, and he looked at the dim bulk of this grain-carrier and acknowledged her power, end on.

But he was not prepared for what happened.

For some time a dense blob of smoke had lain over the eastern horizon in the direction of the Channel. It

had grown suddenly out of nothing, far off, and shortly after the destroyer had passed them. It was a smoke blotch similar in character to that made by the destroyer, but very much denser. Captain Mason decided, when his attention had been drawn to it, that it must be the smoke of a squadron, and again became engrossed in the details of sailing. . . . There ensued an interval given over to the men's song as they hauled, and at the end of it all hands clustered in the waist to watch that growing cloud of smoke.

It was nearer already by six or seven miles. They began to pick out the funnels that threw it, to count them. Two or three were on the leading ship, the rest astern. They decided presently there were three if not four vessels astern, destroyers or cruisers, then quite suddenly the leading ship fired. That made them silent. They could not tell where the shells fell; they only knew they did not come near the Juggernaut. The excitement became intense. Here they were in the middle of it, listening to the thud of guns, watching the flashes. They guessed it was an enemy ship chased by some of ours. . . . The vessels which were astern made no reply, only their smoke cloud became blacker, more detached from that of the leading vessel. It was wonderful and very grim — a race for life, there could be no doubt about that. And as they formulated their theories twin puffs of greenish smoke lighted momentarily by tongues of flame leaped forth; and far, far astern two columns of water lifted without sound into the air. The men rubbed hands and broke into a cheer. Instinctively they had come to understand that this vessel which approached at such speed was the enemy ship about

which the destroyer had inquired with so much feeling. . . .

There was no doubt in their minds now. They could see the three great funnels towering above the tier on tier of decks. She was an armed cruiser, one of the Atlantic liners, Captain Mason decided in confab with his chief, and she could steam twenty-five or six knots an hour. . . . The ethics of frightfulness scarcely touched him. He knew very little about it; he only knew the Squareheads were the devil, meet them where you would. A shell came to advise him of tactics about which all the world talked; he saw that it passed over them and decided that the fellow's elevation was faulty. It was followed by one which cut away a foretopmast backstay and left a humming all down the spar; but the mast held. It was of steel, one with the lower mast, and while all hands gazed considering this outrage, a shell fell amidst the group and two of those who had craned out to watch lay writhing on the deck.

The captain looked over, calling to the mate: "Get them in the cabin, Carter, and see what you can do for them. Make the men stay in cover."

Flags caught his eye fluttering to the raider's yard-arm. He fetched his code and read out: "Heave to or I will sink you." "And," he commented grimly, diagnosing the situation, "if I heave to you will sink me." . . .

The Juggernaut leaned over heavily, pressed toward the land and humming like a top newly set spinning. She seemed to know what was required of her and bent to her task jovially.

"Let her have it, skip!" came from the throats of those who watched. "Give her all she knows!" Then

a shell reached which pierced the ship's side forward and they hurried to see its handiwork. A wisp of smoke at once appeared from the scuttle, and when the carpenter returned he announced that she was holed. "Got us just foreside the bulkhead, sir. She's afire and you could pass a bucket through the hole they've made."

"Good," said his commander; "tell the second mate to get the head pump rigged and the hose on her." He added as an afterthought: "Clear away the boats aft here, a couple of hands. We may as well be ready in case anything should happen."

The men cheered. Was their ship not drawing away? Was not the raider twisting on her helm, too? Possibly he had sighted the column of smoke rising out there in the west, perhaps he considered he had already cooked the goose. But the Juggernaut was not yet out of range. Half a dozen shells came her way and one of them got the ship's short bowsprit. It was the raider's last shot as she turned and made off at full speed for the south, and with the crash it made, the Juggernaut's foretopmast came down quite gracefully and took up a position alongside.

Captain Mason scarcely stirred; he seized his megaphone and gave a new order: "Forward there! Let go t'gallant and royal halliards, main and mizzen. Clew them up! . . . One watch go on with the pumping, the other aft to shorten sail!" the commander added.

He luffed to ease the pressure, watching, still, in spite of the strain he endured. . . . He must fight for his own life and the ship's. The grain he carried was wanted at home and presently would be worth treble its value, unless ships could run the gantlet and bring it through

in safety. He was unaware that the navy, which seemed to have deserted him, was even at that moment sending out messages which would bring him aid. He turned to watch the raider, acknowledged that she had scored; but that great vessel had lost interest in the Juggernaut and was bent on escape, smoke driving from her funnels, plunging, smothered in spray. . . . Crossing the stern were those three cruisers . . . in the wake of the flying raider. It would have been good to watch them; but he dared spare only a passing glance. He saw the leader of them fire and wondered whether at that range it was possible to do much. He refused conjecture; noted the fact and continued as before, conning his ship, nursing her as only a master can.

The royals and topgallant-sails presently hung in their gear, and he saw the mate lead his small group forward to commence, with axes and cold-chisels, the work of cutting away the spars which trailed alongside. The ship moved easily now; but she was down by the head, dipping in a fashion that troubled him. She was holed badly forward; yet it was possible the mast and bowsprit would cause even greater damage than that wrought by the shell. By supreme good luck, or the grace of God, that had taken effect aforeside the bulkhead instead of abaft it. He acknowledged the mercy in the quiet fashion which comes to men of the sea when in the presence of peril. . . .

He looked astern and saw the raider melting into the haze, the three who followed dashing in her wake. That was fine. He noticed, too, a signal fluttering on the yard of the leading cruiser and read it. "Ship ahoy!" it said on the one hand; "Are you in immediate danger?"

on the other. Captain Mason realized that the question had long been hoisted and hurriedly replied with a signal flag: "No."

He felt the thrill that comes to those who are prepared to give blows as he pulled it aloft. . . .

Three of the trawler fleet, called by the cruisers as they swept out in chase, came tumbling to see what passed. They came direct, not by intuition or guesswork, nor by the law which produces a tug when salvage is in the air; but by methodic ordering. "Out there," said the message, ". . . is a sailing vessel dismasted and in danger. Go to her assistance." And they were there. . . .

Two hours later a procession was trailing beneath the flying scud; two trawlers ahead, the Juggernaut, with her stern in the air and her nose down, following; and aft another trawler to give her a jerk if she failed to steer as she should. As a matter of fact, the Juggernaut trusted entirely to the pluck of that gentleman who hung on her quarter, could not port or starboard without his aid, and an hour before dawn passed Haulbowline and reached a breathing-place.

She had been much agitated. She had lost men and spars. . . . But she arrived, sent her dead ashore to the sound of muffled drums and the march that wails, sad as the pipers of the North, and came back to sit down and learn the news. To find out why England was at war; to discover what those queer slides on the trawler's decks were for, and to hear miraculous stories of escapes from mines and submarines, and the method adopted by the Admiralty to fight them. . . . And that, if any further word be required, was how a cargo of wheat

from Oregon reached England in the early days of her trial; how her crew held out against odds while the men in Flanders stood in ice-cold water holding back the Hun.

THE HELIGOLAND ACTION

[1914]

BY W. MACNEILLE DIXON

[HELIGOLAND is a small German island in the North Sea, thirty-five miles off the coast of Schleswig-Holstein. It contains only about one fifth of a square mile, but is strongly fortified and is very important as a naval base. In 1807 the island was occupied by the British, and was officially ceded to Great Britain by Denmark, in 1814. Through a treaty with Germany in 1890, the island became a German possession, in exchange for Zanzibar. This transaction, which took place while Lord Salisbury was Premier, now appears to have been one of the colossal mistakes of history. During the present war, Heligoland has more than once served as a convenient base for sudden raids on the part of German cruisers. The first action between British and German warships in the vicinity of the island occurred August 28, 1914. The British ships sank two German cruisers, set fire to a third, and sank two torpedo boats.

The Editor.]

WITH her Grand Fleet sentenced to inactivity within its canals and land-locked harbors, her merchant navy captured or driven from the seas, — over half a million tons of German shipping was captured in the first month of hostilities, in two months over a million tons, — Germany was already in evil case. Samoa taken by the New Zealand expedition and Neu Pommern in the Bismarck Archipelago by an Australian were early lost to her, the wireless stations in Togoland, South-West

Africa, the Caroline Islands, in the Pacific, and German New Guinea, all went the way of her stricken raiders.

In August, 1914, Germany had numerous fast vessels on the ocean routes, but she could not maintain them. Like the hundred-handed giant of the old fables, the British navy, bestriding the world, destroyed them in their far-separated hunting-grounds. Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse was the first victim, sunk by Highflyer off the Cape Verde Islands, on August 30, 1914. Next Cap Trafalgar, after a duel with Carmania, went down in the South Atlantic on September 14th. Spreewald was captured in the same month by Berwick in the North Atlantic. Then it was Emden's turn, by far the most successful raider, whose skillful handling under Von Müller aroused considerable admiration in Britain. The Kaiser had just dispatched his congratulations to the town of Emden on "its God-child in the Indian Ocean" when the end came and she was battered to a wreck by Sydney off the Cocos-Keelings on November 10th. On December 8th Von Spee's powerful squadron ran into Sturdee at the Falklands, and that day's fighting disposed of Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Nürnberg, and Leipzig. On March 14th of the following year Dresden was destroyed off Juan Fernandez by Kent and Glasgow. Prinz Eitel Friederich, no longer able to keep the seas, retired to Newport News and was interned there on April 8th. Karlsruhe's fate remains unknown; she vanished, possibly in a storm, and ceased to trouble the world's commerce. Königsberg ran and hid herself amid the trees of a tropical African forest, but perished there, in the Rufigi River, under the guns of monitors on July 11, 1915, and the game was at an end. Soon, too,

since the Fatherland could send them no assistance, the greater German colonies began to fall like ripe fruit from the shaken tree. After the Falklands battle the *guerre de course* collapsed and before five months were over Germany's zone of naval warfare was restricted to the Baltic and the North Sea, except for the operation of submarines here and there in bursts of brief activity. In this early part of the war she had, however, one great and startling success against war-vessels, which brought sharply to the attention of Britain and the world in general the destructive power of this venomous type of craft. A single submarine under Von Weddingen disposed within half an hour of the cruisers, Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy, ships of considerable value, though somewhat old and slow. The policy of patrolling a submarine area with such vessels was, of course, a mistake for which Britain paid dearly. She learned her lesson, however, or rather lessons: that patrol work should be conducted with small swift craft, that ships in the vicinity must not slow down for the sake of rescue, as Cressy and Hogue did, — an act, prompted, indeed, by humanity, but indefensible in modern war, — and that the submarine must be seriously reckoned with in all future operations. No comparable success was ever again achieved. Neutrals, too, now began to suffer from the hidden dangers of warfare in the new and stealthy style. Dutch and Danish vessels were early sunk by mines in the North Sea, the first American ship in the melancholy list being Evelyn, of three thousand tons, off Borkum. A few shots were exchanged in the early weeks between destroyers; then, on August 28th, the "certain liveliness" announced by the British Ad-

miralty culminated in a pretty little engagement off the north of Heligoland and at times within sight of its defenses. . . .

Heligoland, ceded by Lord Salisbury to Germany, has been converted by that power to important naval ends. Heavily fortified at a cost of ten million pounds and armed with eleven-inch guns, it thrusts a threatening wedge deep into the North Sea, protects the "wet triangle" behind which lie the chief German naval ports, provides useful shelter, an anchorage for warships, a harbor or base for submarines, destroyers, or Zeppelins, and a telegraphic outpost for signals. The Bight itself forms a channel about eighteen miles in width, through which lies the course for vessels from the Elbe bound to the north. In this area the British admiral arranged a rendezvous. Picture the saucy Arethusa stealing through the haze, with her gray sea-dogs, the destroyers, in attendance. Darker patches appear in the mist, — cruisers? destroyers? enemy or British? A few moments' observation and the guns open fire.

"When the range reached the two thousand yards mark the forward six-inch gun of the British cruiser spoke," says one who was there — "a short, sharp crack that hurt the ears, followed by the duller boom of the bursting shell. It was a fitting beginning for the inferno of noise that immediately followed. It was a fight in the dark where no man could see how his brother fared and when it was only just possible to make out the opposing gray shadow, and hammer, hammer, hammer at it till the eyes ached and smarted, and the breath whistled through lips parched with the acrid, stifling fumes of picric acid.

"Another German cruiser came up and, ranging by her partner, added to the rain of shells bursting around and upon the struggling Arethusa, till, with all save one of her guns silenced, she stood out of the fight for a moment to regain breath. Neither of the enemy's cruisers followed, for both had had all they wanted. Fifty-five strenuous minutes, then, with the wreckage cleared away, the wounded carried below, and her guns again fit for action, the Arethusa came back for more. Into the haze she steamed, seeking her old opponents, found them, and redoubled her previous efforts. A very few minutes sufficed this time. One of the cruisers burst into flame, the other was visibly sinking."

To understand such an affair as this, we must have some acquaintance with the aims and plans of the attacking squadron. Naturally, however, the British Admiralty has not disclosed them. But one perceives clearly enough that something in the nature of a raid or reconnaissance in force was intended, whereby enemy light cruisers and destroyers scouting in the neighborhood of Heligoland might be cut off from their base and destroyed. If supported by heavier vessels speeding to their rescue, Sir David Beatty's battle cruisers were prepared to deal with them. These tactics, old as the game of war itself, obtrude themselves in every phase of the North Sea operations, German and English. You bait your trap with a small vessel or two, a larger squadron in wait to pounce upon pursuers. The enemy reinforces or retires and the opening moves may or may not lead to a decisive action.

Fought in thick weather and over a wide expanse of water, the Heligoland battle resolved itself largely into

a series of separate encounters. Enemy vessels loomed up through the haze, were engaged, disappeared. Destroyer met destroyer, or cruiser cruiser. German submarines attempted unsuccessfully to torpedo the larger ships. A confused series of combats ended with the arrival of the great vessels, Lion, Invincible, New Zealand, Queen Mary, their high speed, "the use of the helm," and the smooth sea making it easy to avoid the German submarines, and the overwhelming force drove the enemy into the nearest shelter. "We saw the Mainz," wrote an officer, "just before she sank, though we did not know at the time who she was. It was impossible to recognize her, as she had only one battered funnel left, the stump of one mast, and was heavily on fire. . . . I also saw the Köln sink after being smashed up by the whole battle-cruiser fleet. She was a worse wreck than the Mainz, I think, though she was so badly on fire that she was at times almost completely enveloped in smoke." The result of the action was the loss to Germany of three light cruisers, two destroyers, and perhaps twelve hundred men; the British losses were sixty-nine. Among the prisoners, some hundreds, rescued by the British, was the son of Admiral von Tirpitz himself.

This was the action in which the destroyer Liberty, thirsting for more than her due share of glory, actually dashed under the very forts of Heligoland to torpedo, if fortune held, the cruisers lying in the harbor under the eleven-inch guns. The shells fired at her might have sunk a fleet. When only one torpedo was left, and one round of ammunition, she thought it time to come away! As she swept round, a shell killed her com-

mander and three others, but the lieutenant took charge and brought her proudly home. Thus men to-day shame the heroes of the ancient tales.

This smart and dashing little action in the dim weather illustrates many of the features of modern naval warfare. Fought at the utmost speed of the vessels engaged, at perhaps the distance of a couple of miles, or, if between larger ships, of as much as eight or ten, to find and keep the range in a modern engagement provides a dozen problems. Your first shot falls short and to the right; you "lengthen" and "correct" and your second goes too far or to the left. But you have your "bracket" and the third or fourth should find the target. Unhappily a turn of the wheel and the enemy sheers to port or starboard, altering her distance, and the range has again to be found. These darting shapes, moving with the rapidity of fast trains, have no mind to be caught and held under fire. Constant zigzagging under fire, turning away, — that is, a point or perhaps two points, when the enemy has found the range, — is now a feature of all naval engagements. Remember, too, that the gun is laid upon a swinging platform which, in the chop or roll of the sea, dances with its motion, and that to "spot" the shell, its splash if short or over, amid the surf churned by the wind and the opposing vessel's speed into perpetual foam, is as essential as to discharge it. With spray and smoke, or both, the gunner has constantly to contend. If the position to leeward of the enemy's line gives the advantage that gun-laying is not interfered with by your own smoke, something of a balance is established by the inconvenience, from which the weather position

is free, of continual driving spray which obscures the gun sights. Armchair gunnery is simpler.

"The advantage of time and place in all martial actions," said Drake, "is half victory." That "half victory" has in almost every engagement between the rival fleets lain with the Germans. In the Bight of Heligoland, as off the Jutland Bank, the British ships fought far from their bases in enemy waters and exposed to special dangers, their antagonists within sight, one might say, of their permanent defenses. A port under one's lee is a great encouragement to face the gale, but the British navy always fights off the enemy's coast. No one can blame the German caution, nor the policy upon which it rests. For what alternative is open to the weaker power? Germany still adheres to the doctrine of a "fleet in being"; that is, an alert and threatening fleet, which, though it may never strike, keeps the weapon uplifted, and by its very menace, if it cannot destroy, can at least impede, constrain, and distract from other purposes the enemy's superior but fettered forces.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

[1916]

BY W. MACNEILLE DIXON

THE swift cruiser raids on the east coast of England served a double purpose. They wounded British while they heartened German homes. They had, however, a military as well as a political object — "to entice," said a German sailor who was present, "the British fleet out of port." "In the first place," he remarked, "our small cruisers, which were packed full of mines, had strewn the local waters with them. . . . In the second place, we had shown the Englishman, who is always boasting of his command of the sea, that he cannot protect his own coast. . . . In the third place, we have given the inhabitants of England, and especially the people of Yarmouth, a thorough fright." These, then, were the aims, illustrating clearly enough German tactics and German psychology. In the first raid on Yarmouth, on November 3, 1914, the attacking vessels were invisible from the shore in the autumnal haze and were too distant and too frightened themselves to do much damage; in the second, on December 16th, the casualties were heavy in Hartlepool, Whitby, and Scarborough; many women and children were slaughtered and churches and houses wrecked, the firing being quite indiscriminate and at a venture. Once more in the mist the German vessels, retiring at full speed,

escaped their pursuers. The third was planned but intercepted.

On January 24, 1915, Admiral Beatty's patrolling squadron sighted a German fleet of four battle-cruisers, accompanied by a number of light cruisers and destroyers, making for the English coast and distant from it about thirty miles. Without hesitation the Germans turned and fled at their best pace for home. A grim chase and a running fight ensued. The disposition of the German guns, for their vessels are more heavily armed for flight than for pursuit, gave them some advantage, while the British in the rear could bring to bear only their bow guns and not broadsides upon the escaping raiders. During the greater part of the engagement only the leading British ships, Lion and Tiger, came within reasonable range of the enemy. It should be borne in mind that in a general engagement, however desirable it may be for the superior force to close with the enemy and thus insure his destruction, a complete overlap must first be established by superior speed. Until that is obtained the enemy screen of destroyers thwart any such attempt by dropping mines, the line of which cannot safely be crossed to secure a close range. With the great ships racing at thirty miles an hour, one marvels that the range could be kept at all, yet the fire was deadly. The unhappy Blücher, a great fifteen-thousand-ton ship, but slower than her colleagues, fell out of the line shockingly mangled, and was torpedoed out of existence by Arethusa. The rest fled on. Favored by fortune, for a lucky shot disabled one of Lion's feed-tanks, they reached in melancholy straits their own mine-fields, which forbade further pursuit, but when

last seen the flames were mounting on Seydlitz, the next in line, as high as her masthead, and Derfflinger, ahead of her, was in hardly better case. Some hundreds of grateful survivors were picked up by the British from Blücher's crew, one of whom is reported to have said, "On land we can beat you, but here, no." Despite the German tales not a single British vessel failed to return and the casualties were very few. . . .

This action gave pause to Germany. Licking her wounds and nursing unhappy memories she decided to forego for a time the pleasures and political advantages of raiding and to spread for Britain less costly lures. A half-hearted attempt on Lowestoft, which had little serious result, was, indeed, made in April, 1916, — a half-hour's friendly call: Sir John Jellicoe would have preferred a longer visit, but in these matters Germany preserves a rigid etiquette.

Of raids great and small it may be observed that they are the only activities, no great things, left to the German navy, powerful as it is. Other and better occupations, indeed, it has none, no mercantile marine to protect, no mines to sweep, no transports or wide extent of coast to guard. A raiding squadron can choose its own hour, dash out at night or in fog, fire at anything it may chance to see, trawler or trader, fisher or warship, enemy or neutral, and return at express speed. Of these trivial achievements is it possible that so great a fleet, debarred from all other undertakings, can really be proud?

Come now to that stern and decisive conflict, which clinched, as it were, the naval situation, the battle of Jutland, in respect of all particulars that make a battle

great, the magnitude of the forces engaged, the scale of the operations, and the significance of the results, the fiercest clash of fleets since Trafalgar. Fought on a summer's day, the eve of the glorious "first of June," so famous in the annals of the British navy, it compares in hardly a single feature with any naval conflict in history, except perhaps with that minor action in the Bight of Heligoland, which in some fashion it resembles. For like that it was a far-flung and dispersed series of conflicts, a clashing of ships in mist and darkness or in patches of short-lived light. At extreme range, to avoid the deadly torpedo attacks, the great war vessels pounded each other amid haze and smoke screens, behind which the Germans when pressed withdrew from sight. Wounded vessels drifted out of the scene and left their fate in doubt; destroyers dashed to and fro attacking and retreating; ships, the flames licking their iron masts a hundred feet aloft, loomed up for a few moments only to vanish in the mist. As "was anticipated," the Germans put their trust chiefly in torpedo attacks, easily made against approaching, difficult to direct against retiring, vessels. Throughout destroyers on both sides played a magnificent and conspicuous part, the "hussar" tactics of a naval action. But so numerous were the vessels engaged and so dim the weather that a certain confusion inseparable from the conditions reigned the entire day. Indubitably a long-hoped-for opportunity had come to the British, the German fleet had actually emerged in strength and "upon an enterprise." Yet emerged only to withdraw, to tantalize, and, if possible, to lure into fatal areas the pursuing foe. . . .

To understand, even in a measure, this immense conflict, one must bear in mind that the British Grand Fleet under Sir John Jellicoe, was on May 30th actually at sea, to the north of Sir David Beatty's battle-cruisers, who, on the 31st, having completed his sweep, turned away from the south to rejoin the Commander-in-Chief. Since the tactics which led to it cannot be here disclosed, let us pass at once to the encounter itself. About half-past two Beatty received signals from his light-cruiser squadron that the enemy was out and in force. A seaplane scout went aloft and confirmed the signals. German battle-cruisers were in sight, but falling back upon probably still stronger forces. To engage or not to engage was hardly Beatty's problem. Should he at all cost pursue, encounter and detain the foe, or, avoiding more than a mere exchange of shots, continue on his course to join Admiral Jellicoe? Faint heart never won a great decision. He chose the heroic, the British way, and determined to force the battle, "to engage the enemy in sight." We may, perhaps, best understand the action if we divide it into three stages, (*a*) pursuit, (*b*) retreat, (*c*) again pursuit; the first, that in which Beatty was engaged with the enemy's battle-cruisers falling back upon their main fleet, which lasted about an hour, from 3.48 when the opening shots were fired till the German High Seas Fleet showed itself at 4.38. At this point Beatty swung round to draw the enemy toward Jellicoe approaching from the north, and the second stage of the battle began in which the British were heavily engaged with a greatly superior force, in fact, the whole German navy. They had, however, the assistance of the Fifth Battle Squadron under

Evan Thomas, four powerful battleships which had come up during the first phase, fired a few shots at the extreme range of about twelve miles, and took the first fire of Von Scheer's battleships. Steaming north now instead of south, Beatty slackened speed to keep in touch with the heavy ships. This stage of the action also lasted about an hour or more, when about six o'clock Jellicoe came in sight five miles to the north, and the third phase began. Beatty toward the end of the second stage had drawn ahead of the enemy, pressing in upon and curving round his line, and now drove straight across it to the east, closing the range to twelve thousand yards, with two objects, first, to bring the leading German ships under concentrated fire, and second, to allow a clear space for Jellicoe to come down and complete their destruction. It was a masterly maneuver which enabled the Third Battle-Cruiser Squadron, in advance of Jellicoe, under Admiral Hood, to join at once in the battle, and assist in "crumpling up" the head of the German line.

The supreme moment had come. Jellicoe's great fleet was in line behind Hood, bearing down on Von Scheer in overwhelming force. By beautiful handling the British admiral effected the junction of his fleets in very difficult conditions. There still remains in naval warfare much of the splendid pageantry of old, which in land operations is gone beyond recall. "The grandest sight I have ever seen," wrote an officer in the fleet, "was the sight of our battle-line — miles of it fading into mist — taking up their positions like clock-work and then belching forth great sheets of fire and clouds of smoke." But the prize was snatched from the British

grasp. It was already seven o'clock, and the evening brought with it the thick North Sea haze behind which and his own smoke screens Von Scheer turned and fled for his ports. "Great care was necessary," wrote Sir John Jellicoe, "to insure that our own ships were not mistaken for enemy vessels." By half-past eight or nine practically all was over, save for the British destroyer attacks, which lasted far into the darkness, on the scattered and fleeing enemy. Only two hours of a misty daylight had been left to Sir John Jellicoe to accomplish his task. Then came night, and in the night the shattered and shaken Germans crept — one is not quite clear by what route — through their minefields to the blessed security of protected harbors. Had the weather been different — well, who knows whether in that case the German fleet would have put to sea? Now as ever in naval warfare commanders must choose conditions the most favorable to their designs. The British admiral remained on the scene of the battle, picking up survivors from some of the smaller craft till after midday (1.15 P.M.) on June 1st. On that day not one German ship was in sight on a sea strewn with the tangled and shapeless wreckage of proud vessels, the melancholy litter of war.

Perhaps Jutland, inconclusive as it seemed, may yet be judged by the world the true crisis of the struggle. While Germany, after her manner, poured forth to the skeptical world tidings of amazing victory, Britain, too, after her manner, said little save bluntly to record her losses, and later published merely the reports of the admirals engaged. They are very plain and matter-of-fact, these documents without brag. So they can

be recommended to the attention of seekers after truth. For lovers of romance, of course, the German versions will afford brighter reading.

Here, however, is the unofficial account of a midshipman on board one of the battleships: —

"We were all as cheery as Punch when action was sounded off. The battle-cruisers, which, by the way, were first sighted by your eldest son, who went without his tea to look out in the foretop, were away on the bow, firing like blazes, and doing a colossal turn of speed. I expect they were very pleased to see us. The battle fleet put it across them properly. We personally strafed a large battleship, which we left badly bent, and very much on fire. They fired stink shells at us, which fortunately burst some distance away. They looked as if they smelt horrible. We engaged a Zepp which showed an inclination to become pally. I think it thought we were Germans. Altogether it was some stunt.

"Yes, you were right, I was up in the foretop and saw the whole show. I told you I was seventeen hours up there, did n't I? — simply bristling with glasses, revolvers, respirators, ear-protectors, and what-nots. I cannot imagine anything more intensely dramatic than our final junction with the battle-cruisers. They appeared on the starboard bow going a tremendous speed and firing like blazes at an enemy we could not see. Even before we opened first the colossal noise was nearly deafening. The Grand Fleet opened fire. We commenced by strafing one of the 'Kaisers' that was only just visible on the horizon, going hell for leather. The whole High Sea Fleet were firing like blazes.

"It is the most extraordinary sensation I know to be

sitting up there in the foretop gazing at a comparatively unruffled bit of sea, when suddenly about five immense columns of water about one hundred feet high shoot up as if from nowhere, and bits of shell go rattling down into the water, or else, with a noise like an express train, the projectiles go screeching overhead and fall about a mile the other side of you. You watch the enemy firing six great flashes about as many miles away, and then for fifteen seconds or so you reflect that there is about two tons of sudden death hurtling toward you. Then with a sigh of relief the splashes rise up all six of them away on the starboard bow. On the other hand, there is a most savage exultation in firing at another ship.

"You hear the order 'Fire!' — the foretop gets up and hits you in the face, an enormous yellow cloud of cordite smoke — the charge weighs two thousand pounds — rises up and blows away just as the gentleman with the stop-watch says, 'Time!' — and then you see the splashes go up, perhaps between you and the enemy, behind the enemy, perhaps, or, if you are lucky, a great flash breaks out on the enemy, and when the smoke has rolled away you just have time to see that she is well and truly blazing before the next salvo goes off. I had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the Lützow get a salvo which must have caused her furiously to sink. There are minor side-shows, too, which contribute greatly to the excitement.

"We also discharged our large pieces at the Rostock, but she was getting such a thin time from somebody else that we refrained from pressing the question. Her mainmast and after-funnel had gone. She was quite stationary, and badly on fire. We sighted submarines,

two in number, and also large numbers of enemy destroyers, one of which we soundly strafed: so soundly, in fact, that it gave up the ghost. . . .

"Well, when I climbed down from the foretop late that night I was as black as a nigger, very tired, and as hungry as a hunter, I having missed my tea. I wish you could have seen the state we were in between the decks. Water everywhere, chairs, stools, radiators, tin baths, boots, shoes, clothes, books, and every conceivable article, chucked all over the place. We did n't care a fig, because we all thought of 'Der Tag' on the morrow which we all expected. Destroyers and light cruisers were attacking like fury all night, and when I got up at the bugle 'Action!' at 2 A.M., I felt as if I had slept about three and a half minutes. At about 3 A.M. we sighted a Zepp, which was vigorously fired at. It made off 'quam celerrime,' which means quick with a capital Q." . . .

Look now a little more closely at the details and episodes of this engagement. Picture a calm and hazy sea and spread over an immense area the fleets of larger ships surrounded by screens of light cruisers and destroyers furiously engaged in encounters of their own, battles within the greater battle, and one sees how entirely this action lacks the classic simplicity of such engagements as the Nile or Trafalgar. But the main movements are clear enough. The heaviest losses of the British were sustained in the earlier, of the Germans in the later, stages when the efficiency of their gunnery "became rapidly reduced under punishment, while ours was maintained throughout." Hardly was Beatty in action before he lost two battle-cruisers, Indefatigable

and Queen Mary. Later, Invincible, the flagship of the Third Cruiser Squadron, went down with Admiral Hood, who had brought his ships into "action ahead in a most inspiring manner worthy of his great naval ancestors." . . .

Throughout that day of thunderous war the destroyers dashed to the torpedo attacks on the great ships, careless of the heart-shaking deluge of shells, utterly careless of life and youth, and all else save the mighty business in hand, and when night put an end to the main action, continued their work in the uncanny darkness, under the momentary glare of searchlights or the spouting flames from some wounded vessel. And all the while the unruffled sea appeared, we are told, like a marble surface when the searchlights swept it, and moving there the destroyers looked like venomous insects — "black as cockroaches on a floor." Never in the proud history of her navy have English sailors fought with more inspiring dash, more superb intrepidity. . . .

So ended the battle of Jutland. But this, you may naturally say, is very different from the German story. There is no denying it, the discrepancy exists. Make the most liberal allowance for national prejudices and you cannot harmonize the versions. Which, then, are we to believe? There are no independent witnesses that can be summoned into court. How can one decide between statements so conflicting? There is one way and one way only. Victories, like everything else in the world, have results; a tree is known by its fruits. If, indeed, therefore, the Germans won, as they claim, a great victory, — they were certainly first in the field

with the news, and, lest there should be any mistake in the matter, made the announcement at express speed, — how, the announcement apart, do we know of it? We have, of course, the Kaiser's assurances to his people, and that is of great importance. But did he also announce that the British blockade would no longer harass Germany? Oddly enough it was not mentioned and since the battle has become much more stringent. Do German merchantmen now [1917] go to sea? None are to be found on any waterway except as before in the Baltic. On the other hand, let us ponder these facts. Immediately after the engagement the great naval port, Wilhelmshaven, was sealed with seven seals, so that no patriotic German could look upon his victorious ships. Britain proclaimed her losses, Germany concealed her wounds. Later, she discovered that she had accidentally in her haste overlooked the loss of a few trifling vessels. . . .

THE EMDEN

[1914]

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

[On the 9th of November, 1914, the Australian Cruiser Sydney, *en route* for Colombo in the Indian Ocean, picked up, from the Cocos Island Station, a wireless concerning a "strange warship." Presently a landing party from that ship destroyed the station from which the message was sent. But the word had gone forth, the Sydney came at full speed and immediately opened fire on this "strange" craft, which proved to be the long-sought and elusive raider Emden, chargeable with more damage done to merchant shipping than any other enemy warship had wrought. The Emden fought hard. The Sydney's foremast range-finder was shot to pieces, the after-control platform was wrecked, and a cordite fire started. But fortunately the Sydney, a knot and a half faster than the Emden, could attain the speed of twenty-six knots an hour, and so keep her own distance, choose her own range. Racing at full speed, the Sydney delivered broadside after broadside, during a battle lasting an hour and forty minutes, covering a distance of fifty-six miles. The Emden, riddled with shot, finally rushed ashore on North Keeling, a flaming wreck. Some of the crew escaped and wandered far over the world in their effort to return to Germany. Mücke, one of the officers, zigzagged over thousands of miles of land and sea, braving storm and blockade, desert tribes and fever, *en route* for home.

The Editor.]

The official account of the stirring and picturesque adventures of the Emden is hardly likely to be given to the world until the gates of Captain Müller's comfort-

able English prison swing open for him at the end of the war; but in the interviews, a lecture or two, and a booklet by Lieutenant Mücke all the salient features have been covered, and it is from translations of these that we will endeavor to follow the fortunes of the doughty young Teuton whose courage, resource, and devotion to duty have won scarcely less admiration in the countries of his enemies than in the Fatherland.

Within a day or two after the outbreak of the war the Emden, in pursuance of the commerce-destroying plan which the German Admiralty had worked out to its least details many years before, slipped away from Tsing tau and headed for the South Pacific to join the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Nüremberg. It was a later order which turned her off to the Indian Ocean to find both her glory and her grave. . . .

The first ship sunk, on September 11th, was the Lovatt, a British transport, which had promptly hoisted the Union Jack under the impression that the Emden was an "English boat." "The silly face of its captain, which he made after we had hoisted our flag and ordered him to stay with us, I would regret not to have seen," observes Mücke; and adds that "for the numerous stables for horses on this boat we had no appreciation, and a half-hour later we had submitted the question to the sharks."

Business was brisk for the Emden during the next few days, and there was one occasion on which she had five or six steamers (Mücke has forgotten the exact number) hove to and ready to sink at one place. "This happened so," writes Mücke: "a steamer came along and was stopped. Ten men and an officer went over

to it. These got the ship ready to sink and saw that the passengers were all removed. While we were still occupied with this boat, appeared the top of another mast on the horizon. We did not need to hurry at all; the ships seemed to come by themselves to us. When one came near enough, the Emden made it a friendly signal, which tempted it on to join the other boats. And by the time this one was prepared for sinking, another mast-top would appear." . . . .

At the end of ten days practically every steamer in the northern Indian Ocean was either at the bottom of the sea or held in port by its apprehensive owners, so, in lieu of other game, the audacious Emden took a tilt at the oil-tanks of Madras. Sure in his knowledge of the antique guns which defended the historic Indian port, Müller steamed in, with all lights out, to within three thousand metres of the shore. "The harbor light burned peacefully," writes Mücke, "and made navigation easy. Our targets, the red-and-white-striped oil-tanks, could be plainly discerned. A few shells, a quick flash of blue-yellow flame, and the tanks were vomiting red jets from the shot-holes. Then a great black cloud of smoke arose, and, according to the proverb, 'Variety is the spice of life,' we had this time sent a few millions up into the air instead of down into the depths. From Madras a few shots were discharged at us, but without any aim, and the fire of the burning oil-tanks lighted us for ninety miles on our way."

The Tyweric, sunk but two hours after it had left Colombo, gave the Emden late news of the world through the evening papers of the Cingalese capital. The German cruiser appeared to be the principal topic

of local news, and her officers learned, among other things, that their ship had been sunk at two widely separated points, and was being hotly pursued at another. . . .

Ten or a dozen more steamers were sunk by the Emden during the next three weeks, and then she slipped away from the sea-lanes that she had terrorized, to rest and refit. This took her to Diego Garcia, an isolated rock in the South Ocean where two or three lonely Britons were holding an almost uncharted outpost of Empire by running a plantation. Here occurred a most delicious little episode. "As we dropped anchor," writes Mücke, "there came an Englishman, his arms loaded with presents for us, and his eyes wet with tears of welcome. He had not yet heard of the war, as the island received its mail only once every half-year by schooner. He asked us to fix his motor-boat, which was out of commission. This we did gladly. Then, without telling him anything of the terrible condition the world was in at present, we bade him good-bye and sailed away. His mail was due in fourteen days, and then, perhaps, he may have learned to whom he brought his presents."

Shipping was spread thin along the trade routes when the Emden returned again to the attack, and two or three steamers sunk in the vicinity of Miniko were the sum of her bag for a week's cruising. This monotonous life began to pall upon the men of the raider, and, as Mücke naïvely put it, they "felt the stirring of desire to make the acquaintance of real warships. We knew through the papers," he writes, "that sixteen English, French, and Japanese men-of-war were using up their

coal in a vain search for us, and, obligingly, we decided to visit them in their own harbor."

The Penang raid was the crowning achievement of the Emden's career, and, as it proved, the final one. It was a fitting "swan-song." Penang, a British Crown Colony, like Singapore, Hongkong, and one or two other ports of the Far East, is located on a small island, with its harbor formed by the narrow strait which separates the island from the mainland. For a mile or two this strait is no wider than the Hudson at Grant's Tomb, and at its narrowest place, crowning a little point which reaches out toward the palm-fringed foreshore of the Malay Peninsula, is a picturesque old stone fort which dates back to the days when the Portuguese held the Spice Islands and fought the British and the Dutch for the mastery of the Orient. Old bronze guns peeped from its crumbling ports, and did brave service as hobby-horses when the *ayahs* from the officers' quarters brought out the babies for their afternoon promenade. If any modern guns had been mounted about the harbor, it may be taken for granted that the Emden was fully informed both as to their power and location.

The raider's only chance of a successful raid upon a harbor in which it was more than likely to encounter superior force was to creep in unobserved, strike suddenly, and withdraw in the confusion of the surprise. By this time the profile of the Emden was up in the chartroom of every warship and merchantman plying the Eastern seas. The resourceful Teutons, knowing this, hit upon the expedient of altering that profile. A fourth smoke-stack of painted canvas had been ready for weeks against just such an emergency, and when

set up in line with the three real ones made the raider appear, in anything but the broad light of day, an almost exact counterpart of a well-known type of British armored cruiser which was being extensively employed in the pursuit of the Emden.

With all lights out, the disguised German warship crept in toward the narrow strait which forms the harbor of Penang. The arrival was timed to the minute to meet the first forerunning streaks of dawn. Complete darkness would have made it impossible to navigate in the restricted seaway, while daylight would have meant discovery. The half-light of the breaking day suited the raider's purpose to a nicety. At first only fisher-boats were seen; then a mass of merchant shipping unfolded, and, finally, looming darkly at only a couple of hundred metres distance, the silhouette of the Russian cruiser Schemtschuk took shape against the brightening east.

"On board the Russian everybody was busy sleeping," observes Mücke. "We fired a torpedo at its stern. It was lifted by the detonation half a metre, and then began to sink slowly. Following the torpedo, we directed a hail of fire at the fore-deck, where the crew was sleeping. Soon this part of the ship looked like a sieve, and we could see through the holes the fires that were raging inside. Meanwhile, we sailed by the sinking ship and turned ready to run. Now we were being shot at from three sides — from the Schemtschuk and from two other directions which we could not exactly determine. We heard the whistling of the shells and saw the spots where they plunged into the water."

A second torpedo finished the Russian cruiser, and

the Emden turned to meet its new foes. Now the French destroyer, D'Iberville, was descried; now a cruiser was reported coming in, and now a torpedo boat. The supposed cruiser turned out to be a merchantman, but the torpedo boat, the French Mousquet, was a real menace in the narrow channel. Disdaining the obsolete D'Iberville, the Emden steamed to meet the oncoming Mousquet, which was disposed of in three broadsides. Picking up thirty-three survivors from the water, the unscathed raider slipped out of the harbor and made for the open sea from which it had come but a short half-hour before. The night mists were lifting now, but there was left afloat in Penang no ship swift enough to pursue the audacious marauder.

Twelve days later, on the 9th of November, the Emden landed a force under Lieutenant Mücke to destroy the wireless station at Keeling — sometimes called Cocos — Island. The little British colony received the heavily armed enemy philosophically, and just before Mücke began putting the radio apparatus out of commission the operator congratulated him upon having been awarded the Iron Cross. "How do you know I have the Iron Cross?" asked the surprised German. "I have just caught the message," was the answer. It was the last one received at Keeling for some time.

Scarcely was the work of destroying the station completed, when Mücke heard the Emden's siren signaling him to return at once. Rushing his men into the launch, he started for his ship, only to see the Emden's anchor wound frantically in and the cruiser steam away at top speed. At first he thought that it was going to meet a collier, but just before the cruiser disappeared its

Gefechtsflagge — the battle-pennant — was broken out, and columns of water flung high in the air told that guns of equal or greater power than the Emden's own were feeling for their range. The raider was nearing the end of its far-trailed tether.

Crushing down his chagrin at being thus helplessly marooned while his ship and captain were fighting for their lives, Mücke returned to the shore, hoisted the German flag, mounted his four machine guns and declared the island under martial law. Not until a trench had been dug and preparations made to resist a landing from the enemy warship, did he find time to climb to a house-top and endeavor to follow the distant sea-duel.

His account of the fight between the Emden and Sydney is incomplete, disjointed, inaccurate, and not especially fair, and I am not setting it down here. The raider put up a game fight against a swifter and more heavily armed adversary. It was foredoomed from the moment the speedy Australian cruiser picked up its smoke-trail, and its finish was not the least glorious moment of an unparalleled career. . . .

X

THE SUBMARINES

HISTORICAL NOTE

The submarine warfare has for the most part centered about operations in the North Sea and the British Isles. Turkish, British, and German submarines were successfully employed at the time of the Dardanelles campaign, the British have been active with their submarines in the Baltic Sea, and the Austrian and German submersibles have wrought havoc with liners in the Mediterranean. But the North Sea early became the point of controversy. In accordance with an announcement of intentions to that effect, the German submarine blockade of the North Sea began in February, 1915, with the sinking of a British collier without warning. Neutral shipping suffered very greatly from that time on, and German submarines ruthlessly destroyed Dutch, Norwegian, and Swedish ships, also several American vessels. The sinking of the Lusitania, May 7, 1915, off the coast of Ireland, brought the epoch of submarine frightfulness to a climax. Finally, after the sinking of the passenger steamer Sussex in the Channel, March 24, 1916, President Wilson secured from Germany, May 5, 1916, a promise that merchant vessels within and without the area declared a naval war-zone would not be sunk without warning, unless ships should attempt to escape or offer resistance. The way in which the pledge was kept is indicated by the report of the British Admiralty showing that from May 5th to October 28th twenty-two British merchant ships were torpedoed without warning. Presently hospital ships were sunk too. Then came Germany's fateful announcement that on February 1, 1917, the ruthless submarine policy would be carried into complete effect. The sinking of American ships began with the loss of the Housatonic, February 7th. The losses in ships of Great Britain alone during the five months ending with July, numbered nearly 600. The number decreased as the summer drew to a close, and methods of fighting the submersibles became more effective. Meanwhile the output of submarines also increased, so that at times the deadly average of twenty or more ships a week was maintained.

THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA

[1915]

BY CHARLES E. LAURIAT

[The Cunard steamship Lusitania, bound from New York to Liverpool, was torpedoed without warning, May 7, 1915, and sank in twenty-three minutes off Old Head of Kinsale. There were 1257 passengers aboard, of whom 159 were Americans, and a crew of 702. Of the 1198 lives lost, 124 were Americans, many of them men of national prominence. The disaster aroused a feeling of horror in the world, outside of Germany, and quickened the most intense feeling toward Germany in the United States.

The Editor.]

Our voyage from New York had been uneventful; fine weather, smooth sea, and after the first few hours of Sunday (May 2d) there had been no fog up to Friday morning (May 7th), when it came in for a short time. The speed of the boat had not been what I had expected it would be. . . . During the forenoon of Thursday (May 6th) we swung out and uncovered twenty-two lifeboats, eleven on each side, showing Captain Turner's preparedness for emergency. I was keenly interested in all that was done aboard ship as we approached the Irish coast, and in fact all through the voyage I kept my eyes unusually wide open. At night the shades in the saloon were closely drawn, and I noticed that my bedroom steward left a note for the night watchman stating just which ports were open when he (the steward) went off duty.

Friday noon when the run was posted, I was surprised, for I certainly thought that this was the time to put on speed. The sea was smooth as a pancake, an ideal chance for a dash up the coast. . . . I noticed that we were not going anywhere near top speed and were following, as I remembered, the usual course up the Irish coast, that being about five to seven miles distant. I wondered at our loafing along at this gentle pace. . . .

After lunch I went to my stateroom and put on my sweater under the coat of the knickerbocker suit I was wearing and went up on deck for a real walk. . . . I joined [friends] and was conversing with them when the torpedo struck the ship. . . . Where I stood on deck the shock of the impact was not severe; it was a heavy, rather muffled sound, but the good ship trembled for a moment under the force of the blow; a second explosion quickly followed, but I do not think it was a second torpedo, for the sound was quite different; it was more like a boiler in the engine-room.

As I turned to look in the direction of the explosion I saw a shower of coal and steam and some débris hurled into the air between the second and third funnels, and then heard the fall of gratings and other wreckage that had been blown up by the explosion.

Remember that I was standing well forward on the port side, and consequently looked back at the scene of the explosion, at an angle across to the starboard side; therefore, although the débris showed between the second and third funnels, I think the blow was delivered practically in line with the fourth funnel. I looked immediately at my watch and it was exactly . . . eight minutes past two, Greenwich time. . . .

The boat had taken a list to starboard, but it was not acute, and so I had no difficulty in making my way to and from my cabin. I tied on a life-belt, took the others in the room . . . and went up on deck to the port side. . . . I found those who needed the life-belts, put them on, tied them properly, and then went aft along the side of the ship, for I was confident that all hands would naturally rush to the starboard side and so there would be more opportunity to help along the port side. I turned and walked for'ard toward the bridge, where Captain Turner and Captain Anderson were both calling in stentorian tones not to lower away the boats, ordering all passengers and sailors to get out of them, saying that there was no danger and that the ship would float. . . .

I had been watching carefully the list of the steamer, and by now I was confident that she would n't float and that the end was coming fast. I remembered one or two personal things in my stateroom which I very much wanted, and I figured that I had time to go down and get them. . . . There was a companionway for'ard of the main staircase, about halfway between it and my stateroom. . . . It was not until I walked along this passage that I realized how acute was the list of the ship. . . . On my return to the deck I felt that the steamer must make her final plunge any moment now, and . . . I passed through to the port side. Men were striving to lower the boats and were putting women and children into them, but it seemed to me that it only added horror to the whole situation to put people into a boat that you knew never would be cleared and which would go down with the steamer; better leave

them on deck to take their chance at a piece of wreckage.

True, there was no panic, in the sense that any one crowded or pushed his way to the lifeboats, but there was infinite confusion, and there seemed no one to take command of any one boat. As I came out on the starboard side, I saw, a little aft of the main entrance, a lifeboat well filled with people, principally women and children, that no one had attempted to clear from the davits. The steamer was rapidly sinking, and I realized that the boat must be cleared at once if the people were to be saved. I climbed into the stern of the boat. . . . We freed our end and swung the ropes clear, but we could n't make any one for'ard understand what to do or how to do it. . . . I started to go for'ard, but it was impossible to climb through that boatload of people, mixed up as they were with oars, boat-hooks, kegs of water, rope ladders, sails, and God knows what — everything that seemed to hinder progress to getting for'ard. The steamer was all the time rapidly settling, and to look at the tremendous smokestack hanging out over us only added to the terror of the people in the boat. . . . However, I should have gone for'ard and made the try, except that the stern end of the boat was raised by a small swell of the ocean and I was impressed by the nearness of the davit by getting a blow on the back which nearly knocked me overboard.

Then I admit I saw the hopelessness of ever clearing the for'ard davit in time to get the boat away, so I stepped out and made a try of it by swimming. I spoke to several and urged them to come; but truly they were petrified, and only my training from boyhood up, in

the water and under it, gave me the courage to jump. I swam about one hundred feet away from the ship and then turned around to see if any one was following. . . . The Lusitania did not go down anything like head first: she had, rather, settled along her whole water-line. This convinces me that practically all the ports must have been open. The stern did not rise to anything like a perpendicular, nor did it rise so high that I could see a single one of the propellers or even the end of her rudder. Not one of her funnels fell. . . .

There was very little vortex; there was rather a shooting out from the ship instead of a sucking in, after she sank; this I am told was partly caused by the water rushing into her funnels and being blown out again by explosions made by the mixing of the cold water of the sea with the steam of the boilers. The sea was wonderfully smooth, and it seemed to me that if one could keep clear of the wreckage and pick up a lifeboat, it could be manned and we could go back and get many survivors. I was able to work this out quite as I planned. . . . Then we rowed for the shore. . . . I steered for a lighthouse on the coast, for . . . it was a good long row ashore and I knew we could not get there until after dark, and it was much better to land on a shore, however barren, near a lighthouse, than to land on that part where there might not be an inhabitant for miles. . . . We had stayed around and picked up every one who seemed to be in the most helpless condition. Those we were forced to leave were as safe as if we had crowded them into our flimsy craft. The calmness of the sea was the only thing that enabled us to take so many, with any degree of safety. . . . After rowing about two

miles we came to the fishing smack, and although they had taken on two boatloads, they made room for us. . . . After being aboard about an hour we were picked up by the steamer Flying Fish which had come down from Queenstown.

LIFE IN A GERMAN SUBMARINE

[1915]

BY FREIHERRN VON FORSTNER

I. HOW A SUBMARINE WORKS

A NEW passenger, for the first time in a submarine, has often professed to be unaware that he was fathoms deep under water and has been quite unconscious that the boat had been diving. Of course his astonishment indicates that he was not in the compartment where these maneuvers take place, for it is in the commander's turret that the whole apparatus is centralized for submersion, for steering to the right depth, and also for emersion. At this juncture every man must be at his post, and each one of the thirty members of the crew must feel individually responsible for the safety of the whole in the difficult and rapid maneuver of plunging, for the slightest mistake may endanger the security of the boat.

The central control, situated in the commander's turret, is in reality the brain of the boat. When the alarm signal is heard to change the course from surface navigation to subsurface navigation, several previously designated members of the crew take their post of duty in the commander's turret. The commander, himself, is on duty during the whole of the expedition in time of war, and he seldom gets a chance for rest in his tiny little cabin. Day and night, if there is the slightest

suspicion of the approach of the enemy, he watches on the exposed bridge on the top of the turret; for a few seconds' delay in submerging might forfeit the taking of a much coveted prize. So he learns to do without sleep, or to catch a few brief seconds of repose by lying down in his wet clothes, and he is at once ready to respond to the alarm signal of the officer of the watch.

In one bound he is once more surveying the horizon through the periscope, or mounts to the bridge to determine with his powerful field glass whether friend or foe is in sight. His observations must be taken in the space of a few seconds, for the enemy is also constantly on the lookout, and continual practice enables the sailor in the crow's nest to detect the slender stem of a periscope, although the hull of the boat is scarcely visible on the face of the waters.

The commander must come to a prompt decision as soon as he locates the adversary's exact position. Not only may a retarded submersion spoil our plan of attack, but we are exposed to being rammed by a rapidly advancing steamer; our haste must be all the greater if the conditions of visibility are impaired, as is often the case on the high seas, for it takes time for the U-boat to submerge completely, and during this process it is helplessly exposed to the fire of long distance guns.

Calmly, but with great decision, the commander gives the general orders to submerge. The internal combustion engines, the oil motors which, during surface navigation are used to accelerate the speed of the boat, are immediately disconnected, as they consume too much air underseas, and electric motors are now

quickly attached and set in motion. They are supplied by a large storage battery, which consumes no air and forms the motive power during subsurface navigation. Of course electricity might be employed above water, but it uses up much current which is far more expensive than oil, and would be wasted too rapidly if not economized with care.

It would be convenient to employ the same oil motor for underseas navigation, but such a machine has not yet been constructed, although various futile attempts of this kind have been made. With only one system of propulsion we should gain much coveted space and a more evenly distributed weight; within the same dimensions new weapons of attack could be inserted, and also effective weapons of defense. The inventor of such a device would earn a large reward. Let him who wants it, try for it!

Quickly, with deft hands, the outboard connections, which served as exhausts for the oil motors, must be closed in such a way as to resist at once the high water pressure. It is well known that for every ten metres under water we oppose the pressure of one atmosphere — one kilogram to the square centimeter — and we must be prepared to dive to far greater depths.

When all these openings have been carefully closed and fastened, then begins the maneuver of submersion. The sea water is admitted into big open tanks. Powerful suction engines, in the central control of the boat, draw out the air from these tanks so as to increase the rapid inrush of the water. The chief engineer notifies the captain as soon as the tanks are sufficiently filled and an even weight is established so as to steer the

boat to the proper depth for attack. Notwithstanding the noise of the machinery, large, wide-open speaking tubes facilitate the delivery of orders between the commander's turret and the Central, and now is the moment the commander gives the order to submerge.

All this may sound very simple and yet there are a great many things to consider. In the same manner in which an airplane is carefully balanced before taking wing into the high regions of the sky, a submarine must be accurately weighed and measured before it descends into the watery depths of the ocean. The briny water of the North Sea weighs far more than the less salty water of the Baltic Sea, whose western basin is composed of practically fresh water. A boat floats higher in the heavily salted waters of the North Sea and lies deeper and plunges farther down in the waters of the Baltic. The same U-boat, therefore, must take into its tanks a greater quantity of water ballast in the North Sea, to be properly weighted, than when diving into fresher waters. Even with small submarines of four hundred tons displacement, there is the enormous difference of ten tons between 1.025 specific weight in the intake of North Sea water and 1.000 specific weight of fresh water. On the other hand, if too much water is admitted into the tanks, the submarine may plunge with great velocity deeper and deeper beyond its appointed depth, and in such a case it might even happen that the hull of the boat could not withstand the overpowering pressure and would be crushed beneath the mass of water. And yet again if too small a quantity of water ballast is admitted into the tanks, the boat may not sink sufficiently below the surface, and thus we could not

obtain an invisible attack which is positively necessary for our success.

How much water then must we take in? The answer to this question is a matter of instinct, education, and experience and we must also depend on the cleverly devised apparatus made for this purpose.

The submarine like the airplane must be always maintained at the proper level. The weight of the boat varies continually during a prolonged voyage. Food is devoured and the diving material of the machinery is consumed. The water in which the boat swims continually changes weight and the boat is imperceptibly raised or lowered in a way very difficult to ascertain. The officer responsible for the flooding of the submarine must painstakingly keep its weight under control during the entire navigation. The weight of a meal eaten by each man of the crew, the remains of the food and the boxes in which it was contained, which have been thrown overboard, must be calculated as well as the weight of the water, and the officer employs delicate apparatus for these measurements.

On the open seas these alterations in weight do not occur very rapidly; but whenever a boat approaches the mouth of a river, then the transition from salt to fresh water happens very suddenly and may provoke the undesirable disturbances to which we have already alluded. Also warm and cold currents at different depths produce thermotic conditions, which surprisingly change the weight of the water.

Peculiar as it may appear, a submarine must be lightened to descend to a very great depth, whereas, in steering to a higher level, more water must be admitted

into the tanks to prevent our emerging to the surface with too great suddenness. This demands careful attention, skill, and experience.

The principal condition for the success of a submarine attack is to steer to the exact depth required. The periscope must not rise too far above water, for it might easily be observed by the enemy; but if, by clumsy steering, the top of the periscope descends below the waves, then it becomes impossible to take aim to fire the torpedo. The commander therefore must be able to depend on the two men who control the vertical and horizontal rudders, whom another officer constantly directs and supervises.

When the boat has reached the prescribed depth a close examination is made of all the outward-leading pipes, to see if they can properly resist the water pressure; if any tiny leak has been sprung, every cap must be tightly screwed down; for it is evident it would be very undesirable if any leak should occur and increase the heaviness of the submarine. Absolute silence must prevail so that any dripping or greater influx in the tanks can be observed.

Quietly and silently the boat advances against the enemy; the only audible sounds are the purring of the electric motors and the unavoidable noise made by the manipulation of the vertical and horizontal rudders. Alert and speechless, every man on board awaits a sign from the commander, who is watching in the turret; but some time may elapse — now that the periscope is lowered and nearly on the level of the waters — before the adversary becomes visible again. The ship may have changed her course and have taken an opposite

direction to the one she was following at the moment we submerged. In that case she would be out of reach and all our preparations prove useless.

At various intervals, the commander presses an electric button and raises and lowers the periscope as quickly as possible, so as to take his own observation without, if possible, being observed himself; for he knows that any injury to the periscope — his most priceless jewel — would, as it were, render the boat blind and rob him of the much coveted laurel leaves. During these short glimpses the commander only perceives a little sky and the wide, round plate of the reflected sea with its dancing waves, while the nervous tension of the expectant crew increases every minute.

At last is heard a joyous outcry from the commander, "The fellows are coming!" — and after one quick glance, to locate the enemy exactly, the periscope is lowered. Now every heart beats with happy anticipation and every nerve quivers with excitement. The captain quickly issues his orders for the course to be steered and for the necessary navigation. The officer in charge of the torpedoes receives the command to clear the loaded torpedo for firing, while the captain quietly calculates, first, the relative position of his boat to the enemy's ship, according to the course she has taken; secondly, at which point he must aim the torpedo to take surest effect, and — in the same way as in hunting a hare — he withholds the shot to correspond to his victim's gait. . . .

With lowered periscope, he sees nothing that goes on above him on the sea, and like a blind man the boat feels its way through the green flood. Every possible

event becomes a subject of conjecture. Will the fellow continue on the same course? Has he seen our periscope in the second it was exposed, and is he running away from us? Or, on the contrary, having seen us, will he put on full steam and try to run us down with a fatal death stroke from his prow? . . .

Now comes the announcement from the torpedo officer, "The torpedoes are cleared for firing." . . . Once again the periscope springs for an instant to the surface and then glides back into the protecting body of the turret. The captain exclaims, "We are at them!" and the news spreads like wildfire through the crew. He gives a last rapid order to straighten the course of the boat. The torpedo officer announces, "Torpedo ready" — and the captain, after one quick glance through the periscope, as it slides back into its sheath, immediately shouts, "Fire!" . . .

II. A PLUCKY MERCHANTMAN

We were thus, in the midst of a strong southwesterly gale, lying in wait for our prey at the entrance of the English Channel, but no ship was to be seen; most of them took the northerly course beyond the war zone, around the Shetland Islands, and it was not until the next morning, north of the Scilly Isles, in the Bristol Channel, that we caught sight behind us of a big steamer, running before the wind, like ourselves. The wind had somewhat fallen and the March sun was shining bright and warm; the steamer was heading for Cardiff, and we judged by her course that she had sailed from some port in South America.

Turning about and breasting the waves we faced the

oncoming steamer and signaled to her to stop; but hardly had she espied us than she also turned about in the hope to escape. She showed no flag to indicate her nationality, so surely we had sighted an English vessel. Even after we had fired a warning shot, she tried by rapid and tortuous curves to return to her former course, and endeavor thereby to reach her home port. Meantime she sent up rockets as signals of distress in quick succession, to draw the attention of British patrol ships that must be hovering in the neighborhood.

This obliged us to fire a decisive shot, and with a loud report our first shell struck the ship close to the captain's bridge. Instead of resigning himself to his fate, the Englishman sent up more signals and hoisted the British flag. This showed us he was game, and the fight began in dead earnest. All honor to the pluck of these English captains! — but how reckless to expose in this manner the lives of their passengers and crew, as we shall see in the present instance.

Circling around us he tried to ram us with his prow, and we naturally avoided him by also turning in the same direction. Every time he veered about he offered us his broadside for a shot; with well-directed aim we took advantage of this target, and our successful fire gave him full proof of the skill of our gunners. The latter had a hard time of it; the high seas poured over the low deck, and they continually stood up to their necks in the cold salt water. They were often dragged off the deck by the great receding waves, but as they were tied by strong ropes to the cannons we were able to pull them up again, and fortunately no lives were lost.

On seeing our gunners struggling in the seas, our foe hoped to make good his escape, but with each telling shot our own fighting blood was aroused and the wild chase continued. A well-aimed shell tore off the English flag-staff at the stern, but the Union Jack was quickly hoisted again on the foretop. This was also shot down, and a third time the flag flew from a line of the yard of the foretop, but the flag had been raised too hastily and it hung reversed, with the Union Jack upside down, and in this manner it continued to fly until it sank with the brave ship.

The fight had lasted four hours without our being able to deliver the death stroke. Several fires had started on the steamer, but the crew had been able to keep them under control; big holes gaped open in the ship's side, but there were none as yet below the water line, and the pumps still sufficed to expel the water. It often occurred that in the act of firing the waves choked our cannons, and the shot went hissing through tremendous sheets of water, while we were blinded by a deluge of foam. Of course we were all wet, through and through, but that was of no importance, for we had already been wet for days.

It was now essential for us to put an end to this deadly combat, for English torpedo-boat destroyers were hurrying on to the calls of distress of the steamer. Big clouds of smoke against the sky showed they were coming towards us under full steam. The ship was by this time listing so heavily that it was evident we need waste no more of our ammunition, and besides the appearance of another big steamer on the southern horizon was an enticing inducement to quit the battle

scene and seek another victim. We cast a last look on our courageous adversary who was gradually sinking, and I must add it was the first and last prey whose end we did not have the satisfaction to witness. We had been truly impressed by the captain's brave endurance, notwithstanding his lack of wisdom, and we knew that the men-of-war were coming to his rescue. We read in the papers, on our return to a German port, that the "Vosges" had sunk soon after we had departed, and what remained of the passengers and crew were picked up by the English ships.

THE WORK OF THE BRITISH SUBMARINES

[1914–1917]

BY W. MACNEILLE DIXON

[In view of the extreme activity of German submarines, it seemed strange for a considerable period that the Allied submersibles were accomplishing so little. With the exception of an occasional exploit, in the Dardanelles, the North Sea or the Baltic, the Allied submarines appeared to be quiescent. Meanwhile, the Germans even ventured to send two merchant submarines, the Deutschland and the Bremen, across the Atlantic. The answer is found in the effectiveness of the British fleet in sweeping the seas of German warships and merchantmen.

The Editor.]

The submarine is not a German invention. Nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, in 1774, an Englishman named Day was drowned at Plymouth while experimenting with an under-water boat of his own invention. American engineers, like Bushnell and Fulton, did more than any others to perfect the type and an American, Holland, first solved in a practical fashion the problem of submarine navigation. His vessel was so highly thought of in England that the construction of others was at once begun, and since 1901 submarines have formed part of the British navy. . . . At the beginning of hostilities Germany had probably in commission forty such vessels as against Britain's sixty or seventy. Even in this region of naval strength on which she

prides herself she was inferior. Yet no one will deny that the deeds of German submarines have filled our ears, while little has been heard of Britain's doings beneath the sea. The reason is not far to seek. . . . On all the seas of all the world passenger, trading, and fishing vessels, line after line, pursue their lawful enterprises under the British flag. There is no scarcity of game for the hunter and no great glory in the sport, for, add neutral ships and on the busy streets of the sea, one could hardly discharge a torpedo in any direction without striking something that floats. "A week or two ago," wrote a voyager in the North Sea in October, 1914, "I counted at one time from one point forty-seven vessels, tramps, trawlers, drifters, all in full view, and I took no count of sailing craft or of vessels hull down in the offing." *Not one of these was a German ship.* All were open to the attack of German raiders, while for the British submarine commander not a single target was in view. Who then need feel surprise that vastly more has been heard of Germany than Britain in this form of war? . . .

One must allow that Germany's submarines achieved certain legitimate successes against warships, more especially in the early days, but these did nothing to alter the balance of naval power, and her great and less glorious campaign has been against defenseless vessels. Why has she devoted such energy and attention to submarine warfare? For no other reason than despair of doing anything else upon the seas. "On and after February 18th [1915] every enemy ship found in the war region will be destroyed," she announced, "without its being always possible to warn the crew or pas-

sengers of the dangers threatening." Before that date, indeed, vessels like Ben Cruachan had been sunk, for the sake, one supposes, of a little preliminary practice. But the world refused to believe that men had really come to this, that a great nation was prepared in pursuit of her purpose to slay both friends and enemies, to outrage and so cultivate the respect and admiration of humanity. They were driven to revise their estimate of what indeed was possible among Christians. On May 7th came the greatest moral shock civilization had ever received, and the black horror of it seemed to eclipse the last hopes of human kind. A great passenger liner [Lusitania], unarmed, a mere floating hotel crowded with innocent passengers, many of them Americans, deliberately mangled by a German torpedo, sank in a few minutes with twelve hundred victims of the felon blow. Germany received the news with joyful applause, with thanksgiving to the German God, for was not this a signal proof of divine assistance? . . .

One point of extreme importance must here be emphasized. The British declaration of foodstuffs as absolute contraband *followed the German attempt to starve her rival by the submarine attack on traders*. Germany, though she represents Britain as the aggressor, herself initiated the starvation campaign. She saw and struck at Britain's vulnerable spot, the supply of food to her people. Von Tirpitz declared that he could "starve England" and the German announcement bears the date February, 1915; the British answer to it came in March of the same year.

Possibly no single accomplishment of the British navy will in the end rank higher than the incomparable

resource and incomprehensible skill with which it met the new, unexpected, and fiercely driven attack. Figure to yourself the task. Remember the number of possible victims on the crowded waters, the extent of the seas themselves, with their innumerable and hidden avenues of approach, the invisibility of the shark-like foe, the swift and stealthy advance from any quarter, the destructive character of his weapon. Imagine defending yourself in the dark from a blow which may be struck at any moment and from any direction. Well may Von Tirpitz and his followers have believed that all precautions would be vain, and that the submarine ruthlessly employed must bring the hated foe to her knees. Resolutely wielded it seemed impossible that it should fail. . . . .

Despite its widely advertised activities and ravages among defenseless ships, against which, of course, any old blunderbuss of a weapon, if supported by speed, will serve, as a fighting vessel the submarine has proved distinctly disappointing. So slow a craft — no submersible can equal the speed of a surface ship — becomes the easy prey of a destroyer which, traveling almost twice as fast, can cover considerably over a mile in the time a submarine takes to dive and ram it even when some feet below the surface. Blind always by night, blind by day when the periscope is submerged, the submarine betrays itself in smooth water by a following wave and attracts the unwelcome attention of excited sea-birds to whom the strange monster is clearly visible far below the surface. Probably in the future its greatest enemy will be the airship which discerns the unconscious enemy at a great depth, remains poised

above it, waits for the rise, and then in perfect security drops a bomb which shatters and sinks it. This feat has already been performed by a British airman off Middelkerke on November 28, 1915. The effective handling, too, of this weapon, especially against swift armed vessels, is not easily learned. . . .

We know what German submarines have, or have not, achieved since August, 1914. Turn now to the other side of the account and contrast the work of British officers and men in these vessels which have given so strange and unexampled a character to the naval war of to-day. Necessarily it was very different work, directed exclusively against the military strength of the Central Powers. "The Trade," as it is called in the British navy, offers a field to adventurous spirits, and its doings have been many and astounding, but unadvertised. Long before Germany's, British submarines crossed the Atlantic; but their chief centers of operations — the war-zones of the North Sea and the Dardanelles — gave to their commanders more varied and exciting problems than ocean cruising. . . .

The Sea of Marmora provided even more varied fare, hourly thrills of the finest quality. For here the game was complicated by a system of nets and wires of fabulous and fascinating intricacy, cunning beyond computation, while shore batteries and even "horsemen on the cliffs," not to speak of patrolling tugs and dhows, let loose their artillery. Torpedo boats shepherded you, sweeping trawlers genially attempted to encircle you with nets, even at one time "the men in a small steamboat leaning over tried to catch hold of the top of the periscope." A crowded scene and a busy life in the

neighborhood of Constantinople! And when at the end of three weeks or so of this gentle art of sinking enemies, after losing possibly one of your periscopes by a well-aimed shot from a big gun, or bumping along the bottom in a fierce tide, watching the compass while the current swirls your vessel — or your coffin — to and fro, you crave a little respite and repose — you find it "in the center of the Sea of Marmora," that shady, untilled garden of the East.

So runs the tale as told by these young Britons, not, indeed, to the curious public, but in their log books for the better information of "My lords" at the Admiralty. Their "business" was, of course, that of grievous war, the harrying of transports and munition ships, the destruction of battleships like the Barbarossa, or the ubiquitous gunboats. Passenger steamers they always spared, hospital ships went unmolested, and, even when dhows laden with military stores had to be disposed of, the crews were "towed inshore and given biscuits, beef, and rum and water, as they were rather wet." The Turk has proved a more honorable foe than his master the German; he both offers and receives courtesies. One is not surprised to hear that in these cases they parted from our humane commanders "with many expressions of good-will."

XI
AIRPLANES AND ZEPPELINS

HISTORICAL NOTE

Actions in the air began to take place immediately after the declaration of war. As early as August 2, 1914, both French and German airplanes were brought down. August 25th Zeppelin bombs were dropped on Antwerp, and on the 30th a German airplane dropped bombs on Paris. After this the bombing of towns and cities by German aircraft became a common occurrence. Zeppelin raids on England came to be accepted as part of the war in the air. Airplanes were soon brought into use for reconnaissance over the enemy's lines, and for the regulation and control of artillery fire by indicating targets, observing and reporting the results of gun fire. They are also employed for the taking of photographs of enemy trenches, strong points, battery positions, and the effects of bombardments. Airmen have also rendered aid to the destroyers and the fleet, and have taken part in the destruction of submarines. Encounters in the air were at first between individual planes, but in time whole fleets of German airplanes were attacked by British or French squadrons. The fame of aviators increased, too, with the intensity of aerial warfare, and some of the more daring pilots were credited with the destruction of large numbers of enemy machines. Captain George Guynemer, the famous French aviator, who was brought down during a reconnaissance flight over Flanders in September, 1917, had destroyed no less than fifty-two German machines, according to official reports. Great skill and daring have been shown in bombing expeditions and assaults upon enemy fleets. A compilation from British, French, and German official reports shows that 717 airplanes were shot down during April, 1917, and 713 in May. Of this number the Germans lost 369 machines in April and 442 in May. The increasing losses on the Teutonic side indicate that the Allies have been winning the supremacy of the air.

FLYING IN THE WAR-ZONE

BY THETA

[THE writer of the following selection is an Englishman who entered the service of the Royal Flying Corps as soon as his extreme youth would permit. His training began with flights under careful supervision in England. Then, as an authorized "pilot," he was transferred to the Continent, in readiness for active service.

The Editor.]

I AM here at last. Where that is, however, I can't tell you. . . . We had a good journey. . . . You would hardly believe we were on active service here, although we are, of course, within hearing of the big guns. There is a stream near by where we can bathe. We have sleeping-huts fitted with electric light, nice beds, a good mess, and a passable aerodrome. The fellows all seem nice, too. . . .

I have been up several times, but have not had a job yet. I have been learning the district, and how to land and rise on cinder paths ten feet wide. . . . A good landing is a bounce of about twenty feet into the air, and a diminuendo of bounces, like a grasshopper — until you pull up. . . . Every one here is cheerful and thinks flying is a gentleman's game, and infinitely better than the trenches; when your work is over for the day, there is no more anxiety until your next turn comes round, for you can read and sleep out of range of the enemy's guns. What a pity the whole war could not be conducted

like that, both sides out of range of each other's guns all the time! . . .

On Thursday I went up with an officer observer on a patrol, to look for Huns and gun flashes, etc. We could not see anything above three thousand feet; so we came down to twenty-five hundred feet and flew up and down the lines — well on this side, though — for a couple of hours. I thus got a splendid view of the trenches for miles, and it was awfully interesting to see the fields in some places behind our lines, originally green pasture land, now almost blotted out with shell holes and mine craters. . . .

This morning we were up at half-past two o'clock. We got up eight thousand feet, and waited the signal to proceed from our leading machine; but the clouds below us completely blotted out the ground, so we were signaled to descend. When I had dived through the clouds at five thousand feet, I discovered to my surprise what appeared to be another layer of clouds down below, and no sign of the ground at all. I came lower and lower with my eyes glued on the altimeter, and still no sign of the ground. Finally I went through the clouds until I was very low, and then suddenly I saw a row of trees in front of me, pulled up, cleared them, and was lost in the fog or clouds again. I decided that that place was not good enough, and, not knowing where I was, I flew west by my compass for about a quarter of an hour and came down very low again. This time we had more success, and could occasionally see patches of ground fairly well from about twice the height of a small tree. We cruised around until we spotted a field, and, after a good examination of it,

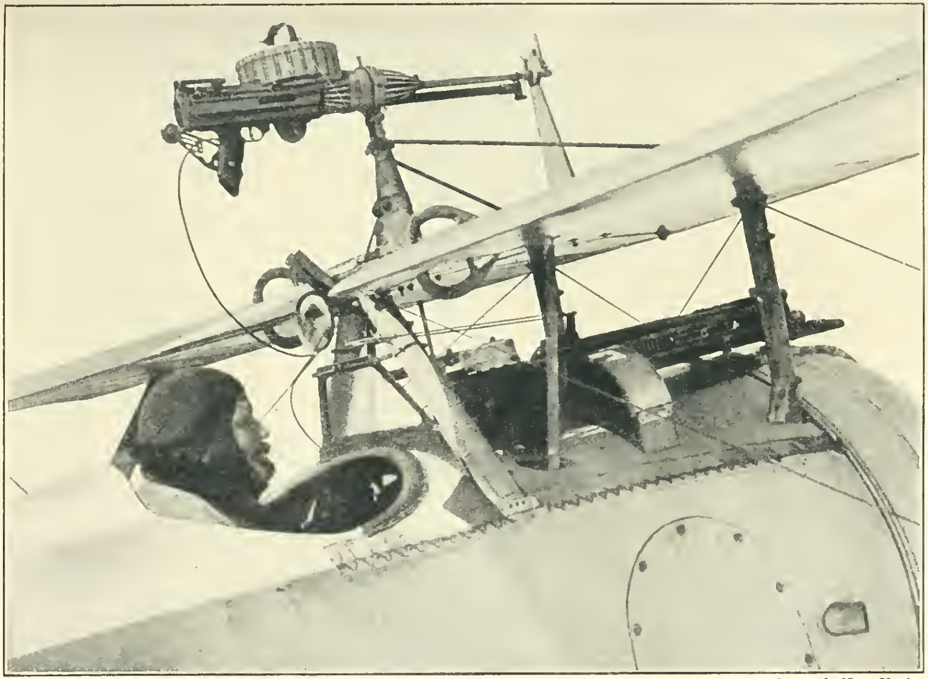
A FRENCH FIGHTING PLANE

A FRENCH FIGHTING PLANE

Generally speaking the air-fleet is divided into four classes. First come the fighters, flying at a height of ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet. Their duty is to keep off all enemy planes so that the other squadrons can perform their work. Next at a height of six thousand feet come the photographers and observers, — the eyes of the staff, — whose task is to gather information regarding enemy terrain and activity. Below these are the spotters — the eyes of the guns. Flying at about five thousand feet they direct the artillery fire, wirelessing the range to their batteries. Last of all come the scouts and bombers — the eyes of the infantry. From an altitude of five hundred to one thousand feet they sweep the enemy trenches with bombs and machine guns, and carry information to the infantry.

Alone of modern fighters the airman is encouraged to develop his initiative and many of the most famous have characteristic methods of their own. Guynemer, for instance, the premier "ace" of the French flying forces, preferred to approach his antagonists from below, rearing up his machine to fire, and if he missed looping the loop to avoid a collision. Immelmann, the great German aviator, preferred, on the other hand, to hide behind a cloud and swoop on his unsuspecting prey from above.

The airplane shown in the illustration is one of the speedy French Nieuport scout machines capable of making over one hundred and thirty miles an hour and climbing at the rate of a thousand feet a minute. The machine gun is operated by electricity from the pilot's seat. It was from one of these "wasps of the air" that Captain Guynemer shot down most of the fifty-three enemy planes with which he was credited before his death in September, 1917.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, New York

landed all right, and found on inquiry, to our great relief, that we were in France. The observer-officer and I shook hands when we landed. We returned later in the day when the weather cleared up. I am not the only one who had a forced landing, but we all came out all right, I believe. . . .

I have been putting off writing till I can tell how I like German Archies [anti-aircraft guns]. . . . Yesterday I was some miles across the line with my observer, as an escort to another machine, and was Archied . . . shells bursting all around and some directly under me. Why the machine was n't riddled I don't know. I was nearly ten thousand feet up too. The Archies burst, leaving black puffs of smoke in the air, so that the gunners could see the result. Those puffs were all over the sky. Talk about dodge! Banking both ways at once! 'Orrible! What's more, I had to stay over them, dodging about until the other machine chose to come back or finished directing the shooting. Both W. and J. who came here with me got holes in their planes from Archie the day before yesterday, and W. had a scrap with a Fokker yesterday and got thirty holes through his plane about three feet from his seat. The Fokker approached to within twenty-five feet. W. had a mechanic with him, and he fired a drum of ammunition at it, and the Fokker dived for the ground. So the pilot was either wounded or — well, they don't know how the machine landed, but are hoping to hear from the people in the trenches. . . .

My latest adventure is that my engine suddenly stopped dead when I was a mile over the German lines. My top tank petrol gauge was broken, and was register-

ing twelve gallons when it was really empty. I dropped one thousand feet before I could pump up the petrol from the lower tank, and was being Archied, too; but I could have got back to our side easily even if the engine had refused to start, though it would have been unpleasant to cross the lines at a low altitude. . . .

I was flying at a quarter to three this morning. I was orderly pilot, and a Hun was reported in the neighborhood. I went to bed after two hours' flying and was knocked up again — all this before I had anything to eat or drink. . . . The Hun I was chasing (or rather looking for) on my second patrol was brought down a few miles from our aerodrome by a French aviator. The pilot and observer were killed. Neither my observer nor I saw anything at all of the fight, as we were patrolling farther down the line. . . . The smash was brought to our place and taken away by the French. The machine seemed essentially German — very solid and thick, weight no object. . . .

I had another twenty minutes' night flying a couple of nights ago, and did a good landing. It was almost pitch dark, as there was a long row of clouds at two thousand feet which hid the moon. We had flares out, and a searchlight lighting up the track; but from the moment you start moving you go out into inky darkness, flying on, seeing nothing till the altimeter tells you that you are high enough to turn. Then round, and the twinkling lights of the aerodrome beneath. Higher, and gradually, as you become accustomed to the dark, you pick out a roof here and a clump of trees there, till finally the picture is complete. At length, you throttle down the engine and glide — keeping a

watchful eye on the altimeter, aerodrome, and air speed indicator. When about four hundred feet up, you open out your engine again, and fly in toward the aerodrome, stopping your engine just outside. Then you glide down and land alongside the flares. . . .

To-day I went up to take photos, and went over the lines four times, carefully sighting the required trenches, and taking eighteen photos. I spent nearly two and a half hours in the air, and when I got back I found the string that worked the shutter had broken after my third photo, and the rest had not come out. It was disappointing, because my last three journeys over the lines need not have been made, and incidentally it would have saved getting a hole through one of my planes. . . .

Well, I went up night-bombing yesterday. I went up after dinner, and as it was a bit misty I signaled down, "bad mist." They signaled to me to come down . . . but as I did n't want any doubts on the subject, I sloped off toward the lines. I soon lost sight of the flares and then became absolutely and completely lost. Everything was inky black, and I could see only an occasional thing directly below me. My map-board was in the way of my compass, so I pulled the map off, chucked the board over the side, and then flew east for about a quarter of an hour, when I saw some lights fired. I crossed the lines about four thousand feet up, and tried to find my objective, but it was no go. I went about four miles over, and came down to two thousand feet with my engine throttled down, but could not even recognize what part I was over, owing to the mist. Then, to my surprise, the Huns loosed off some Archies nowhere near me, so I expect they could n't see *me;*

but it looked ripping. They got a searchlight going and flashed it all round, passing always over the top of me. Then some more flares went up from the lines, and I could see the ground there beautifully, as clear as day, and some deep craters, but it did not show me sufficient to enable me to recognize what part of the lines I was over. Deciding it was hopeless, I set out for home, flying due west by my compass. It seemed ages before I picked up the aerodrome lights again, and I was afraid I might have drifted away sideways, but I spotted them all right, and just as I was nearing them, passed another of our machines by about two hundred yards in the darkness. . . . Then I signaled down and came in "perched" (with all my bombs on, of course). . . .

Yesterday G. and I were doing a big shoot some four miles or so over the lines, and as it was a bit misty we went up to about six thousand feet and sat right over our target for about a quarter of an hour. There was a Hun patrol of three machines buzzing round that neighborhood, and when they got within a few hundred yards, I thought it was about time to draw G.'s attention to the matter. He sat up with a jerk, gave a quick glance round, never noticed them, and glued himself on his target again. "All right," I said to myself, "you'll wake up with a jump in a minute." To my surprise two of the Huns took no notice of us and went on, while the third circled about very diffidently watching us. Once he passed right over about two hundred feet above us, and at that moment G. looked up. You could see the black iron crosses painted on a background of silver on the wings, and at that G. moved, and quickly, too. I was busy watching the Hun and did not feel a bit

excited or nervous. I watched and waited, and then suddenly the Hun stuffed his nose down and swooped behind us, and we heard his machine gun popping away like mad. I waited till he was about a hundred yards away, and then did a vertically banked "about turn" and went slap for him, and let him have about forty rounds at about seventy yards' range. G. had his gun ready to fire, when the Hun turned and made for home. We chased him just a short way for moral effect, and then went back to our target and on with the job [dropping bombs]. We were awfully surprised when he did n't come back. I suppose we scared him or something. This little chat took place about seven thousand feet up, and five miles on their side of the lines.

A ZEPPELIN RAID IN LONDON

[1915]

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

[The Zeppelin raids against England began January 19–20, 1915, with the attack on Yarmouth, Cromer, Sherington, King's Lynn. Up to August 22d, thirty-four raids had taken place, according to Major Baird, of the Aerial Board, in ten of which no casualties had occurred, while 384 people were killed in the remainder. Several more raids occurred in 1916, and then there was a lull until March 16, 1917. The toll of Zeppelins lost was heavy from the first. Ten were lost in 1914, before the raids on England began; nineteen were lost in 1915; eleven were destroyed or sunk in 1916; and eight in 1917, up to October 19th, when three were shot down by the French on the Alsace border. The losses began August 23, 1914, when a Zeppelin was brought down by French guns at Badonviller. The English naval pilots began as early as October, 1914, to bring down these airships; and on November 21st two were destroyed in a raid on Friedrichshafen. During 1917 the Zeppelin raids were supplemented by airplanes, and the casualties were greater. May 26th 76 persons were killed, and 174 injured in a raid on Folkestone; in the raid of June 13th 104 were killed, and 403 injured; and on July 11th 37 were killed and 141 injured in London.

The Editor.]

Last night [September, 1915] was clear, calm, and moonless, — ideal Zeppelin conditions, — and walking down from my hotel to the Coliseum at eight o'clock, I noticed that the searchlights were turning the dome of the sky into one great kaleidoscope with their weav-

ing bands of brightness. The warming-up drill was over as I entered the music-hall, and, returning home at the end of the "top-liner's" act, I picked my precarious way by the light of the stars and the diffused halos of what had once been street lamps. I was in bed by a quarter to eleven, and it was but a few moments later that the distant but unmistakable boom of a bomb smote upon my unpillowed ear. I was at my east-facing window with a jump, and an instant later the opaque curtain of the night was being slashed to ribbons by the awakening searchlights.

For a minute or two, all of them seemed to be reeling blind and large across the empty heavens, and then, guided by the nearing explosions, one after another they veered off to the east and focused in a great cone of light where two or three slender slivers of vivid brightness were gliding nearer above the dim bulks of the domes and spires of the "City."

Swiftly, undeviatingly, relentlessly, these little pale yellow dabs came on, carrying with them, as by a sort of magnetic attraction, the tip of the cone formed by the converged beams of the searchlights. Nearer and louder sounded the detonations of the bombs. Now they burst in salvos of threes and fours; now singly at intervals, but with never more than a few seconds between. Always a splash of lurid light preceded the sound of the explosion, in most instances to be followed by the quick leap of flames against the sky-line. Many of these fires died away quickly — sometimes through lack of fuel, as in a stone-paved court; more often through being subdued by the firemen, scores of whose engines could be heard clanging through the streets —

others waxed bright and spread until the yellow shafts of the searchlights paled against the heightening glow of the eastern heavens.

The wooden *clackity-clack* of the raiders' propellers came to my ears at about the same moment that the sparkling trail of the fuse of an incendiary bomb against the loom of a familiar spire roughly located the van of the attack as now about half a mile distant. After that, things happened so fast that my recollections, though photographically vivid, are somewhat disconnected. My last "calmly calculative" act was to measure one of the oncoming airships — then at about twenty-five degrees from directly overhead — between the thumb and forefinger of my outstretched right hand, these, extended to their utmost, framing the considerably foreshortened gas-bag with about a half-inch to spare.

Up to this moment the almost undeviating line of flight pursued by the approaching Zeppelins appeared as likely to carry them on one side of my coign of vantage as the other; that is to say, they *seemed* not unlikely to be going to pass directly overhead. It was at this juncture, not unnaturally, that it occurred to me that the basement — for the next minute or two, at least — would be vastly preferable, for any but observation purposes, to my top-floor window. Before I could translate this discretionary impulse into action, however, a small but brilliant light winked twice or thrice from below the leading airship, and a point or two of change was made in the course, with the possible purpose (it has since occurred to me) of swinging across the great group of conjoined railway termini a half-mile or so to the north. This meant that the swath of the bombs

would be cut at least a hundred yards to the northeast, and, impelled by the fascination of the unfolding spectacle, I remained at my window.

During the next half-minute the bombs fell singly at three- or four-second intervals. Then the blinking light flashed out under the leader again, — probably the order for "rapid fire," — and immediately afterwards a number of sputtering fire-trails — not unlike the wakes of meteors — lengthened downward from beneath each of the two airships. (I might explain that I did not see more than two Zeppelins at any one time, though some have claimed to have seen three.)

Immediately following the release of the bombs, the lines of fire streamed in a forward curve, but from about halfway down their fall was almost perpendicular. As they neared the earth, the hiss of cloven air — similar to but not so high-keyed as the shriek of a shell — became audible, and a second or two later the flash of the explosion and the rolling boom were practically simultaneous.

Between eight and a dozen bombs fell in a length of five blocks, and at a distance of from one to three hundred yards from my window, the echoes of one explosion mingling with the burst of the next. Broken glass tinkled down to the left and right, and a fragment of slate from the roof shattered upon my balcony. But the most remarkable phenomenon was the rush of air from, or rather to, the explosion. With each detonation I leaned forward instinctively and braced myself for a blow on the chest, and lo — it descended upon my back. The same mysterious force burst inward my half-latched door, and all down one side of the square cur-

tains were streaming outward from open or broken windows. . . .

Tremendous as was the spectacle of the long line of fires extending out of eye-scope to the City and beyond, there is no denying that the dominating feature of the climax of the raid was the Zeppelins themselves. Emboldened, perhaps, by the absence of gun fire, these had slowed down for their parting salvo so as to be almost "hovering" when the bombs were dropped opposite my vantage-point. Brilliantly illuminated by the searchlights, whose beams wove about below them like the ribbons in a Maypole dance, the clean lines of their gaunt frameworks stood out like bas-reliefs in yellow wax. Every now and then one of them would lurch violently upward, — probably at the release of a heavy bomb, — but, controlled by rudders and planes, the movement had much of the easy power of the dart of a great fish. Indeed, there was strong suggestion of something strangely familiar in the lithe grace of those sleek yellow bodies, in the swift swayings and rightings, in the powerful guiding movements of those hinged "tails," and all at once the picture of a gaunt "man-eater" nosing his terribly purposeful way below the keel of a South-Sea pearler flashed to my mind, and the words "Sharks! Sharks of the air!" leaped to my lips.

While the marauders still floated with bare steerageway in flaunting disdain, the inexplicably delayed firing order to the guns was flashed around, and — like a pack of dogs baying the moon, and with scarcely more effect — London's "air defense" came into action. Everything, from machine guns to three- and four-inchers, — not one in the lot built for anti-aircraft work, — belched

forth the best it had. Up went the bullets and shrapnel, and down they came again, down on the roofs and streets of London. Far, far below the contemptuous airships the little stars of bursting shrapnel spat forth their steel bullets in spiteful impotence, and back they rained on the tiles and cobbles.

Suddenly a gruffer growl burst forth from the yelping pack, as the gunners of some hitherto unleashed piece of ordnance received orders to join the attack. At the first shot a star-burst pricked the night in the rear of the second airship, and well on a line with it; a second exploded fairly above it; and then — all at once I was conscious that the searchlights were playing on a swelling cloud of white mist which was trailing away into the northeast. The Zeppelin had evidently taken a leaf from the book of the squid. . . .

I have been under shell fire on several occasions, and I confess quite frankly that I never before felt anywhere near so "panicky" as during that long half-minute in which the airships appeared certain to pass directly overhead. The explanation of this, it seems to me, may be found in the fact that, in the trenches or in a fort which is under fire, one is among cool, determined, and often callous men who are meeting the expected as a part of the day's work, while in a Zeppelin raid one is more or less unconsciously affected by the unexpectedness of it, and by the very natural terror of the unhardened non-combatants. At any rate, to say that there was not a very contagious brand of terror "in the air" in the immediate vicinity of the swath of last night's raid would be to say something that was not true of my own neighborhood.

As soon as the firing ceased I slipped into my street clothes and hurried out, reaching the "Square" perhaps ten minutes after the last bomb had fallen. That terror still brooded was evident from the white, anxious faces at street doors and basement gratings. . . .

At the end of a block my feet were crunching glass at every step, and a few moments later I was in the direct track of the raid. By a strange chance — it is impossible that it could have happened by intent — that last fierce rain of bombs had descended upon the one part of London where the hospitals stand thicker than in any other; and yet, while every one of these was windowless and scarred from explosions in streets and adjacent squares, not one appeared to have been hit. One large building devoted entirely to nervous disorders was a bedlam of hysteria, and the nurses are said to have had a terrible time in getting their patients in hand. From another, given over to infantile paralysis, hip disease, and other ailments of children, came a pitiful chorus of wails in baby treble. The other hospitals, including one or two foreign ones, appeared to be proceeding quietly with their share of the work of succor, receiving and caring for the victims as fast as they could be hurried in.

The fires, except for a couple of wide glows in the direction of the City and a gay geyser of flame from a broken gas main in the next block, had disappeared as by magic, and most of the places where bombs had dropped in this vicinity could be located only by the little knots of people before the barred doors, or by following a line of hose from an engine.

Except for an occasional covered stretcher being

borne out to a waiting ambulance, the killed and maimed were little in evidence; and but for a chance encounter with a friend who was doing some sort of volunteer surgical work, I should have failed entirely to have an intimate glimpse of the grimmer side of the raid. I jostled him at a barrier where the crowd was being held back from a bombed tenement, and he pressed me into service forthwith. . . .

[Thirteen Zeppelins raided the eastern and northeastern counties of England October 19, 1917, thirty-four persons being killed and fifty-six injured. On the return voyage the Zeppelins were attacked by French airmen, four machines were destroyed and three captured. L-49 was brought down intact, the first one thus captured since the war began. The commander and his crew leaped out, and the commander tried to destroy the Zeppelin, but was compelled to surrender. Experts were then summoned to examine the machine. It was found to be 470 feet long, with five motors of 260 horse-power each, one in the forward car, one in each of the side cars, and two in the rear car. This Zeppelin is further described as follows, by the "Boston Transcript": —

"Outside the airship is painted black, but inside the central gallery, which runs practically the whole length of the ship, everything is yellowish in color, from the metal-work to the *ballonets*. In the central gallery, which is ranged neatly in compartments, are all sorts of spare parts — oxygen apparatus for the use of the crew in great altitudes and life buoys in case of a wreck at sea, hand-grenades, parachutes, etc. She was able to carry about 11,500 kilograms (about eleven and one half tons) of explosives and she had a very well-fitted-up wireless room.

"Examination also revealed that in the construction of the framework of a Zeppelin from ten to twelve tons of aluminum are employed. The covering of the eighteen balloons inclosed inside the big outer envelope is made of cotton substance, lined with gold-beater's skin, instead of with

rubber, and the quantity used is so large that the intestines of thirty thousand cattle go to the making of the material for one Zeppelin. Each of the eighteen balloons is fitted with a valve, and separated from those on each side of it by a funnel to carry off the explosive mixture of the hydrogen of the balloons, the oxygen of the air, and the gases given off by the engines. When all five motors are working together — one contained in the forward car, one in each of the two side cars, and two in the rear car — the speed attained is sixty-eight miles per hour, but, as a rule, all the engines are not used at one time, and the normal rate of flight is from fifty to fifty-six miles per hour. The ordinary crew consists of twenty-two men, but during raids only eighteen are carried.

"The cubic capacity of the present Zeppelins is from fifty to sixty thousand cubic metres (about 1,060,000 cubic feet), or about ten times the capacity of the first that were built, and they are being made at the rate of about two a month."]

A GREAT AIR BATTLE

BY A BRITISH WAR CORRESPONDENT

This is the story of how five British airplanes fought twenty-seven Germans and beat them, sending eight to earth, crashing, crippled, or in flames. It was on Saturday, May 5, 1917, a day of great heat, when there was a haze so thick that you could hardly see the ground from a height of two thousand feet. Our men had started fairly late in the afternoon, and at five o'clock were well over in enemy country, when, with the sun at their backs, they saw two enemy machines ahead. They tried to close with the enemy, who made some show of giving fight. It was only a show, however, for as our leading machine drew near the Germans turned and made with all speed for home.

The tactics suggested that the two enemy machines were only decoys, intended to lure our little flotilla as far as possible from its base — and the suspicion was soon confirmed. Even as we started to chase the two flying enemies, out of the haze and void on all sides new fleets came closing in.

The new arrivals flew in three formations, two of which contained eight machines, and the third contained nine, making twenty-five German airplanes, all of a uniform fighting type, to whom the other two, which now ceased to run away, joined themselves, making twenty-seven enemy machines in all.

One of the enemy fleets, taking advantage of the

thick air, had passed behind our little squadron and came at it, as from the direction of our own lines, straight between it and the sun — an awkward direction from which to have an enemy flying at you late in the afternoon, when the sun is getting fairly low. The other two fleets came from the southeast and northeast. As they approached they spread out so that our men were ringed around with enemies on every side.

The fight began at about eleven thousand feet; but in the course of the things that followed it ranged anywhere from three thousand feet to twelve thousand feet, up and down the ladders of heaven. And the extraordinary fact is that all the while that it went on, German anti-aircraft guns below kept at work. Usually, as soon as airplanes engage overhead, the Archies are silent for fear of hitting the wrong man; and whether the German gunners were drunk with excitement at what was going on above them, or whether it was that our machines formed so isolated and compact a mass in the heart of the great maelstrom that it seemed still possible to shoot at them in safety, is not known. At all events, the tumult in the skies was increased by the constant pumping into the tangled mass of shells from the ground.

The actual fighting lasted for a full hour, from five to six o'clock, an extraordinary time for such a thing, and during all that hour our men fought tooth and nail. And the fight had lasted but a few minutes when we drew first blood, and an enemy machine which Captain A. had attacked went down in flames, with the wings of one side shot away. Then it was Lieutenant B.'s turn. He caught his adversary at close range

fairly, and the German airplane went down, turning over as it fell straight down eleven thousand feet, leaving a trail of smoke behind. Lieutenant C. scored next, his enemy's machine spinning plumb down to where, somewhere below the haze, it must have crashed.

Then, for a moment, it seemed that our luck was turning. Lieutenant B.'s engine gave out and he was "compelled to leave the formation." It is a simple phrase, but what it means is that, helpless and with engine still, the airplane dropped out of the fight from eleven thousand feet down to three thousand feet. It was a dizzying drop, and as he fell, an enemy, seeing him defenseless and scenting easy prey, went after him.

But other eyes were watching. Lieutenant C. saw his crippled comrade slipping downward and saw the German diving after. Quick as a flash he followed, and before the German could do his work the British airplane was almost touching the tail of his machine, and in another second the German turned clean over in the air and then crashed nose foremost into the abyss.

Then, almost by a miracle, B.'s engine caught its breath again. Once more the machine was under control and B., who was one of those who were new to the game, climbed and rejoined formation. Some eight thousand feet he had to climb, with the baffled Archies blazing at him from below, up into the inverted hell above, where his four comrades were fighting enemies who outnumbered them six to one. Just as he "rejoined" another German fell. It was A.'s second victim of the day, and friend and foe alike saw the machine go, sheeted in flames, down into the gulf.

Then once again it seemed that a throw had gone

against us, for, still under control, but with flames bursting from its reserve petrol tank, one of our machines began to drop. Again an enemy, glimpsing an easy quarry, dived for the flaming ruin as it fell, but, quicker than he, A. also dived, and while our crippled machine, still belching flames, slid off, with its nose set for home, the German, mortally hit, dropped like a stone.

It was just retribution. The unwritten laws of this marvelous game prescribe that no honorable fighter attack an enemy in flames. Such an enemy is out of the fight, and has trouble enough for a brave man. The German who dived for our burning machine knew that he was doing an unchivalrous thing, and it may be that that knowledge unnerved him so that he paid the penalty.

Strangely enough, our burning airplane got home. I have seen the wreckage, with the reserve petrol tank on the roof bearing two bullet holes on one side and great ragged tears on the other side where the bullets passed out. The whole tank is scorched and crumpled. The flames had burned away the whole central span of the upper plane. The thick rear main spar was charred and burned through, and two ribs were completely severed and hung with loose, blackened ends. Yet, like a great blazing meteor, it crossed our lines and came to earth, not, indeed, at its home, but on safe and friendly ground; and, as another airman said to me in admiration, "He made a perfectly topping landing."

Meanwhile the wonderful fight was drawing to a close. The British pilot, Lieutenant D., emptied a belt from his machine gun into an enemy when so close that

his wings almost brushed the other's rudder; and the enemy turned turtle, clear over on his back, and, spurting out a thick column of black smoke, went down.

Some of the enemy were already drawing off, but our men were in no mood to let them go. It is harder to get out of a losing fight than it is to begin it, and before the enemy mob could disentangle itself from the battle two more of their machines had gone to earth — one, his third in the fight, falling to Lieutenant C. and one to Lieutenant E.

Then the last four of our machines, still lords of the air, came home.

XII

THE HOSPITAL AND AMBULANCE SERVICES

HISTORICAL NOTE

The hospital and ambulance services of the Great War have kept pace with the modern modes of warfare, thanks to the automobile and other modern inventions. The Allied ambulances on the Western Front have been driven by some of the bravest and most devoted men, among them Americans who very early volunteered for service in France. Venturing even to the first-line trenches in quest of the wounded, these daring men have taken the greatest possible risks as they drove their machines over ditches and along rough roads to the nearest relief station or hospital, there to turn over their precious charges to the awaiting surgeons. The hospitals in turn have been provided with every device made available by modern knowledge and skill, and manned with surgeons whose consecration to their work was unsurpassed. A remarkably large number of men have been returned to the firing-line from the hospitals. Meanwhile stretcher-bearers, ambulance drivers, and surgeons have had a new and most sad kind of case to deal with since the days of gas attacks by the Germans.

The Red Cross has rendered assistance on all fronts in coöperation with the special relief organizations of each country or army, such as the Royal Army Medical Corps of Great Britain, and the red cross has been employed as a common designation. The combined organizations include the casualty clearing-stations in the field, the field hospital, the stationary and general hospitals at the base, and the more distant hospitals in the home countries. The losses involved in some of the greater conflicts, such as the battle of the Somme, have tested the relief and medical organizations to the utmost, and called for the most heroic devotion.

BEHIND THE YSER

[1916]

BY MAUD MORTIMER

[The French field hospital mentioned in the following sketch is about five miles from the firing-line. To it are brought the wounded who may not without danger go farther. Maud Mortimer is one of many American women who volunteered for this service.

The Editor.]

The sun rises at last on a glistening world. All night a furious cannonade has broken the secretive silence of the falling snow. It has grown at times so violent that our shacks have creaked and rocked and our beds rumbled under us, as though sharply twitched and springing back with a vibratory movement, starting from the corner pointing toward the loudest noise.

High up, to the right, stodgily swings a *saucisse* [observation balloon] keeping watch on the enemy lines, and aeroplanes, with their painted discs, red, white, and blue, buzz over us like great blow-flies. More and more of them speckle the distance, while little balls of smoke, now black, now white, materialize around them for a moment, then are unwound and dragged in long feathery wakes by the light breeze, until finally engulfed in the insatiable blue of the cloudless day.

Uninterruptedly the routine of the hospital runs on to the accompaniment of the continuous roar along the front. Up and down the wooden pathways the stretcher-

bearers carry the wounded from their wards to the operating-rooms and back again to their beds, the scarlet stretcher blankets showing up against the snow. There is plenty of time to-day to attend to them all.

In the afternoon our dapper general, in immaculate red trousers, dustless black coat, and braided cap, his hand on the shining scabbard at his side, pauses for a moment to listen. Then, looking along the suffering beds, he says exultantly, "C'est moi qui tire!" All day long, bang and rattle, rattle and bang, a series of apparently disconnected explosions, or the continuous jarring sound of machine guns, like long heavy chains dragged clanking through iron hawse-holes, the whole forming in my mind a rhythmic sequence to which a graphic form — linked loops and dots, domed curves and sharply pointed angles, jerked from the point of some monster telegraphic needle — might perhaps be given.

For twenty-four hours no newcomers. The obsession of the thundering guns lifts from our spirits as we remember the general's words and begin to hope the damage done is all on the other side.

It is nearly dinner-time. Suddenly three whistles announcing the arrival of *blessés* [wounded] sound shrilly. Off I speed, trying to keep my balance on the narrow paths now slippery in the evening frost. Standing at the door of the *salle d'attente* are two ambulances, the drivers with grave faces holding lanterns, while stretcher-bearers gently lift or help the wounded out of the cars. Two, four, six, seven — they are all in now.

I follow them into the long room round which, from lanterns, dim, black-framed slices of light move un-

steadily. Three men, variously bandaged, stand facing me, smiling "Good-evening." On stretchers on the floor are four shapeless heaps.

A second — to check a wave of sick apprehension at sight of them.

Whose need is the most pressing? We unwrap blankets, lift them one by one on to beds. But here is one who cannot be moved. He seems unconscious. The left trouser has been split open to the top leaving bare a leg, the knee a little raised, mottled blue by gunpowder. It lies queerly zigzag on the stretcher, in an un-leg-like way. The right leg is bandaged, as also the whole right arm and hand, of which the bandages are soaked with recent bleeding. The upper part of the left arm is bandaged too, and as for the head — tiny rivulets of blood from scalp, forehead, and nose have trickled down it like some ghastly wig combed over the face, leaving nothing familiarly human visible, and have spread to neck and chest as far as we can see through the partly open shirt.

Is this thing, lying there so still, alive? "Hot-water bottles quickly!" I take the right boot off the frozen foot and am just beginning to cut the laces of the other heavy boot which still hangs on the end of the limp, bare, blue leg, when a clear, firm voice says, "Don't give yourself the trouble, madame, to remove that. When they cut off my leg the boot can come off with it."

I look up and catch the glance of two steady bright young eyes peering at me through that lamentable mask.

"Eugène Sureau, 79th Territorials."

That is all, written on a card over your bed and in-

delibly also written in my memory. Why do I so remember you, Eugène Sureau?

You came in the night when I was not even on duty. It did not fall to me to cut off the torn, blood-soaked clothes to give you the first cheer, the first warmth after the wet, cold, unthinkable trenches and the torturing journey over rough roads in a poorly hung ambulance where, in the dark, you must have lain silently shrinking under each fresh jolt.

It snowed the night you came in and all the day following — a fine hard snow that sparkled on the little wooden ways that spanned the mud between our shacks. It sparkled, too, on the high-sitting old windmill which through so many sunsets I have seen turning, like Verhaeren's mill, on a sky *couleur de lie.* Even the color of the lees of wine was not in the sky on that evening when you found your place in my memory, Eugène Sureau. I did not see your wounds. Sometimes that gaping, indecent horror photographs itself on the mind. They told me you had come in full of shrapnel wounds; but that was true of so many others.

Once or twice during the day, as I passed your bed, I had smiled you a "Comment allez-vous, mon ami?" [" How are you, my friend? "] and heard your patient "Ça ne va pas très bien, ma sœur." When at nightfall of that same white day I turned into Salle IV, you were not in my mind, Eugène Sureau. I had forgotten the big stretcher-bearer who lay so uncomplainingly in bed 6. The ward was darkened, and the day orderlies had gone off duty. Only the orderly whose watch held him there until midnight was noiselessly moving from bed to bed, preparing the men for their

night of pain. But round bed 6 the screens were drawn, and, hearing me open the door, a nurse beckoned to me from a space between them.

"He has just died. I am alone. Will you help me to lay him out?"

There you were, the play of that patient smile still across your lips. The doctors had done what they could for you, but your wounds were too many and a terrible hemorrhage had left you too weak to bear more. Both your legs were bandaged from hip to heel.

"Take the forceps out of that wound and put on layers of wool and more bandages," the nurse whispered.

And as I obey and add to the deforming bandages wool and yet more wool, you seem so little dead, so warm, that with a shame-faced sense of intrusion I expect to see your eyes turn on me or a look of pain tighten your lips. No muscle moves. We can do as we will with you. We cannot hurt you. You are warm, yet far away; you are warm, yet life, which your athlete's body and strong sweet face had perhaps made dear to you, has gone as capriciously, as mysteriously, as she came. Are you satisfied not to be? I vaguely wonder. Or is that quiet smile merely the tribute of the parting guest to his host, a well-bred acknowledgment of favors received, of discomforts too short-lived to be remembered?

We have wrapped you in your shroud, fastened the corner with its purple satin cross over your head. The nurse has stolen away through the hushed and now sleeping ward to call the stretcher-bearers. I stand beside you, becoming compassionately more and more aware of the fine strong lines of your body. Then sud-

denly I glance up and see the card over your bed: "Eugène Sureau, 79th Territorials." What are you to me but a name, a fine line, a thrill at one more turn of the screw among so many others heroically borne?

Yet from that moment you live for me. On some sunny countryside in France are your mother, your wife, your "gosses" playing at soldiers, perhaps, and talking of your home-coming. All unconscious are they that you lie here shrapnel-torn in this darkened, sleeping ward, still warm but dead, while I, stooping down, give you in their place the kiss of peace the living give the dead.

You have been dead since the beginning of the world, yet you are still warm, Eugène Sureau. Why does your name so echo in my memory? What were you, Eugène Sureau?

When I arrived he [Le Groux] was already one of the pets of the hospital and the pride of the doctors — not because of any show of health he made, poor lamb, but because he was still alive after all they had been allowed to do to him, and out of gratitude to him for all they thought they had learned to do against another time.

As a little boy he had been an acrobat, and his delicate grown-up boniness still gave one some idea of what that reedy childhood must have been. Then, weary of that hard life or kicked out of the company for some slip, he became a waiter in a café. Never very communicative, he was as silent on that score as on others. We can only infer that something learned there or before led him to commit *le crime* — ever so little a one, perhaps, such as many we know may have committed.

Only, you see, he was so thin in body and environment, there was nothing with which to cover it up; while others less exposed, well padded with fortune and with place, sail virtuously on their ways all unsuspected. This crime, then, — he, as I have said, having nothing with which to hide it, — lay not only naturally bare, but was dragged into a glittering, artificial light by those whose interest it may have been to blacken and defame him and so gain another soldier for the not too popular African Light Infantry.

He was condemned, of course, and "poured" (as they so forcibly say) into the Bataillon d'Afrique to be a Zéphir or Joyeux then and until his death. Brave boys, many of these Joyeux are. Their crimes forgotten when the war bugles blow, they are sent to the hottest corners; for, having nothing to lose but a trifling something of physical enjoyment and, perhaps, of physical comfort, they fight with a daring and a foolhardiness born of their adventurous, irresponsible lives. Their zealous light-heartedness wins for them their name; and, if good fighters, they are no less heroes under suffering as I, for one, happen to know.

There is always, of course, a chance of rehabilitation dangled before the eyes of any one of them who, more desperate than the rest, shall win a military laurel by some signal deed of daring. Once the cross or medal is pinned on his breast he can, if still whole, be "poured" into a regiment of better social repute, whitewash his blackened name, and salve the old family sore that his backsliding may have caused. But, as one boy explained to me, the grapes so gathered too often turn sour in the eating. It is sufficient for a theft or some unfathered

act of insubordination to be committed in his new surroundings: presto, it is the Joyeux who is guilty.

Why go any farther? We have all heard of the dog and his name. The Joyeux, even with his Cross of Honor, bought at a so much higher price than other people's crosses, generally prefers to remain in his own battalion, where there is honor even among thieves.

Our Le Groux, then, "Joyous One" or "Light Breeze," a bullet through the spleen and kidney, half-flayed, with stomach, liver, and part of his intestines laid impudically bare, drains in the abdominal cavity and in his back, was one of the pets of the hospital and of the medical staff. If the doctors cherished him and cherished themselves in him, he no less cherished the doctors — one especially, a fine figure of a man, all that Le Groux was not, who to real skill added the "happy hand" so dear to those suffering men, and who in return was adored by them. "Monsieur le majeur est un chic type," Le Groux would say; and a happy look of confidence would flit across the emaciated face, lighting into significance the bright, brown eyes, high, hectic cheekbones, and somewhat oblique, thin nose.

Every one spoke of Le Groux and asked, after each dressing, how he was; glanced many times a day at the chart over his bed and speculated what he would be fit for when, rehabilitated by a decoration of which even a whisper would send his temperature speeding up to the danger-point, his wounds finally drained and cleaned, he should be handed on by us to a base hospital and thence mingle once more in his country's civil life. The gray hospital ambulance, with its prominent red cross, never whirled one of us into the nearest town, there to

buy provisions and other household necessities, without bringing back some dainty for Le Groux, — oysters, fish, *petits gâteaux*, or fruit, — in the hope of tempting his capricious appetite and winning for ourselves his thanks.

Yes, certainly he was one of the pets of the hospital. And not only did he adore his doctor, but he also adored his faithful friend the nurse, his nurse, to whom alone, by virtue of her skill and devotion, was entrusted the ceremony of his terrible dressings, and whose care came nearer to a true mother's than anything this boy had ever known. And yet his mother lived. How we found it out I do not know. That was one of the things that always set us thinking. At rare intervals, he would mention a sister, but never, never had any one of us heard him speak of his mother. Did he know her shamed and broken-hearted by that slip, that blot, that crime, by reason of which he was "poured" into the Bataillon d'Afrique? We shall never know.

Here, then, you have his life with us, the slow, dragging days colored only by his changing moods, mixture alike of fineness and coarseness, at moments pulling one up short with a sense of one's own inferiority, then again flashing too crude a light on that past of which we guessed so much and knew so little.

At the end of four months — by one of those brusque changes common, I am told, in all military hospitals (due, some say, to intrigue, others to a legitimate desire on the part of a paternal General Staff to give to all medical aspirants an equal chance of experience and practice at the front) — the general signed the papers and our medical staff was changed, the *chic type* among

the number. "Promotion" the authorities called it, though he thought otherwise; and there was much heart-burning and putting of heads together in our camp.

When Le Groux heard that his doctor was to go to another hospital he said brightly, "Eh bien, you will wrap me up well and take me with you."

"Alas, no, mon vieux, you must wait until that bronchitis is better. Then I will come myself and fetch you. Au revoir et sois sage. You will, I hope, soon be well. The new doctor will be good to you."

Le Groux lay still all that day and all the next. In the evening of the second day I stood looking down at his wan, pinched face, with the tightening skin round nose and lips. He slowly opened his eyes. "Is there nothing I can get for you? No? Not even prunes?" They were his favorite sweet. "Things stick in my throat these days," he whispered, "but if you will cook them, to please you I will try to eat them." A moment later he stretched out his hands to his nurse who folded him in her arms, her big hot tears falling on his white face.

Twenty minutes later the general, followed by the new médecin-chef, turned the handle of Salle I. The general held a Croix de Guerre and a Médaille Militaire in his hand.

"Where is Le Groux, ma sœur?"

"He is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, he lived only on his courage. When they removed his doctor he lost hope and died."

Without a word, his head bent, the general turned and left the ward, two little unopened boxes in his hand, his sheathed sword hanging impotently at his side.

BEHIND THE YSER

Out of the endless muddy plains of western Belgium choose some three hundred yards, rather more muddy than the rest, and round them draw with a loose-jointed compass, so that the curve may wobble here and there and try more than once to escape at a tangent, a thick black line. Press on your point until it sinks into the soft mud and your outline becomes a ditch. Then, out of the sticky, fertile inner rim of your ditch, draw up a hawthorn hedge, eight feet or so in height, and you have the site of our field hospital.

On one side of this sticky field is a space given up to cars and ambulances and known as "the yard." It is bounded on its northeast side by low, ramshackle, wooden shacks, one, open in front, the car-shed, the others closed and serving severally as cabins for the chauffeurs, storehouse, coal-bin, and mortuary chapel. Between the mortuary chapel and the next shack, there is a space roofed over with planks to form a covered way which, in turn, opens upon a margin of our field and, through a low wooden door in the hedge, out on to the deeply rutted village road.

The little chapel is hung all round and curtained in with unbleached calico haunted by a taint of gangrene. A plain wooden cross hangs on the east side, and in the center are trestles on which the bodies awaiting burial are laid, first in their shrouds, later in their plain deal coffins. These coffins, the carpenter once boastingly told me, he could knock together in twenty minutes each — the lowest terms to which this, the last need of man, has been reduced.

On a gray day in early January as I passed along one end of the yard, I saw a group of *poilus*, their helmets

on, their faded, mottled, horizon-blue overcoats looped back, their guns at rest with bayonets fixed. The supply-wagon that served us as a hearse stood under the covered way in front of them, while at one side, leisurely putting a stole on over his uniform and preparing to officiate at a funeral, was one of our mobilized priests.

My favorite nurse, in her dark blue cloak, the small red cross on her white head-dress, stood a little apart from the rest, waiting.

"Laloux is to be buried," she whispered; "won't you stay with me?"

I have but lately come to the hospital and the edge of emotion is still cutting. Quietly we stand together, while the stretcher-bearers go behind the curtains and presently reappear, carrying the coffin, which they slide into the supply-wagon. On each of our coffins, for all decoration, is nailed a metal cross, and tenderly enough — allowing for the wear and tear of daily repetition — is laid a small wreath of yellow immortelles and a bunch of artificial, rain-proof Parma violets. Silently we fall into place: first, an orderly carrying a long thin plain deal cross; then, the soldier-priest in his stole, a half-open breviary in his hand, a finger in the burial service; then, three soldiers abreast, with guns and bayonets fixed; behind these, the improvised hearse drawn by two shabby horses, with three more soldiers, on each side, in single file, three abreast immediately following. Twelve soldiers in all, twelve guns, twelve bayonets fixed. Behind the soldiers the stretcher-bearers, followed by a solitary mourner who has come a twenty-four hours' journey to arrive too late, but not too late for death. After her walk the nurses, a few officials,

orderlies, any one who likes, out of curiosity or piety, to join our straggling procession.

The gray desolate day seems grayer and more desolate as we pick our way across puddles and ruts, trying to catch a rhythm in twelve heavy marching feet and oscillating iron-bound wheels on rough-worn cobblestones. On, past the diminutive wayside chapel outside our farthest gate, round a bend in the road where a dilapidated windmill stands, raised on its high platform against the sky, and drags ragged sails in monotonously repeated, jerky circles — on and on into the little village of one street, over the bridge that spans the canal, with its half-inundated banks turning broken gray mirrors up to a glowering gray sky. This canal is famous now, and will be famous as long as the history of Belgium is told, for the heroic resistance put up behind the scant refuge of its inhospitable banks to the untiring attacks of merciless hordes.

Most of our men, many of them old Territorials ordered there to beat time, as they themselves would say, and because in that "hot corner the less precious lives might best be thrown away," were wounded within a few hundred yards of the bridge across which, to the heavy rhythm of tramping boots, we carry them dead.

On and on we go, meeting weary convoys who, as they trudge in an opposite direction, conscious their turn may be the next, pay tribute by their expressionless faces and the dire simplicity of their salute, to the elemental dignity of death.

We reach the little market at last, turn sharply to our left, and pass into the village church. There we pause for a part of our burial service — for the swung

censer and the holy water sprinkled alike on living and on dead. Out and on through the north door to the farthest edge of the little churchyard, where, circling a third of the space, row on row, four abreast, rough black wooden crosses, high as a man, tell their tale. . . .

THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE FIELD SERVICE

[1916]

BY A. P. A.

For many years before the war there existed at Neuilly-sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris, a semi-philanthropic institution supported by Americans and known as the American Hospital. At the outbreak of the war this institution instantly and naturally became the rallying-point for Americans who loved France and wanted to help care for her wounded soldiers. . . . A multitude of doctors, surgeons, and nurses were brought over from the United States; and thus the American Ambulance Hospital in the Lycée Pasteur, with accommodations for more than six hundred wounded soldiers, came into being. Soon the generosity of another American friend of France made possible a second American Ambulance Hospital, and the venerable College of Juilly, located about thirty miles east of Paris, was steam-fitted, electric-lighted, and made over into a hospital for about two hundred additional wounded, with distinguished American surgeons in charge.

From the outset it was clear that the saving of soldiers' lives depended quite as much upon the quick transportation of the wounded as upon their surgical treatment, and in September, 1914, when the battle-front surged close to Paris, a dozen automobiles given by Americans, hastily extemporized into ambulances,

and driven by American volunteers, ran back and forth night and day between the western end of the Marne Valley and Paris. This was the beginning of the American Ambulance Field Service. . . . During the autumn and winter that followed many more cars were given and many more young Americans volunteered, and when the battle-front retired from the vicinity of Paris, sections of motor-ambulances were detached from the hospitals at Neuilly and Juilly and became more or less independent units attached to the several French armies, serving the dressing-stations and army hospitals within the army zone. . . .

In Belgium and Northern France, where the American Ambulance Field Service has had an important section since the early months of the war, the valiant service rendered during the second battle of the Yser, and during the many bombardments from long-range guns in and about Dunkirk, has attracted official recognition from the highest officers in the army. At the time of the prolonged battle in the vicinity of Ypres in May, General Putz wrote that the American Section had, by working five nights and days without interruption, assured the evacuation of the hospitals in Everdinghe, though under continual shell fire which covered all of the roads in the neighborhood and even the hospitals themselves. . . .

In the section of Alsace which France has recovered from Germany, the American Ambulance Field Service has now the only automobile ambulances and they are performing a service which no other automobile ambulances could perform. Because of the lightness and power of our little cars, and because we are willing to

AMERICAN AMBULANCE-DRIVERS

AMERICAN AMBULANCE-DRIVERS

When a man in the front trenches is hit he is given first aid by his comrades and carried by the stretcher-bearers to the advance dressing-station. There his emergency bandages are taken off, the wounds hastily dressed, and he is transported by motor ambulance to the clearing hospital and thence by train to the base hospital.

Long before America declared war American ambulance-drivers were risking their lives along the Western Front bringing in wounded *poilus* from the advance dressing-stations. That their work lacked neither thrills nor dangers is shown by this brief sketch taken from the diary of one of the American drivers who served through the hottest fighting at Verdun: —

"You are asleep in the straw, perhaps dreaming of home. Toward midnight you are awakened by a hand on your shoulder, and a whispered voice says: 'We are going to the Cabaret to-night — the Cabaret Rouge.'

"If hell has its theaters and cabarets, the devil will do well to pattern his entertainments from the spectacle we see nightly at this one. The house is halfway up the slope in a valley. Behind it, in front of it, on all sides of it, are the French batteries. The German shells are bursting in the fields around, while our own guns flash and thunder incessantly. Immediately in front of us, above the hilltop a couple of kilometres distant, the red signal rockets illumine the sky, varied occasionally by a white rocket demanding a curtain fire or concentrated artillery bombardment at a certain point in the trenches; sometimes a green flare warning us of a gas attack. Down from the trenches, along the winding *boyaux*, come the stretcher-bearers with their crimson burdens. They are deposited on the straw, re-bandaged, given a drink of water or cold tea, and loaded into our cars — sometimes groaning, sometimes shrieking, sometimes silent. The wall of the house, with a shell hole through it big enough for five men to stand in, looms dirty red amid the flashes of artillery. Red Cabaret, red rockets, red fire, red blood." [1]

[1] From *Diary of Section VIII, American Ambulance Field Service.*

Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, New York

use them up in this service and replace them without restrictions, the ambulances are running over steep mountain passes in Alsace which the French automobile ambulances were unable to cross and over which wounded soldiers were formerly carried on mule-back. They have been able to reduce the journey of the wounded between the dressing-stations and the hospitals from four or five hours to less than one, at the same time substituting transport in a comfortable springed vehicle for the agony of transport in the mule-litters. Two of the men in this Section have already received the Croix de Guerre for special acts of valor. . . .

We have a Section of ambulances in Lorraine to which has been entrusted exclusively the service of carrying the wounded in the much-fought-over region around Bois-le-Prêtre. This Section alone has carried on the average about seventy-five hundred wounded per month. The men work continually within range of the German shells and are almost daily under German fire. The Section as a whole, and their leader, have received honorable mention in official dispatches and have been given the Croix de Guerre.

WITH AMBULANCE NO. 10

[1915]

BY LESLIE BUSWELL

[The following selections from the letters of one of the young American volunteers in the ambulance service indicate some of the experiences and perils to which the driver of an ambulance is subject. Like so many other letters from the front, those from which the selections are taken were not originally intended for publication. Hence, as some one has written, "from this unconscious story one gets an impression of the devoted service which young Americans are rendering in France and of the way in which they are reducing the agony and saving the lives of wounded French soldiers."

The Editor.]

I came here — Pont-à-Mousson — last night [June 16, 1915], after a seven hours' journey to Nancy from Paris. On the way I found much to interest me, as (if you will look on your map) you will see that the railway runs beside the river Marne, then the Meuse, and lastly the Moselle. An officer pointed out to me all the interesting places where the Germans advanced and then retreated in a hurry, leaving everything behind even to their flags, which I believe are now in London. . . . On arriving at Nancy I was met by Salisbury, our Section leader, and after a good meal in the most beautiful little town you could hope to see (and where the Kaiser and ten thousand troops in dress parade were waiting on a hill close by to enter in state last October), we started by motor for Pont-à-Mousson. Some fif-

teen kilometres farther on, our lights were put out and then we entered the region under shell fire. . . .

At last we came to Pont-à-Mousson, a dear little village with about eight thousand inhabitants, and felt our way, so to speak, in the darkness and silence to the barracks which are now the headquarters of the ambulance. I found that there were about twenty cars and twenty-two men there, the latter all enthusiastic about their work and the help the Section were giving the French. . . . After being introduced to the "boys," I went to my room which is some one hundred and sixty metres up the road — nearer the trenches, but safer for all that.

Here I found I was to share the house with another man, Schroeder by name, a Hollander and a very nice fellow, who has already lost one brother and has had another wounded in the French army. My bedroom is a quite typical French peasant room, very comfortable, and I felt grateful to know that I was to have a bed and not straw to sleep on. I went to sleep there my first night in comparative quietness, only hearing now and then the crack of a musket which in peace-time one would think was merely a back-fire of some motor. In the morning I woke at six and went to breakfast in our barracks, which is always served at seven o'clock. . . . My friend or housemate pointed out, about five hundred metres away, what looked like a fallen tree across the road. Imagine my feelings when he told me they were the French trenches. On the ridge of hills on the right, one sees a brown line — these are the German trenches, and walking down the road to breakfast, one gets the knowledge that a first-rate rifle shot could pick one off.

After breakfast . . . we started on a tour [in a Ford

ambulance], or "petit promenade," as an officer told us we were doing. . . . We left the river (where we could be clearly seen by the Germans intrenched some thousand metres away), and I confess I sighed in relief — for it is difficult to accustom one's self immediately to the possibility of receiving a bullet in one's head or a shell in one's stomach. . . . We left Pont-à-Mousson and started up the hill to our first "place de secour" [relief station]. . . .

On the other side of the hill on our right extended the famous Bois-le-Prêtre; but it is no longer a wood — it is just a wilderness with a few brown stumps sticking up. . . . We turned to the left and mounted a steep hill and entered it. Here the birds were singing and all was green and beautiful, . . . but one could see trench after trench deserted. Here was an officers' cemetery, a terribly sad sight, six hundred officers' graves. Close by were also the graves of eighteen hundred soldiers. . . . As we waited a broken-down horse appeared with a cart-load of what looked like old clothes — "les morts" [the dead]. I had never seen a dead body till that moment. It was a horrible awakening — eight stiff, semi-detached, armless, trunkless, headless bodies — all men like ourselves with people loving them — somewhere — all gone this way — because of what? I don't know, do you? . . . One becomes *habitué*, they told me. . . .

It hardly seems possible that we are so close to the German trenches — fair food, even hot water, wonderful moonlight nights, and a comfortable bed. Every other night we have to sleep in the barracks to be on duty any moment, and so we sleep on straw and don't undress.

Every fourth night we are on duty all night and go to X—— and stay there in the car taking wounded to the first, second, and third base hospitals. . . . For two out of the six kilometres we are exposed to German view and the whole of the way, of course, to shell fire.

On my first arrival at this little mountain village [X——] I was horrified to see two people lying dead in the road in huge pools of blood. Six German "150's" had been suddenly launched into the village which is full of soldiers, and killed six soldiers and wounded some thirty. Three of the six shots had landed actually in the road itself. Two of our ambulances were in the streets at the time and only chance spared them. I asked where the shells had struck, and my stretcher-bearer looked around for a moment and then pointed under my own car, and there was a hole some nine inches deep and two feet wide. . . . Only five minutes before, and it might happen again at any moment. I took down three *couchés*, as the lying-down ones are called, and had to pass in front of a battery of "75's" which fired as I passed and gave me a shaky feeling, I can tell you. Then backward and forward for two hours carrying more wounded. . . .

Last night I was on duty all night at X——, and it was a great strain riding backward and forward in pitch darkness up and down the very steep and narrow road. I had to go to Auberge St. Pierre at about two o'clock this morning. This road is in full view of the Germans and much bombarded, and shrapnel burst close by, which reminded me that a lovely moonlight night, with trees and hills and valleys dimly shaping themselves, *can* be other than romantic.

It was a sad trip for me — a boy about nineteen had been hit in the chest and half his side had gone, and as we lifted him into the car, by a little brick house which was a mass of shell holes, he raised his sad, tired eyes to mine and tried a brave smile. I went down the hill as carefully as I could and very slowly, but when I arrived at the hospital I found I had been driving a hearse and not an ambulance. It made me feel very badly — the memory of that faint smile which was to prove the last effort of some dearly loved youth. All the poor fellows look at us with the same expression of appreciation and thanks; and when they are unloaded it is a common thing to see a soldier, probably suffering the pain of the damned, make an effort to take the hand of the American helper. I tell you, tears are pretty near sometimes. . . .

On Friday [July 9th] I again took down a German wounded — this time a German of the Kaiser's or Crown Prince's Bodyguard (the German Crown Prince is against us here). He was dying. Picture to yourself a fine, truly magnificent man — over six feet four — wonderful strength — with a hole through both lungs. He could not speak, and when I got to the hospital, I asked in German if he wanted anything. He just looked at me and chokingly murmured, "Catholic." I asked a soldier to fetch the priest, and then two *brancardiers* (stretcher-bearers) and the doctor, the priest, and I knelt down as he was given extreme unction. That is a little picture I shall never forget — all race hatred was forgotten. Romanist and Anglican, we were in that hour just all Catholics and a French priest was officiating for a dying German — a Boche — the race that has

made Europe a living hell. I came back about seven o'clock at night with more wounded and asked if he still lived. Yes; would I like to see him? I went in and although he breathed his last within an hour after, his look showed recognition, and that man died, I am sure, with no hatred for France. . . .

The day before yesterday [August 13th], after having made several trips with wounded, I had a pressing call to Auberge St. Pierre. There the Germans were bombarding as usual, and it was unpleasant. A shell had landed near a kitchen, killing several and seriously wounding one soldier. He had a hole as big as your fist right through his back. "There is a chance if you can get him to the operating room quickly," I was told — it was eighteen kilometres to the best surgeon; so off dear old "No. 10" and I started on our rush for life. *Toot! toot! toot!* — and even the soldiers, realizing that I had a man's life in my care, made a clear way in the road ahead — and through village after village, without moving the throttle, we sped on and on. *Bump, bump, bump,* — what did it matter if I had to shake him about a little — he was unconscious, and every second counted. "I hope I won't have a puncture," I found myself muttering from time to time. Finally . . . I drew up at the tent. In a second two *brancardiers* had the car unloaded — the surgeon in white was washing his hands — and thirty minutes from the time my charge was given into my care, he was lying on the operating-table. "*He may live,*" said the surgeon. That was my reward! *That* is why I am happy even here — only for this reason — one sometimes saves lives and never intentionally kills. . . .

To-day [September 14th] the Section and our Section leaders were decorated. The ceremony took place in the garden and the Croix de Guerre was pinned on Salisbury's breast. The double kiss, given with dignity, and a few words of congratulation by the *médecin divisionnaire* [division doctor] ended the notable event. So we now have hanging over our mantelpiece this coveted insigne. . . .

No letter from America has come to me for over two weeks, which is not very stimulating. Out here, molehills are mountains, and mountains — impassable, and although it is of no real importance whether one gets a letter or not, or whether the letter one may get is cold or warm, yet these small and seemingly insignificant things are sometimes enough to send away sleep. I suppose the truth is, I really need a rest and change. It has seemed to me lately that modern warfare means even more of a nervous expenditure than a physical one.

The nights are getting cold, dark, and damp. The leaves are falling, underbrush turning, — the icy hand of winter stretches out nearer and nearer, — and the trials of the *poilus* are doubling every day.

Yesterday I talked with a priest. He and most of his calling voluntarily accepted at the beginning of the war the fearful task of burying the dead. It sounds very simple, does n't it? It means handling terrible objects covered with blood-soaked clothing, that once had the shape of human beings. . . . That is a *little* of what burying the dead means. . . . And this is the work the priests of Peace are doing in France. Wonderful, you think? No, it is French temperament, French courage. . . .

WITH AN AMBULANCE AT VERDUN

[1916]

BY WILLIAM YORKE STEVENSON

[The author of the diary from which this selection is taken is an American volunteer who succeeded Leslie Buswell as driver of Ambulance No. 10. He was assigned work at various parts of the front in France until finally he was put on duty at Verdun during the great battle.

The Editor.]

Such a splendid trip! We came down through Senlis, the town where the Boches did their worst. They burned every tenth house, and shot the citizens, including the Mayor. Then we came along the valley of the Marne, and saw the whole of the great battlefield. A perfect day, and the Lieutenant ran slowly so that the *convoi* should get a chance to take the views. At that, we are to-night [June 23d] at Châlons — some ride! Every bone in my body aches and it's hard even to keep awake to write this. Woody [one of the ambulance drivers] got an awful spill. He nearly went to sleep, a very common thing after one has been driving for a great many hours — sort of hypnotism; his car turned turtle, but threw him clear. . . . I find the only thing to do is to try to compose a letter or a verse or remember songs one half knows. It keeps one's mind out of that hypnotic rhythm. Here I am on a wonderful soft down bed with *sheets!* The Russians are here also. The lady of the house where I am quartered says that last night

there was a Boche aeroplane raid, but it did no damage, except it made her baby cry with the noise. . . .

We passed many smashed-up villages to-day, including Sermaize, and the famous Vitry-le-François, the turning-point of the battle of the Marne. . . . As we neared Bar-le-Duc we passed the Tenth Cavalry, every man leading an extra horse. All the horses are little, quick-acting animals of the polo pony type. They looked very efficient. We also passed the Seventy-ninth *de ligne* returning from the front. The men were haggard and done, but a fine-looking lot. Ten days should put them on their toes again. . . .

We arrived at Bar-le-Duc yesterday [June 24th] at five o'clock, and had our tents up and kitchen working by 6 P.M., to the astonishment of a neighboring *camion* [motor-truck] section. We turned in at nine o'clock. At 11 P.M. a call came to go at once to Verdun, as there had been a big gas attack. We chucked everything out of our cars, got masks and "tin derbys," and beat it. We made the outskirts of Verdun (fifty kilometres) by 1 A.M. over fearful roads and not a car broke down, though there were several blow-outs. We ran into the Norton Section and our No. 2. They were very much surprised — as they knew we had only arrived that evening — to find us right on the job. As we loaded the coughing men into the cars, the guns were going like mad and a terrific explosion occurred — either a mine or a powder dépôt. . . .

Each car took five men and we landed them back at Bar-le-Duc as the day was breaking. . . . To-day we are taking things easy and awaiting orders. The man who sat beside me told me that the reason they got

caught by the gas was that they had taken their masks off to see more clearly, as the ground was treacherous and full of shell holes, and some of the gas was still lurking in the low places. . . .

No rest for the wicked. We had only just got thoroughly repaired and straightened out after our trip, when we were called out again: this time to a little east of Verdun at 3 A.M. Well, we galloped out over that awful road again, dodging two solid lines of *camions* and guns for the whole fifty kilometres. The French, by the way, call it the *Voie Sacrée* (Sacred Way), as, when the railroad was cut, the use of this road for carrying supplies saved Verdun. Nobody got into much trouble, however. . . . When we got to Dugny we found it packed with ambulances. There had been another gas attack.

Chapman, the American airman, was killed yesterday near here. He shot down three Boches before he got his own. We saw his wrecked plane. . . .

It develops that the reason we were sent for was only partly to concentrate the American Ambulance, but also for the purpose of replacing a French Section of twenty cars, of which only ten are now working and whose drivers are about all in. Five of the men got caught in a tunnel the other night when two Austrian "380's" exploded one at either end and a third on top. The air concussion threw them some fifteen or twenty feet, first one way and then the other, while not only the glass headlights, but even the floor boards of their cars were blown in!

June 29. We have been moved to Dugny on the Meuse, six kilometres from Verdun. It is to be our headquarters . . . and we are to run up to the *postes de*

secour from here. We were taken to Fort Tavannes, the *cabaret*, and other *postes de secour*. While at the *cabaret* the Germans began shelling the series of batteries which were all along the road. Some twenty huge (at least, they seemed huge to us) shells fell around us. This was the heaviest shell fire I have yet been under, and I was glad to have something to do to keep my mind off it. Two men about one hundred yards away were decapitated and there were a number of dead horses about. I can see we are going to have a lively time. Coming back, an incendiary shell set a big house on fire on the outskirts of Verdun, and the shells came whirring rapidly. We passed several smashed ammunition wagons and one ambulance all in pieces. After dinner we saw some German prisoners going by. They had just been captured and were a bedraggled lot, but were neither extremely young nor extremely old, indicating that there is still a pretty good "bunch" of Boches left. We started in our service this evening and calls began to come in right at dinner-time. We send a car out every twenty-five minutes at night, but in the daytime we go every hour and a half. There is practically no *repos*. . . .

July 2. I had an amusing trip with a captain this morning. I had been running all night from Tavannes and the *cabaret*. The Germans made an attack near Vaux and our *tir de barrage* stopped it. We drove past some one hundred guns, "75's" and "105's," whose muzzles project over the road, and when they fire as we pass an incessant *tir rapide*, the noise is enough to break the ear drums. I stuff cotton in my ears and keep my mouth open. The sheets of flame come half across

the road and the concussion has even broken some of the little windows in the cars.

Well, this captain was at Dugny and asked me to take him up to Tavannes, as he was going on his way to the front lines. Being daylight it was against our official rules; but, individually, we endeavor to be of as much aid as we can to the army and often waive such rules. When we passed the *cabaret* we could see the German *saucisses* [observation balloons], and, of course, they could see us. At Tavannes, the captain suggested that I should carry him on to the Mardi Gras redoubt close to the lines and in plain sight. I told him I was "under his orders," so we proceeded, passing more dead horses and all sorts of smashed stuff, and winding our way around huge craters. At last we got there. In thanking me he said some complimentary things, and remarked that he had asked a member of another Ambulance Section to take him up here a few days ago, and that he had refused, although it was still only dawn.

Incidentally I picked up three *blessés* at the redoubt who were about to be taken the couple of miles down to the *cabaret poste de secours* on *pousse-pousses*, little two-wheeled push-carts which carry one stretcher. This meant the saving of an hour or two for them. When I got back here, I found Will Irwin and another magazine writer being shown the fighting by Piatt Andrew. Unfortunately they missed the *tir de barrage*, which, alone, is worth crossing the ocean to see. A solid line of flame several kilometres long, crowned by exploding shrapnel and all kinds of colored lights and flares and a noise so deafening as to make one's head reel and one's brain

stop working. There were eleven hundred guns working just as fast as they could (about twenty-five shots a minute) for an hour in the space of about two square miles. No words of mine can do justice to that *tir de barrage* across the Étain road. I have been scared in my life, but never like that. The German "incomers" [incoming shells] one regards as luck. One hears the warning whistle and thinks it's coming right at one, and it falls a hundred yards away. Again one hears the whistle and regards it as distant — and she blows up right beside one. There's a cheerful uncertainty that means bad luck if one is hit; but when obliged to drive in front, within twenty feet, of those "75's," and others, with the flame apparently surrounding you, and unable to hear or think for the stunning noise, you don't know whether the motor is going, and you also wonder where the roads are going. They, alone, are enough to kill a man. You also hope the gunners are on to their job, as some new recruit might aim a foot too low! Then, occasionally, a badly timed shot bursts at the muzzle, which means exactly above the car. Believe me, I'd rather take a chance with the erratic "Germ" incomers than to have to pass that often. If I get out of this without being permanently deaf I'll be lucky.

Just as the old Fokkers [German airplanes] beat all other war planes and the Nieuports [French] beat the Fokkers in point of speed, the Boches have suddenly, within a few days, introduced a new Fokker much faster than the fastest Nieuport. Johnston, one of the American Ambulance men who went into the Aviation Corps, and is in the camp at Bar-le-Duc, told Sponagle to-day that he and his squadron were caught by surprise

over the German lines, and only escaped by the greatest luck. The French and English, of course, will immediately start to build an even faster plane, but temporarily the supremacy of the air appears to have been snatched from the Allies and even our aviators admit it. . . .

July 11. . . . In the afternoon, the lieutenant, Sponagle, and I went up to Fort Dugny and had the luck to see another attack on Souville. For once it was clear and the sight was marvelous. The whole hill smoked. We also saw the American Escadrille go into action, six of them; but they disappeared in the smoke far back of the German lines. The big bombardment was followed by a gas attack between Vaux and Douaumont, and the fight was fierce all night, around Damloup. We began to get calls around 5 A.M. and, thereafter, ran all day under heavy fire. I saw a bully "155" shell on the road and wanted to pick it up, and had already slowed down, when one burst within thirty feet of the car — I changed my mind and moved on! Nearly all the men we carried were "gassed." They kept coming in all day from the trenches, or rather shell holes, in the Bois Fumant and the Froide Terre near Fleury. We alone carried some twelve hundred of them, and believe me, it was some strain.

Many new dead horses along the road. The gas gets them, even the smallest whiff, and, of course, they have no masks. Even at 10 A.M. there was still enough to make our eyes smart. The Germans tried a new dodge — a sort of *tir de barrage* of "77" gas shells. They do not make much noise, just about as much as a yacht cannon, but the gas spreads fast. It was about forty

feet high and extended for about two hundred metres along the Étain road. The men who were caught by it all admitted they had taken off their masks for one reason or another. . . . It is not amusing to talk to men who don't know they are as good as dead!

WONDERS OF WAR SURGERY

[1917]

In every one of the belligerent countries there is now a new army, the army of maimed and crippled men. So great is their number — they are to be counted by hundreds of thousands — and so serious is the loss to the efficiency of the respective nations that it is realized that nothing less than heroic measures can minimize the evil both to the community and to the individual sufferer.

While the war goes on the first consideration in dealing with the men who appear in the casualty lists under the heading of "wounded" is to get as many as possible fit again for the firing line. This exclusively military standpoint has had a tendency to leave the man incapacitated for further fighting to shift for himself or rely upon charity. The army authorities, finding that a wounded soldier could not be patched up, have lost interest in him, given him his discharge and a pension, and forgotten other national needs. It has, however, become increasingly evident that, while a man may have ceased to be of further military value, it would be disastrous to let him become a useless member of society, a source of expense to the State and a burden to himself.

A man may have lost a limb or his eyesight, and yet, given the opportunity, he may be fitted for some new useful occupation. Accordingly, in Germany and

France, and to some extent in Great Britain, the foundations are being laid for a system of "re-education," that is, a system of vocational training that will enable wounded men to begin a new career of usefulness. In this way it is hoped to alleviate somewhat the horror of the human wreckage and reduce the waste of industrial man power.

One of the striking features of the war has been the rapid progress in surgery consequent upon the necessity of saving life and limb. Surgeons have performed operations that were hardly thought possible before the war. New methods have been discovered, new appliances invented, and, indeed, an entirely new chapter has been written in the history of surgery. Soldiers, whose fighting days seemed at an end, have been remade and sent back to the front as fit and strong as when they first joined the colors.

In the old days, as any one who has read history knows, the practice was to amputate as a matter of course. Now every effort is made not to amputate, for surgery in its progress has become conservative in the best sense of the word. Thus, at the Herbert Hospital, Shooter's Hill, London, there have been between three and four thousand operations on wounded soldiers, but of these only about twenty-five have been primary amputations.

Extraordinary operations are being performed every day in cases of bone, muscle, and nerve fracture. The surgeons, discovering that the human body has greater powers of recuperation than they thought, do not hesitate to take a piece of bone from one part of a patient's anatomy and utilize it to repair another that has been destroyed or removed. At another military hospital

in London there was, for example, a case of severe injury to the jaw. The surgeon removed a piece of bone about two and one half inches long from the tibia (the large shinbone) of the patient and fixed it in the jaw. The man's leg has healed up, and the jaw has improved so much that eating is now a far less painful process. In very many cases a broken bone is rejoined by a steel splint screwed to the bone just as a carpenter screws together two pieces of wood. The steel plate, which is sometimes an inch wide and four or five inches long, remains permanently in the wound, together with the steel screws, without pain or inconvenience. One of the surgeons who has performed many of these operations believes that in time the steel will become dissipated in the system and disappear altogether. As iron is one of the constituents of the blood, the splint does not become a source of danger.

Wonderful successes have also been achieved with injured nerves. At the Hammersmith General Hospital, London, for example, six useless muscles were taken from one side of a patient's wrist and transferred to the other, with the result that the hand, previously paralyzed, could once more be used. In another case the surgeon found four inches of a nerve in the arm gone. He telephoned round to the other London hospitals to inquire whether an amputation was in prospect and learned that a man was to have a leg off that afternoon. He asked that the severed limb should be put at once in a saline bath and brought to him in a taxicab. The patient was already under an anæsthetic when the leg, still blood-warm, arrived. The surgeon promptly transferred four inches of nerve from the amputated

leg to the arm of the patient with a perfectly successful result.

But perhaps the most wonderful surgical triumph was that in the case of a man with a shrapnel wound. A piece of metal, about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece and much thicker, had entered the breast and lodged in the region of the heart. It was actually touching the heart and impeding its action. When the opening was made the surgeon thrust his hand right in and pulled out the piece of metal. The soldier made a complete recovery. The triumphs of British, French, and German practitioners would fill volumes.

The bacteriologist has also played an important part in the war. In the earlier period of the war tetanus was playing havoc among the troops, and great work was done in combating its ravages by the famous French physician, Doyen, since dead. More recently an important discovery has been made by Miss Mary Davies, bacteriologist for the Robert Walton Goelet Research Fund, as the result of experiments at a hospital in France. One of the chief causes of infection has been pieces of uniform shot into the body. Miss Davies, who had already gained distinction by inoculating herself with gangrene bacilli to prove the efficacy of Taylor's specific, set to work to discover how soldiers' uniforms could be rendered aseptic. She finally devised a treatment based upon a combination of cresol and soft soap with which the clothing is to be periodically impregnated.

Mr. Lloyd George, then War Minister in England, on receiving Miss Davies's report, ordered that the British soldiers' clothes should be sterilized with her preparation. In addition to its value in reducing the pro-

portion of highly septic wounds the preparation is also welcome as a destroyer of body lice, one of the greatest discomforts of life in the trenches.

Military considerations have, of course, been so far uppermost in the treatment of wounded men; but it is recognized that steps must be taken to prepare the maimed, crippled, and invalided as effectively as possible for civil life after the war. Germany has in this respect taken the lead. There sixty schools are already in existence for the purpose of training men in new occupations. France has also made a vigorous beginning in the matter of *rééducation des mutilés.* M. Millerand took the initiative while Minister of War. As a result of the movement then begun, the Ministries of the Interior, of Commerce, and of Agriculture have since joined hands to create a system of training the "mutilated" for new occupations.

At first there was naturally some confusion of method. Men who had lost legs or feet were placed in the same institutions as those who had lost arms or hands, when obviously two such distinct classes of wounded men needed different courses of training. But these early mistakes have been corrected, and the French Government, beginning with the great school established at Bordeaux, has evolved a system which will ultimately classify the "mutilated" according to the limbs or organs they have lost and find appropriate occupations for the different groups. Legless men who can use their hands will learn different crafts from those who are armless, and so on.

Great Britain has moved more slowly than France or Germany in the task of re-educating her mutilated

men. Nevertheless a start has been made, in one instance more through the spontaneous desire of the wounded soldiers to have something to do to pass the time than because of any carefully thought-out plan. At the Military Orthopedic Hospital, Shepherd's Bush, London, a proportion of the eight hundred inmates have been set to work at a variety of occupations. Workshops have been built, as well as a gymnasium. In one of the shops a number of men are now making surgical boots, and have developed so much skill that their work is as good as that of the lifelong craftsman, while the hospital is getting the articles it requires at practically cost price. Other wounded men are making aluminium splints, steel supports, and leather bandages for their comrades.

One of the most pathetic, and yet curious, sights is to see two men who have each lost a hand combining to do the work of one man. You will see, for example, in the blacksmith's shop attached to the hospital a one-handed soldier pumping the bellows till the steel is red hot. Then he takes it out of the fire and places it on an anvil, where he holds it in position while another one-handed man hammers it into shape. In the carpenter's shop you will see similar teamwork by a couple of men engaged on a skillful piece of joinery for hospital use, one man holding the nail while the other does the hammering. Men who have lost the right arm or hand learn to put the left to new uses, and it is amazing how resourceful a man with only one hand can become.

The British Government, however, is slow in developing a national system of re-education for the disabled, for in this, as in most things, the British way is not

to plan beforehand or with much logic, but to improvise and build up as one goes along. John Galsworthy, however, has foreseen the danger that must inevitably arise if the treatment of the wounded and disabled is to be dealt with from the military point of view of salvaging manhood merely for a new lease of life in the trenches.

"If it remains simply an army problem," he has declared, "our towns and countrysides, when the war is over, will be plastered for the next twenty or thirty years with well-nigh useless men. To retain control of the patient, so that his treatment may be coherent and sustained, seems to be of the very essence of what can be done for the future of most of these men. Vital it is that the most huge calamity of this war shall be divested of every consequence which foresight and ingenuity can strip away. Not all discharged men, of course, will need refitting for civil life — there are some whom refitting cannot serve; but for the great majority it is essential. The disablement is so various; eighteen categories exist. Think what that means in the diversity of treatment required. Every man who is discharged without being first remade so far as possible goes back to civil life half beaten. The half-beaten man is soon done for altogether, and becomes a ghost to haunt us all."

But these ghosts are already haunting the people. In every town, in every little village, the belligerent countries swarm with the cripples and invalids, the wreckage of the war; and so it will be for a generation to come. It is that which makes the thought of living in those countries after the war a thing of horror. Already in England some of these men who have escaped with their lives but not with bodies intact are being driven

to eke out their scanty pensions by such disguised forms of begging as soliciting pennies with the aid of a street organ. Before the war Great Britain had nearly a million persons whose legal status was that of paupers. It is easy to imagine what the condition of the country will be if the poor-law army is allowed to be swelled by thousands of men who have been disabled in the war.

The aggregate of disabled men for all the warring nations runs to millions, and they are practically all Europeans. This immense population, filling the hospitals now as thick as leaves in an autumn forest, dependent upon public and private benevolence, despite the salvage that will be effected by refitting and re-educating a certain proportion, already means a huge loss to the productive capacity of Europe and the social and intellectual activities upon which economic well-being depends.

XIII
THE RED CROSS AND THE Y.M.C.A.

HISTORICAL NOTE

The sufferings of hundreds of thousands of people in Belgium, either deprived of their homes, subjected to the tortures of the German occupation, or otherwise brought to misery through the horrors of war, so filled the horizon for a time that the equally great miseries of the Poles, the Serbs, the Armenians, and other peoples were often overlooked. Under Mr. Hoover's management the work of relief for the stricken Belgians went forward with remarkable success, and attracted the admiration and praise of the world. Meanwhile many independent measures of relief were set on foot in behalf of the other nations, although the work in Poland, Serbia, and elsewhere was not so well known. The Red Cross had already been accomplishing whatever its resources would permit in military and civilian relief. With the entrance of the United States upon the scene of action in Europe, the forces of the American Red Cross were added to those already in the field; and large sums of money were appropriated for medical research work in France, the establishment of canteens at railway stations, the building of warehouses for supplies, the purchase of supplies, and the fostering of all other branches of the service. Under the auspices of the British, the Y.M.C.A. was already in the field with its huts and its workers in behalf of the walking wounded and the soldiers in the trenches. The American Y.M.C.A. was added in 1917, with plans for the extension of Association work throughout the armies of France, Italy, and Russia, also the succoring of six millions of prisoners in the prison camps of Germany and Austria. Thus the various systems for relief grew in scope and attained a unity of organization never known before. It became the province of the Christian Association to provide for the moral well-being of the soldiers and the walking wounded, while the functions of the Red Cross began with the wounded on the field unable to walk and the subsequent measures of medical, hospital, and other kinds of relief in close affiliation with the preventive work of the Christian Association.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

[ACCORDING to the "Red Cross Magazine," the American Red Cross has accomplished the following, to August, 1917.
The Editor.]

THE War Council of the American Red Cross, since its appointment on May 10th, appropriated up to and including August 31st, the sum of $12,339,681.87 for work in Europe, of which $10,692,601 is for use in France. . . . Five separate commissions have been dispatched to Europe. These are: one to France, which at first included work in Belgium; one to Russia, located at Petrograd; one to Italy, with headquarters at Rome; one to Rumania and one to Serbia. A Belgian Commission is now located at Havre. . . .

The French Commission included in its personnel one authority on industrial organization; one experienced overseer of hospitals; one expert in town planning; one established engineer; one veteran Army medical man with experience in the Philippines; one director of Civilian Relief; one investigator of the tuberculosis and medical needs of France; two former directors of the War Relief Clearing House; one expert in public relief work and care of destitute and delinquent children; one publicity man; and an accountant.

The work in France divides itself between Military Relief and Civilian Relief. The former is primarily to be centered about the American army. One hundred thousand half-pound tins of ether are to be shipped for this work, and plans are under way for establishing near

the front a small factory for the repair and manufacture of the more simple surgical apparatus. One hundred thousand dollars has been appropriated for medical research work; $519,000 has been voted to establish and equip Hospital Warehouses near the theater of war; the War Council appropriated $1,500,000 for immediate purchase of foodstuffs for the sick and needy; $1,000,000 was set aside for the purchase of supplies in France — this covers particularly a stock of blankets and certain foodstuffs. In response to a demand for tobacco, certain prominent firms donated 3,000,000 cigarettes, 20,000 packages of smoking tobacco, and 10,000 ten-cent cuts of chewing tobacco. Most of the transportation in France has to be handled by motor trucks. Units of trucks, with a personnel of fifty trained men each, have been planned, one of which has already been forwarded.

The Civilian Relief Department has arranged a Tuberculosis Sanitarium in France and is making strenuous efforts toward the prevention of the disease. One million dollars was appropriated for the sick and wounded French soldiers and their families. An Infant Welfare Unit has been organized and dispatched to combat the high death-rate of children, which compared in 1916 with the birth-rate in the proportion of eleven to three. A temporary children's shelter, also, has been established at Toul, a city in the war-zone. Destitute French refugees from the devastated war-zone number about 400,000 and an effort is being made to minister to them as effectively as possible. The "re-education" of mutilated soldiers is being organized, and $403,090 has been appropriated for a provisional experiment in the relief of poverty stricken families in the war-zone. . . .

RED CROSS REST BARRACKS

[1917]

BY ELIZABETH FRAZER

[The following is from an account of the Red Cross work in France by an American reporter who was permitted to visit the various centers of activity after the arrival of the United States forces.

The Editor.]

In due course I received my *sauf-conduit* — and then did not have to use it once throughout the entire trip!

The sentries at the outskirts of the villages signaled with their rifles for us to slow up; but when they saw Croix Rouge Américaine painted across the front of our car they waved us on with friendly smiles. We were Americans — Allies!

As we followed along, deeper into the country, the roads became noticeably better; and we were to discover later, as we progressed toward the front, that the food also grew better and cheaper. Excellent meals at half Paris prices. Later we passed long, patient transport lines, *camions* and artillery trucks, and horses weaving in long gray undulations toward some invisible goal. We whirled through little villages thick with troops *en repos*.

The country was beautiful, with green little gems of valleys, soft rounded hills, and slow ample streams, lined with poplars, flowing as smoothly as a canal; sheep in the meadows; cows in the clover; tow-headed girls

tending geese; old men whipping the streams for trout — the whole affair intimate, sun-steeped; cozy, with an air of fine tranquillity that made the reports of the desperate fighting behind the slopes toward the north seem like a sinister nightmare.

Over all this country the Germans had poured; but, nevertheless, only a few scattered or fallen crosses in fields of grain and poppies mark the invasion. The harvests this year are excellent. That it is not a bumper crop is due to the fact that the shoulders of the women of France are not quite strong enough to drive the plough to its deepest furrows. But there is an abundance of wheat, barley, and potatoes. . . .

At C—— we stopped to visit a canteen operated by the Red Cross, the largest and most complete of its kind in France. Conceive gigantic barracks, light, spacious and decorated with beauty and dash. The young Frenchman who designed the interior color schemes of this building won the Prix de Rome, and since the war has turned his art into making *camouflage* — protective designs for French guns and *camions*.

The barracks are about evenly divided into three sections — dining-room, rest-room, and *dortoirs*, or sleeping-quarters. Here a French soldier, arriving from the front and infested by the terrible crawling plague from the trenches, may take a hot bath, get his uniform disinfected while he is doing so, procure clean underwear, have a shave, and, if he is hungry, dine. This meal, simple and nourishing, and based upon what the soldiers like, costs about fourteen cents — if the soldier has it. If he is temporarily broke a ticket man at the door will mend matters. Placed as the building is,

directly at the railroad station of C——, one of the busiest transportation centers of the war-zone, where from twelve thousand to twenty thousand troops pass through daily, and perhaps twice that number during an offensive, this canteen serves thousands with the veriest necessities of life.

The value of such an establishment, so placed that it catches all the men coming and going, is inestimable. Good food, baths, beds, a pleasant room to write or rest in — these will be priceless comforts, indeed, through the coming winter. Heretofore nothing had been done for these men, save to serve them coffee. And while they waited for their trains to the front, or to the rear, there was nothing for it but to sit for hours on the wooden benches, their heavy kits dragging down their shoulders, weary statues of patient immobility — or betake their way to the lower quarters of the town, where vice has mobilized itself for the occasion.

The French Government, realizing the gravity of this situation and its immediate reaction upon the morale of the troops, has coöperated with the Red Cross in designating certain big transportation centers and erecting these barracks. Given the building, the Red Cross then furnishes the interior fittings, the personnel, the funds — and gets to work. On cold days, aside from the meal in the dining-room, the Red Cross also serves coffee from the platform to thousands of troops *en route*, who may not descend from the trains.

As an extension of this same kind of work with the French troops, the Red Cross is also sustaining, just back of the first-line trenches, canteens for the men in the trenches. The French have twenty-one such can-

teens; the Red Cross has promised to duplicate that number — which will swing an unbroken line of coffee clubs along the entire French army! Working in *abris*, or underground shelters, often under fire, these canteen men serve hot coffee to the detachments of troops constantly circulating between the first lines and the rear. In each *abri* an American works with a Frenchman. . . .

There exists at Washington a sort of agreement between the leaders of the Red Cross and those of the Y.M.C.A. that the social welfare of the American soldier shall belong to the Y.M.C.A.

Ill or wounded, he automatically becomes the charge of the Red Cross; but well and strong, he is the Y.M.C.A.'s particular job.

Thus, during those first rainy, homesick weeks of the pioneer American army in France, it was the duty of the Y.M.C.A. to provide recreation centers, where the soldiers could gather at night, read, play games, or write home; for in the men's billets no lights were allowed.

THE Y.M.C.A. AT THE FRONT

BY FRANCIS B. SAYRE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN R. MOTT

General Secretary of the National War Work Council of the Y.M.C.A.

In the trenches which reach from Flanders to the Swiss border, and back of these trenches in the reserve and base camps, in the training stations, in the villages and towns where the Allied troops are billeted, in the posts of debarkation and at naval bases, a multitude of men wearing the Red Triangle of the Young Men's Christian Association are serving the Allied fighting forces in multifarious ways. The effectiveness and range of this service far exceed the achievements of the Association workers in earlier wars and have won the fullest approval and heartiest admiration of the officers, enlisted men, and Government leaders of the various nations concerned. Great Britain, including her self-governing dominions and colonies, has more than five hundred Association centers among the troops in France who fight under the Union Jack. In dugouts, cellars, stables, ruined houses, and, in regions less devastated by shell fire, in tents and huts, these constructive activities that bring comfort, utilize leisure time, and conserve health, character, and faith, are being conducted. During the earlier years of the war, through ways of friendly coöperation, America aided in the maintenance of similar centers for the French army. Now that the United States is an active participant in the vast tragic drama, many hundreds of Association leaders have gone overseas to carry on this ministry for American soldiers and sailors. On January 1, 1918, about eight hundred such workers had reached France, including more than one hundred and fifty women who serve in the canteens and so keep before our fighting forces a reminder of American

ideals of womanhood. Other American Red Triangle workers are making possible a great increase in the number of similar centers for French troops and for those of Italy, for in both these armies the commanders-in-chief have asked for a maximum of coöperation from the American Y.M.C.A. The expense of all phases of this work in France and Italy as carried on by American workers will soon amount to about two million dollars a month. The story of the Red Triangle achievements on the Western Front, only a part of the far larger story of Association activities in this war, has nowhere been more finely or more dramatically told than in this article by Mr. Francis B. Sayre, who for months was an exceedingly effective member of the headquarters group of American Association workers in France.

John R. Mott.

Never in all history has there been such an assemblage of the manhood of the world as that met on the plains of France to-day. In one of the great English base camps are gathered countless thousands of men in khaki from every county of England; hordes of dark-skinned East-Indians in picturesque turbans and native uniforms of khaki; men with tanned faces from the wind-swept plains of far-away Australia; Scotch Highlanders in their khaki kilts and gray tam-o'-shanters; New-Zealanders in their broad-brimmed felt hats; Canadians; West-Indians; South-Africans — men from every corner of the far-flung British Empire; gallant Belgians; Frenchmen in their blue uniforms; swarthy Arabs from northern Africa in their red fezzes; Chinese coolies from the Far East; German prisoners in their faded gray-green — men from every reach and quarter of the world. There has been nothing like it since the days of the old Crusades; since the time of Peter the Hermit there has

been never such an opportunity to minister to the congregation of the world. In a vast tented city, covering the French plain for miles, this motley throng dwells for two or three weeks, receiving the last word of instruction in bombing, in the use of gas masks, on where and how most effectively to thrust the bayonet home. It is easy to imagine the thoughts of these men who are, most of them, thousands of miles from home in a strange land, and stripped of all the comforts of life, and who are preparing themselves to enter the most horrible experiences that this world can offer. Little wonder that they are thinking as they have never thought before, and wondering, amid the tragedy and the ruin all around, what, after all, in life and death is worth while and fundamental. Was there ever such an opportunity for a creative, healing work for the bodies and minds and souls of men?

Into such a field the Y.M.C.A. has been privileged to enter. In the center of each group of tents is erected a huge wooden structure, known as a "hut," marked at each end with a bright-red triangle. The hut usually contains a "canteen-room," a large lecture-hall, and a number of smaller rooms for classes and group meetings. In this building and on the athletic field close by centers the camp life of the troops. The canteen-room, a large lounging-place, fitted up with board benches and tables, decorated with gay bunting or bright pictures of home life, or possibly with wall-paintings done by some soldier decorator, is usually thronged with troops at every hour of the day when soldiers can be found off duty; for it is generally the only place in camp where soldiers can gather for recreational or social purposes. At one

end, by the canteen counter, lined up to get their hot coffee, their buns, crackers, sweet chocolate, sandwiches, or the like, are crowds of soldiers; others are sitting at the tables, writing letters home on the stationery furnished them; still others are at the other end of the room, gathered around the piano or victrola, playing the tunes they used to play at home; many are reading the home newspapers and magazines which are given out at the counter, or selecting books from the library, or matching their wits in friendly games of checkers. Outside on the athletic field, during such afternoons as they are not on duty, crowds of soldiers are delighting in games of baseball, handball, or volley ball, or watching a lively boxing or wrestling match, or taking part in inter-company field contests. The silent psychological influence of the few Y.M.C.A. secretaries upon these masses of troops is a striking and interesting phenomenon. Because of their presence, there seems to prevail all unconsciously, a finer spirit, an atmosphere of good-fellowship, of clean sportsmanship, of manliness at its best, that is no small factor in making up the tone and morale of the camp. In another part of the hut is a large lecture-room with a stage at one end; here are given in the evenings educational lectures, soldier minstrel shows, musical entertainments, cinema shows, patriot addresses, and religious talks; and here, too, are generally held the Sunday religious services and meetings. Scarcely an evening goes by that does not see these halls packed to the doors. I have seen them so crowded, on the occasion of some stirring religious talk, that after the benches were all filled and the standing room taken, soldiers kept crowding in through the windows to sit

A Y.M.C.A. HUT "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

A Y.M.C.A. HUT "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

The Red Triangle, symbol of the Y.M.C.A., is known wherever there is an English-speaking, Belgian, or French soldier. And wherever the Triangle has been seen it has come to be recognized as one of the great influences of the war zone in behalf of the soldier.

The American Y.M.C.A. was put on a war basis soon after this country entered the war. The support and coöperation of the Association was tendered to President Wilson, a National War Council was organized, and work begun on hundreds of buildings for the rest and recreation of our soldiers.

The standard Y.M.C.A buildings or "huts," such as is shown in the illustration, are usually one story in height and about forty by one hundred and twenty feet in floor area. Early in 1918 there were about 300 in operation with the American Expeditionary Force, 300 with the French army and upward of 1000 with the British and Colonial armies. In this country their cost is about $6000, and in France about $15,000. These buildings are fully equipped for the soldiers' welfare. There are outfits for baseball, basket-ball, volley-ball, quoits, boxing, wrestling, and athletic meets; pianos, stereopticons, talking machines and records, books and magazines, indoor games, and many other kinds of equipment to meet the mental, spiritual, and physical needs of the men. The huts are situated, not only at all American training camps, in the French ports where our troops disembark, and in the French cities where the lonely soldiers go on leave, but even in the danger zone at the front within reach of the enemy's shells; and the influence on the soldiers of having these centers of friendliness always available has been of incalculable value.

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on the floor of the platform, and others remained standing outside to listen to the speaker through the windows. Surging in and out of the thirty huts in one of these base camps there pass daily actually sixty thousand men of every race and creed; every night between ten and fifteen thousand men are listening to educational lectures and entertainments; on two nights every week a like number are crowding in to hear religious talks. . . .

Closer to the firing-line all large buildings become impossible. Not only would they be seen by the enemy aeroplanes and shelled to bits, but it would be unsafe, from a military viewpoint, to mass so many troops where they could be seen and shelled together. The "huts" becoming impossible, and large meetings being unsafe, the Y.M.C.A. must devise smaller units, and, in company with the soldiers whom it seeks to serve, go underground. If the conditions under which it must work in the great base camps are unusual, they are infinitely more so in the desolate towns under enemy shell fire.

We are walking through the streets of one of these ruined cities some two or three miles behind the front-line trenches. Only a short time ago it was athrob with life and activity and production. Now it is silent and desolate, and its streets, save for a few stray soldiers, are empty; it is literally a city of the dead. Every few moments we hear the whine of a German shell being hurled into what is left of the shattered city, followed by a loud explosion and the sound of falling débris; and we know that another house has gone. The streets are lined with tattered walls and shattered masonry; here a great corner is torn out of a building, leaving the

roof hanging; there the whole side of a house is completely gone. As we pass, we can see into the deserted rooms. Some of them are mere masses of débris; others remain just as they were left that wild night when the occupants fled in their terror before the oncoming Huns. In some rooms we can see the pictures still hanging on the walls, and books lying on the tables. In others, lace curtains are hanging by broken window-frames, and bureau drawers are half-drawn out as though to allow the hasty snatching of a few belongings; in one room is a little cradle with the coverlet still thrown across. Tragedy everywhere, and desolation.

We walk down to the central square; gaunt ruins are all that is left of what were once magnificent old public buildings. A machine-gun emplacement commands the square, and barbed-wire entanglements are in evidence for use in case the Germans should attack. We walk past the cathedral; it is now a ruin with tremendous walls and naked arches standing out stark against the sky, what was once its nave now a huge pile of fallen masonry. We pass on and turn a corner; on the wall of what was formerly a French home of the well-to-do class we see painted a large red triangle. As we reach the door, several Y.M.C.A. secretaries welcome us and take us inside. Here they have lived through all the furious shelling of the preceding months, serving hot coffee and caring for the needs of thousands of soldiers; and, strangely enough, this house, the ground-floor rooms of which have been crowded with troops night after night, is the only one in the vicinity which has not been partially wrecked by German shells. The upper stories, scarred with shrapnel and flying shell fragments,

are not in use; the secretaries are sleeping underground in what was once a wine-cellar, with the floor above them sandbagged and bomb-proofed. They tell us, to our surprise, that the seemingly deserted city is filled with troops; we learn that under the city is a vast network of labyrinthine cellars and connecting passages, and in these underground mazes, with the rats and vermin, the soldiers are living. No wonder that that little friendly Y.M.C.A. building is thronged with troops night after night. We hear that in some way, I know not how, the secretaries managed to secure last week fifteen thousand fresh eggs which they supplied to the troops going up to the trenches; they are giving out ninety gallons of hot coffee every night. We ask what chance for rest they have, and are told that a few days before one of them spent his time unloading boxes of supplies from five in the afternoon until three the next morning, and turned in at last, only to be called out a few moments later by the arrival of fresh troops, whom he spent the rest of the morning serving. As we watch them at their work we begin to understand that a cup of hot coffee and a bit of cheery atmosphere may sometimes preach the most eloquent of sermons.

Still nearer the firing-line, often only a few hundred yards back of the front-line trenches, are the little Y.M.C.A. dugouts for serving the troops as they enter and leave the trenches. I think of a typical dugout near the crest of a certain famous ridge which we came to one evening about sunset. We were crossing a battle-field but freshly taken from the enemy; it was like a nightmare of desolation. The trees had been mostly shot away; only a few dead trunks and twisted limbs

remained. Picking our way past great shell craters, many of them twenty feet in diameter and twelve feet deep, we came finally to what was left of the old English front-line trenches. There they still were, damaged and broken by shell fire, but plainly visible, where poor human beings had lived for months. We start across into what was No Man's Land; there is not a yard of earth here that has not received a direct hit; the ground is as tossed and broken as the surface of a storm-beaten ocean. The stench of the dead is still in the air; the horror is indescribable. We pass the remains of a body; a can of beef and a clip of shells is still beside it. The ground, ploughed and churned by titanic forces, is a terrible mass of twisted barbed-wire entanglements, steel shell fragments, timbers and bits of concrete emplacements, pieces of clothing, shrapnel, broken rifles, unexploded bombs, rifle-shells, human blood and bones — all shattered and ghastly and horrible. We are in front of the English batteries and can hear the English projectiles go whining and hurtling over our heads. The German shells come screaming back, seeking out the English batteries, and throwing high into the air great columns of earth and smoke. Farther and farther we make our way up toward the present front line; the atmosphere grows so unhealthy with flying shrapnel and bursting shells that we are not sorry to reach the little red-triangle sign beside the entrance to a dugout; we dive into the dugout, feeling our way down the steep steps. At first we can see nothing; then by the dim light of a sputtering candle we can make out the forms of troops in their steel helmets gathered around us. Over in the rear a secretary is serving out hot coffee. The

men are just in from the front trenches, which are only eight hundred yards away from us; they are silent for the most part, or talking in low, subdued tones. The darkness, the foulness of the atmosphere, the cramped dimensions of this rat-ridden den, make indeed a squalid setting for a ministry that is like a pearl without price. Twice the week before orderlies were killed here while serving the troops; a neighboring dugout only a short time before was smashed to bits with every one in it. Yet the secretary in charge shows us a map of all the trenches and explains how he is crowding more and more dugouts to the front. "The 'Y.M.' must follow the troops wherever they go," he tells me. "The thicker the shell fire the greater the need."

So adaptable to ever-changing conditions is the organization of the Y.M.C.A., and so varied is its work, that it is possible to give only a few random pictures of the Y.M.C.A. in action throughout the army zones in France. I think of the Indian "huts," crowded with East-Indian troops, in their turbans and native uniforms, being served with native food brought by the British Government all the way from India, all caste dropped under the shadow of the Y.M.C.A. I think of the countless soldiers kneeling in the "quiet rooms" of the various huts throughout the army zones, pouring out their hearts in silent prayer. I think of the railway-station huts where tired and hungry troops, being transported by rail from the base camps up to the front, and compelled to wait during long night hours between trains, find their only shelter and sleeping accommodations in the Y.M.C.A. I can see the travel-stained soldiers, loaded down with their full kits, pouring out of

the French railway carriages, at two in the morning, dumped out on a cheerless station platform at a junction point not far from the front, and then, catching sight of the Y.M.C.A. hut, all crowding into what seems like the one cheerful spot on the horizon. I can see their tired faces lighting up with genuine pleasure at the cheery words of the English ladies at the canteen, serving hot coffee and sandwiches all night long to each arriving train-load. I can see them as they pass into the dormitory and walk past rows of bunks filled with sleeping soldiers, till they find some empty places, and there stretch out in their blankets, with their knapsacks for pillows, to secure a few hours' sleep.

I think of the Y.M.C.A. emergency work when a great push is on and the wounded soldiers are streaming back from the front literally by the thousands, maimed and torn and bleeding. The numbers are so vast that the stretcher-bearers can only attend to the prostrate wounded; all those who can manage to walk or crawl, known as the "walking wounded," must make their own way as best they can to the first-aid stations. By the side of these first-aid stations the Y.M.C.A. takes its place; and all the walking wounded who come in are given hot coffee and made as comfortable as possible while they wait, sometimes hours, for the overcrowded ambulances to take them to the hospitals in the rear.

Or, again, I think of the work in the English army for relatives of wounded men. In certain cases where soldiers are gravely wounded the surgeons report that the best tonic — perhaps the only hope of recovery — would be the cheering sight of a loved face from home. The word then goes out to the military authorities who

usually give the requisite permission, whereupon the Y.M.C.A. undertakes to bring the wife or sweetheart or mother from the Channel coast by Y.M.C.A. transport to the cotside of the wounded man. I see the little Y.M.C.A. hostel by the side of one of the hospital camps, where lie thousands of gassed or wounded men. In that little hostel are met together relatives from all over England, made one by their common grief; their hearts, torn between hope and gripping fear, are centered in the great hospital encampment across the road where Destiny is busy settling the great issues of life and death. Here each one is waiting, perhaps to help her loved one struggle back to life, or else, if that cannot be, to be with him at the end, and finally, in the pathetic little room at the corner of the encampment, separated by a small glass window from the body laid out before a little altar, to bid a last good-bye. Can one ever describe what the Y.M.C.A. means to them?

Such is the work as it has developed among the English and Canadian armies, and as it is fast developing among the American soldiers in France.

XIV

POLITICAL AND FINANCIAL PROBLEMS

HISTORICAL NOTE

The war had its beginning in considerable measure in the political problems of the Balkans. These problems became more intense as the war proceeded, and the attitude of Bulgaria, Rumania, and Greece became a matter of doubt. There was not only pan-Germanism but pan-Slavism involved, the fate of Turkey and Egypt, of Armenia and Palestine, but any number of complications due to secret diplomacy and international marriages. All political events, however, paled into insignificance in comparison with the Russian revolution, in the spring of 1917, with the opportunities it seemed to afford for the spread of democracy. The revolution began with remarkable promise, but soon led to internal dissension and disruption, a lessening of activity at the front, and finally to a complete military breakdown. After a series of kaleidoscopic changes, Kerensky, the moderate socialist who had assumed a virtual dictatorship, was overthrown by the Bolsheviki or radical socialists under the leadership of Lenine and Trotzky, and peace negotiations were begun at Brest-Litovsk. On January 26, 1918, the Ukraine, or southern Russia, declared its independence and made a separate treaty with the Teutonic powers. The Bolsheviki at first refused the onerous terms dictated by Germany, whereupon the German armies invaded Russia upon a wide front, compelling the acceptance of a peace which left the western provinces of Russia (Poland, Finland, Lithuania, Livonia, and Esthonia) virtually independent but really under the domination of Germany. Rumania was soon after compelled to follow suit, leaving the Teutonic powers, at last, free to concentrate their entire forces on the Western Front.

RUSSIA IN REVOLUTION

[1917]

BY PAUL WHARTON

MARCH 10, I went to the principal shopping district in and around Nevski Prospect [Petrograd], where I had many errands to do in preparation for my departure on Monday the 12th for the Ural Mountains. Notwithstanding my preparation for coming events, I was shocked when I turned from the Katherine Canal into the Nevski, and beheld it filled with long columns of Cossacks, knout in hand — a forest of lances.

The Nevski is a street apart, with an atmosphere of its own: a thoroughfare for a great human current which undulates over its little bridges, eddies about its tawdry shops, or flows smoothly past the Dowager's red palace, while the gardens in front of Kazan Cathedral form a haven of refuge for those fatigued with mid-stream. A place of color and life and freedom of movement, it suddenly looked still and bleak. The wide expanse of well-packed snow had never seemed static before; it had been part and parcel of the moving picture, cut in swirls by skidding sleighs or whipped up by motor-wheels; constantly traversed by living things. Now it looked whiter and wider; it glistened, and I thought of the snow on the plains.

The cessation of usual life in the street, the disappearance of the cheery, overcrowded red trams and the subtlety of the snow, all heightened the psychologic

effect of impending change, as the blank white curtain at a movie drama stands for both the suspense in emotions and the rapid transition of events from the black misery and injustice of the first reel to the red revolt and bright heroics of the second. That Saturday afternoon on the Nevski was the blank between the reels.

After watching it all quietly from afar, I came down into the picture and mingled with the crowds. At the curb, where the people pressed by the solid phalanxes of mounted Cossacks, there was much badinage. The omnipresent woman of the working class, with shawl-covered head and eyes alert, was the voice of all the timid or self-conscious onlookers. She walked right up to these men of her kind and called out: "You would n't really kill us, would you? You know all we want is food. Will you obey those who starve us?" . . .

Although the revolution may be said to have started on Saturday, March 10th, real concerted clashes between the troops and the people did not occur until Sunday, the 11th. I had an engagement for the early afternoon at a friend's across the river. Leaving the house where Mary and I have lived since autumn, I found no sleighs in circulation. All trams had disappeared. The crowds were immense, representing all classes, and a black stream, like an army of ants, poured over the Liteiny Bridge, from the Viborg manufacturing district beyond. The people were expectant and good-natured — out to see something, like a crowd waiting for a balloon ascension, the hour of which is uncertain. Large bodies of Cossacks were out, either standing at rest or exercising at a walk.

When I had nearly reached the Nevski, sudden com-

STREET SCENE IN PETROGRAD DURING THE REVOLUTION

STREET SCENE IN PETROGRAD DURING THE REVOLUTION

THE turning-point of the Russian Revolution was when the army that had been stationed in Petrograd to quell any attempt at revolt went over — regiment after regiment — to the side of the revolutionists.

For days Petrograd had been in the grip of a bread famine. The lines before the bake-shops grew longer and longer. Ominous mutterings began to be heard as working-men and students mingled with the crowds preaching sedition. Thousands of Cossacks were sent into the city to suppress disorders. But these were not the Cossacks who had so ruthlessly suppressed the revolt of 1905. The professional soldiers, trained by long years of obedience, had been destroyed in the war, and the men sent in to put down the uprising were lads fresh from farm and factory. The working-men and their women cried to them, "We ask only for bread. Would you shoot us for that?" The soldiers hesitated, refused to fire. The crowd mingled with them, told them of their sufferings, and at last won them over. Slowly at first, then with ever-increasing momentum, the troops deserted the Government, sealing forever the fate of Czardom and of the dark forces that had so long controlled the destinies of Russia.

The scene shown in the illustration was one of the most dramatic in the Revolution. The first entire regiment to go over to the people is shown marching up the Nevski Prospect on the way to the Duma to declare their allegiance to the Russian Republic. Some of the bitterest street fighting of the Revolution took place along this splendid avenue. Machine guns had swept its length, and spots of blood scattered here and there on the snow showed that, even though the soldiers had surrendered, enough of the police had remained loyal to give the Revolution its martyrs.

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motion ahead and a general scuttling for doorways drew my attention from passers-by. The Cossacks were charging down the sidewalks on both sides of the street. Thanks to the fact that nearly all the buildings have wide entrances for vehicles, every one found refuge. The Cossacks passed with a clatter; they made no attempt to touch any one and for the most part kept their faces averted. After this there was more excitement, but, in my crowd at least, no show of anger, just as if an irresponsible runaway horse had bolted through a densely thronged street.

I soon turned into Nevski Prospect, still rather hoping to find a sleigh and keep my engagement. At that point there were no Cossacks and the situation seemed almost normal except for that evanescent tenseness in the air. As I approached the big crosstown street, Sadovaya, I heard a fusillade of rifle-shots not far off. The pedestrians thinned out miraculously, and what I saw about seventy feet ahead of me riveted my attention. Lying on their backs, with blood running from their mouths, were two young workmen in high boots and black reefers. As I stood over them and looked into their unseeing eyes, a woman stooped, peered into their faces, shuddered and said, "What a shame! boys, only boys!"

As I left them, I saw the cordon of soldiers which had fired the volley stretched across the street at the corner. I now had to avoid pools of blood every three or four yards. Frantic groups in the doorways of little shops told where the wounded were. I passed six men wearing green students' caps, who were bearing over their heads in the street a corpse on a sign-board. A company of Cossacks whirled past and surrounded

them, presumably to prevent a demonstration farther on. A passing limousine was waylaid by men who held the chauffeur and made two occupants get out, after which wounded civilians were put in and hurried away. I also saw this act repeated with two private sleighs.

By this time I had nearly reached the Sadovaya, and was within twenty-five yards of the infantry. A bugle was warning the Cossacks far down the Nevski. I heard a sharp command and saw the men of the cordon fling themselves forward on their stomachs. Another command rang out; the rifles came up as one, and as I turned the corner into safety, the air was rent with a fratricidal roar.

The mobs in the side streets were on the *qui vive* with excitement. One began to hear the word "revolution," and the people who were being killed were called revolutionists. During the first part of the day the troops were ordered to fire upon the crowds because they would not disperse; but by three in the afternoon the people were firing on the troops — not as parts of a large organization, but as small and independent groups which seemed to spring up from nowhere. By nightfall every one realized that the strikes and food-riots had grown into a thorough-going revolution, and despite the anxiety about the effect of it on the armies at the front, nearly every one was glad.

Monday, March 12th, was the crucial day of the revolution. Street-fighting assumed formidable proportions early in the morning, centering around the government arsenal on Liteiny Prospect. Soon the populace was thrilled by the news that five celebrated regiments had joined the people's cause and were actively oppos-

ing the loyal troops. Some officers were killed, others mauled, and those who would not come out in open opposition to the government hid themselves away. On Liteiny Prospect a lively engagement was fought between the soldiers, the loyalists lying on their stomachs in the snow while the revolutionists stood erect. Excited crowds in passages and doorways naturally took the side of their protagonists. Even women and children left shelter and walked out calmly under a lively fire to drag back the wounded.

In spite of earnest protests, I went out on foot to keep yesterday's tryst across the river. At the farther end of the Troitsk Bridge I encountered a huge crowd held back by police and troops: the Government had decided to stop the influx of people to the center of Petrograd. But even here privilege overruled authority, and persons arriving in motor-cars or sleighs were allowed to pass over the bridge without question from the authorities; but there was a question in the common mind, and it achieved expression a few moments after I arrived. Bolder members of the throng scattered themselves back along the car-tracks, and as soon as a machine or sleigh slowed down on approaching the crowd, three or four men leaped aboard, rapidly ejecting driver and passengers and appropriating the conveyance to their own ends.

When returning home at dusk, I saw a scene which brought back memories of "A Tale of Two Cities." Kamennostrovski Prospect, which is the main artery of that quarter of Petrograd beginning at the Troitsk Bridge, was literally choked with a great surging mass of revolutionists, who had tramped over here from the

fighting zone, to proclaim victory and to draw all lukewarm persons to their flaming cause. It was an earnest, serious crowd, devoid of ranting or vandalism; its temper was that of Russian music — strength with pathos, optimism without joy. Gray army trucks throbbed in the midst of it, loaded with soldiers, women, and boys bearing crimson banners. Bayonets were decked with scraps of red bunting, and bonfires lit up pale faces and eager eyes. Now and again a touring-car would thread its way nervously through the mob, stopping every hundred yards for a student to make a one-minute speech, or continuing to bore its way while Red Cross nurses threw out handfuls of bulletins. The Socialists got out literature so fast that it seemed as if the pent-up energy and stifled utterances of years were behind their presses; strange scraps of paper such as were never seen before in this city floated freely in the air with the headline, "We asked for bread, you gave us lead."

Eventually I wormed my way through the crowd, past the beautiful cathedral whose graceful domes looked down with aloof incomprehension upon the drama at their feet, until I came out at the Troitsk Bridge. I hardly noticed that it was open to all and that the police had disappeared, because of the glory of the view that lay before me. Over my right shoulder the turrets and castellated walls of Peter and Paul, fortress and prison, threw their grim silhouette against the dying sun, a dynasty gone to rest. To the left the sky was all molten gold and forked with giant tongues of flame; the High Tribunal, Courts of Justice, and jails, instruments of injustice in the Old Order, were making room for the New. . . .

Some one had brought in a copy of the first bulletin of the Provisional Government. It started off this way, in big type: —

ISVETSIA [News] *February* 27[1]

THE NEWSPAPERS DO NOT COME OUT!

EVENTS MOVE TOO FAST, AND THE PEOPLE MUST KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON!

DISSOLUTION OF THE DUMA BY NIKOLAI II!

DECISION OF THE DUMA TO REMAIN IN SESSION!

TELEGRAM FROM RODZIANKO, HEAD OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT, TO THE TSAR: —

"The situation is serious. The capital is in a state of anarchy. The Government is paralyzed. There is universal discontent. The streets are filled with disorderly shooting. Parts of the army are shooting on each other. [Literally: "friend on friend."] It is necessary to find a person who has the confidence of the whole country, to establish a new Government. Make haste. Procrastination means death. I pray to God that the responsibility will not fall upon the Crowned Head!"

A COPY OF THIS TELEGRAM WAS SENT TO ALL COMMANDERS AT THE FRONT, ASKING THEM TO UPHOLD RODZIANKO IN HIS APPEAL TO THE TSAR.

SECOND TELEGRAM FROM RODZIANKO TO THE TSAR: —

"Affairs are worse. You must act at once. To-morrow it will be too late. This is the last hour in which to decide the fate of the country and of the dynasty."

THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, ACCOMPANIED BY THE ARMED CITIZENS, APPEARED AT THE DUMA AT 2 P.M. THEY WERE MET BY THE DEPUTIES AND THE LATTER WERE LOUDLY CHEERED. SPEECHES.

[1] March 12, New Style.

Chief of the Artillery Factory, General Martusov, is killed. The Arsenal is under guard of the Revolutionists.

Arrest of the President of the Council of the Empire, Scherglovitov, Former Minister of Justice.

Duma Committee formed for the Maintenance of order in Petrograd, for the Protection of Industry and Safeguarding the Public.

When we went to bed, the sky from our windows was still bright from the fire. Rifles snapped fitfully, and the yelling of bands of hooligans reached our ears through double panes.

Early Tuesday morning we no longer considered it safe to stay in our house, so we hastily prepared to avail ourselves of an invitation from friends on the French Quay. . . .

Motor-cars continually sped past, decked with red banners and bristling with rifles and bayonets. They made a very dramatic appearance, with soldiers lying forward on the mud-guards, and rifles with fixed bayonets protruding in front. Many open cars had machine guns rakishly trained fore and aft from the tonneaus, and there was a continual procession of thundering army trucks loaded to the guards with soldiers and civilians, armed with drawn revolvers or swords taken from the police.

Later in the forenoon, the Cadets' Corps, with a band, followed by a great crowd, marched down the quay. As the band struck up the "Marseillaise," hats came off and hundreds of people from all classes joined hands. Every one wore revolutionary colors. The color impression was that of Boylston Street after a football victory over Yale.

In the afternoon I found a crowd sacking a police station. Windows were smashed, the furnishings knocked about, and jubilant people inside were throwing out armfuls of records and letters on the blazing bonfire by the curb. Later I saw the same thing at the station on Fontanka Canal. Every one seemed to take delight in lugging out his share of the archives. They threw them into the fire with a righteous zest. As soon as the tide of revolution turned in the people's favor, a city-wide police hunt was started. Out of twenty to thirty thousand police, not one was to be seen in the streets. During the first two days they were killed on sight by soldiers and civilians alike; but forgiveness outweighs lust for revenge in the Russian soul, and after the first flash of anger, the people took their erstwhile tormentors as prisoners. The search had many spectacular features, including battles on the housetops, where groups of police armed with machine guns stubbornly defended their positions against revolutionists on other buildings. Many of the police, in small groups of threes and fours, fired on the people from the upper windows of tall apartment houses where they had taken refuge.

I witnessed an affair of this kind only a short distance from our house. I saw a rifle stuck out of a black window, and an instant later, as I heard the report, a piece of a sign-board splintered away over my head. A passing soldier immediately took up his position at the corner and began firing as fast as he could, while I peeked over his shoulder to observe his marksmanship. By this time, half a dozen soldiers were concentrating on the window from different vantage-points, while a crowd

gathered. The police kept up their fire with spirit until an armored car came up and gave the window a hail of bullets. Then a party entered the building, and a few minutes later a soldier brushed past me exultantly exclaiming, "Five more taken!"

At midnight, March 12th, the Executive Committee of the National Duma was organized, under the leadership of Michael Rodzianko, President of the Duma. That committee, which became the executive branch of the Government of all Russia for the time being, issued a bulletin Tuesday morning, outlining its policy, admonishing the population to refrain from acts of violence and vandalism and closing as follows: —

> In spite of the deep difference of political and social ideals of the members of the National Duma constituting the Temporary Committee, in the present difficult moment complete unity has been attained among them. Before all stands a task which must not be postponed — that of organizing the elemental popular movement.
>
> The danger of disorganization is comprehended by all.
>
> Citizens, organize! That is the call of the moment. In organization lie salvation and force. Hear the Temporary Committee of the National Duma.

On Tuesday about two hundred portfolio ministers, generals, and other officials of the old régime were arrested by the revolutionists, including I. G. Sheglovitoff, one of the traitors who left the Russian armies without ammunition just before the enemy's advance in Poland; B. V. Stürmer, former President of the Council of Ministers, who intrigued for a separate peace with Germany; and Major-General Balk, Chief of Police of Petrograd.

Also on Tuesday there were great jail deliveries, all prisoners being liberated indiscriminately. Estimates of the number vary from ten to twenty thousand. All of the prisons except the historic Peter and Paul were burned by the people. A friend of mine met an old white-haired man tottering across the Troitsk Bridge asking questions of all passers-by. It seems that he had just been freed from Peter and Paul after having sat in a dungeon below the level of the Neva for forty years, waiting to come to trial. When a young man he had been put in as a political suspect.

On Wednesday the 14th, I visited the charred and smoking shell of the Courts of Justice. The courtyard, with its trees and walks, was crowded with curious people who wandered in and out, delving for souvenirs of that which was already a thing of yesterday. The grand staircase was entirely wrecked; only the lower third of a marble empress remained on her pedestal. The blackened torso lay at my feet, the imperial head, orb, scepter, crown, among the débris, and the archives were like the mouth of a live volcano. Going through a dark corridor, I reached an inner court next to the prison. The street entrance to the latter was closed by the soldiers, but I followed a crowd which had just forced an entrance through a high window reached from a wood-pile and the roof of a lean-to.

I shuddered when I found myself inside this great human cage where everything was steel and stone, clanked, and was cold. Think of the delirious joy that flew on wings from cell to cell as the revolutionists battered down the gates and flung wide every door! I went in scores of cells and in each saw a cube of black bread,

in each case just a little bitten off; the call to freedom had come at the beginning of this simple meal, which was never to be finished. Most of the bread lay dashed upon the floor, but some prisoners, perhaps hopeless ones, thinking the first alarm too good to be true, had placed theirs on a shelf. I suppose some of us will try to put bread on a shelf when Christ is coming. Those have seen so many overloaded shelves that they have grown skeptical about good tidings.

Eventually I reached the commandant's office, which was gutted and wrecked. Since there were not many bidders for it, I walked off with an oil portrait of the Emperor under my arm. The work-rooms were depressing. It hurt to look at the well-worn tools. I hurried on to the chapel, with its shattered door and its Byzantine fittings in wildest disarray. Books, vestments, and robes were strewn about the floor. The marble altar was damaged and the crowd was curiously handling the ceremonial vessels. Presently a young soldier snatched up a richly embroidered robe and flung it over his shoulders; next, he put on a long embellished collar; and last of all, he jammed a battered miter on the side of his head. Then he opened the Testament and began to intone in a comic bass voice, while the bystanders laughed and some chuckled. There was nothing vindictive in the young soldier's manner. He was perfectly sober, but having a great lark. A short week ago it would have been indiscreet even to conjure up in one's mind such a picture as that chapel presented. The priesthood, for the most part minions of the government, are conspicuous by their absence during these stirring days.

It seems here as if the whole world must be topsy-turvy. The incredible is becoming a common sight, the commonplace has quite disappeared. For instance, I passed a jolly group of soldiers who were eating and chaffing around a great bonfire on the snow, made of piles of gilded imperial eagles and crests of royalty which they had stripped from Government buildings and shops which purveyed to the aristocracy. . . .

While order was gradually being restored in some quarters by the hastily organized City Militia, composed mainly of student volunteers, other districts were still being hotly contested. Wednesday afternoon I walked to the Nikolai Station; great crowds surged back and forth in the wide square, like the ground swell of the sea, against the massive base of the equestrian statue of that arch-reactionary, Alexander III. The lower end of the Nevski was in a riotous state. Sniping from windows was still going on, and the police station near by was in flames. I witnessed the exit into the street from the station of some Siberian troops, who immediately went over to the revolutionists amid wild demonstrations of the people. Earlier in the week the Emperor's regiment and the Cossacks who were sent in from Tsarskoe-Selo to quell the rebellion went over to the people without firing a shot; all of which proves how universal was the spirit of discontent, and how deep the longing for a democratic government. Even now, huge crowds are parading the streets, singing and bearing aloft enormous red banners with the legend, "Great Russia must be a Democratic Republic."

THE COST OF THE WAR

[ESTIMATES of the cost of the war ordinarily include such tables of figures that the mind is scarcely able to grasp their significance in concrete terms. Bonar Law, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, December 14, 1916, stated that England had already spent $19,260,000,000, and was then spending $28,500,000 a day. An estimate published early in 1917 put the total cost of the war to January 1, 1917, as $65,000,000,000; the cost each day to all belligerents being $105,000,000. Under date of October, 1917, the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York City stated that the war was then costing $160,000,000 each day, or four times as much as when it started; while the total cost was put at a hundred thousand million dollars. The mind can more readily grasp these figures by turning back to an earlier estimate and noting the details given in regard to several of the leading countries. The statement is from "The Economist," London, the leading financial weekly of Great Britain, December 18, 1915.

The Editor.]

THE expenditure of the United Kingdom was £1,490,000 per day for the first eight months (or £1,270,000, excluding external loans), and has been rising rapidly since, until it is estimated at £4,450,000 per day (or £2,740,000, excluding loans) for the five months to March 31st next. The total expenditure to that date is estimated on actual and budget figures at £1,222,200,000, plus £474,800,000 for external loans, or £1,697,000,000 together. These figures represent the excess over a previous £80,000,000 a year for the army and navy.

Of the loans, about £50,000,000 will be made to our

own dominions, but this is offset by the loan we have obtained from the United States. We have, more than all the other belligerents, raised money by special taxation. Our loans to Allies and neutrals are estimated to amount to £425,000,000 to March 31st next, and the burden which has fallen on us in this respect is doubtless more than twice as heavy as that of any other belligerent, Germany probably ranking next. We have lent chiefly to Russia (for purchases in the United Kingdom and elsewhere outside Russia), to France (for purchases here), to Italy, Belgium, Serbia, and certain neutral countries.

Judging by the credits voted, the war has cost France £660,000,000, to June 30, 1915, to which must be added £224,000,000 for the quarter to September 30th, £240,000,000 for the quarter to December 31st, and £327,000,000 for the quarter to March 31st next, making a total to the last-mentioned date of £1,451,000,000. Excluding loans, it is probable that the war has cost more to France than to any belligerent, except Germany. Special taxation of various kinds is only now proposed, including, in particular, a war profits tax. France has made loans to Russia (for purchases in France), Belgium, Serbia, and neutrals, and the total so disbursed in the first year was probably in excess of £50,000,000; while it has borrowed £50,000,000 from the United States, and considerable sums from us.

The Russian war expenditure has been £188,000,000 (including £37,000,000 for mobilization) to November 14, 1914; £576,000,000 to July 14, 1915, and £639,000,000 to August 14, 1915. The seven months to January 14, 1916, are expected to cost £429,000,000, and the

year to January 14, 1916, £764,000,000, making a total of over £1,000,000,000 from the commencement of war. The expenditure was at first £1,400,000 a day, excluding the costs of mobilization, while for August last it was £2,000,000 a day, and for the year 1915 it is estimated at £2,100,000. Special taxation is proposed, including an income tax. Russia has lent money to the smaller belligerents, but has doubtless received much heavier loans from this country, for purchases here and in America, and from France in respect of purchases in France.

Italy, which came into the war on May 23d, is believed to have spent £80,000,000 on preparations prior to entering, and its expenditure for the four months to September 30th last was £14,600,000, £16,500,000, £17,400,000, and £16,600,000, making a total of £145,000,000 to that date.

Belgium and Serbia have been largely helped with loans by France, Russia, and ourselves, their power to provide being, obviously, very considerably curtailed. The bulk of Belgium has been in the hands of the enemy since the end of the first month of war.

An estimate of Germany's costs has to be derived mainly from its votes of credit, which have been £250,000,000 in August, 1914; £250,000,000 on December 2, 1914; £500,000,000 last March, £500,000,000 on August 20th, and £500,000,000 this month. At the time the August credit was asked for, Dr. Helfferich stated that the war expenditure was nearly £100,000,000 a month. To the above have to be added the £10,250,000 of mobilization treasure in the Julius Tower at Spandau, and the product of the "defense contribution," or

Wehrbeitrag — a capital levy payable in three installments, at the beginning of the years 1914, 1915, and 1916, which was expected to bring in £50,000,000 to £80,000,000. Partly, perhaps, because of this capital tax, imposed before the war, Germany has hitherto not levied any special taxation, but a war profits tax, formerly said to be impossible to formulate until after the war, is proposed to be shortly raised. Loans of large amounts have been made to Turkey, Bulgaria, and neutrals. It is not clear whether Austria-Hungary has also been partly financed by the German Government.

[It is interesting to compare these statements with the usual estimates concerning the cost of other recent wars: —

Napoleonic Wars, 1793–1815	$6,250,000,000
Crimean War, 1853–1856	1,700,000,000
American Civil War, 1861–1865	8,000,000,000
Franco-Prussian War, 1870–1871	3,500,000,000
South African War, 1900–1902	1,250,000,000
Russo-Japanese War, 1904–1905	2,500,000,000

The following statement by the Mechanics and Metals National Bank adds the cost of war-loans to other estimates.]

Advances, or loans, by the stronger Powers to the weaker allies and to neutrals, have in three years extended well beyond $10,000,000,000. Great Britain has loaned more than $5,000,000,000; the United States, $2,500,000,000; Germany, $2,500,000,000; France, $800,000,000. The responsibility falling upon the British nation in respect of loans is twice as heavy as that of any other belligerent, but the programme outlined for the United States, if fulfilled, presently will make our loans equal those of Great Britain.

War costs up to August 1, 1917, of the four nations making advances to the weaker allies, are given below. Figures of net costs appear in a column parallel to those of gross costs, and are based on war credits actually voted, and in the case of Great Britain and France, on actual ascertained costs: —

	Net war costs August 1, 1914 to August 1, 1917	*Gross war costs August 1, 1914 to August 1, 1917*
United States......	$2,200,000,000	$3,500,000,000
Great Britain......	20,750,000,000	25,800,000,000
France............	16,600,000,000	17,400,000,000
Germany..........	19,600,000,000	22,100,000,000

The present rate of war expenditure by the United States, based on recent Administration statements, may be placed at a higher figure than that of any other nation engaged in the hostilities. Every day the direct military cost is $29,400,000, and, in addition, loans to our allies are at a rate that makes the total gross daily war cost for the United States more than $40,000,000.

Great Britain has a total daily war cost of $39,000,000 gross. Germany is spending not far from $30,000,000 a day, and France is spending $21,000,000.

For these nations the figures include advances to allies. The United States has extended credit for the purchase of military supplies to Great Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia, and Italy. Great Britain has loaned funds to Russia, France, Italy, Belgium, Rumania, and certain neutral countries. France has made advances to Russia, Belgium, and Serbia. Germany has extended assistance to Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria, and, it is said, to Greece.

On a daily basis, the four nations are making current

payments about as follows. Gross costs, it must be kept in mind, are direct military costs, plus foreign loans or advances: —

	Present daily net war cost	*Present daily gross war cost*
United States	$29,400,000	$40,360,000
Great Britain	35,000,000	39,000,000
Germany	27,200,000	30,000,000
France	20,200,000	21,000,000

The cost of the war averages three dollars daily for each soldier enlisted. Total daily expenses of all the Allies are $115,000,000, as compared with $43,000,000 for the Central Powers, the ratio being 2½ to 1. The disparity is explained by the different conditions under which the embattled groups are fighting, by the need of the Allies to spend large sums in keeping their navies and mercantile fleets at sea, by the different system of pay in the armies, by manufacture and transportation. War's money is now largely expended in the laboratory, the foundry, and the machine shop, and, in the cause of the Allies, an important part is expended in costly steamship and railway transportation.

THE HUMAN COST

[An estimate published by "The Economist," London, December, 1915, puts the losses to that time as follows: United Kingdom, 800,000; France, 2,000,000; Russia, 5,000,000; Italy, 500,000; Belgium and Serbia, 550,000: total for the Entente Allies, killed, wounded, and missing, 8,850,000. Of this number 2,000,000 were said to be killed, dead from disease, or permanently incapacitated. The Central Powers to that time had lost 7,400,000, of which 1,980,000 were killed, dead from disease, or permanently disabled. According to estimates published by the War Department at Washington, October 22, 1917, at least 38,000,000 were then under arms, 27,500,000 on the side of the Allies, and 10,600,000 on the side of the Central Powers. These figures do not include the naval strength, which would raise the total several millions. The table on page 507 represents the total enlistment from the beginning. It was compiled by the Mechanics and Metals National Bank from whose "Cost of the War" the following general statement is taken.

The Editor.]

It is impossible to compute accurately the human lives that have been sacrificed since the beginning of the war. All the belligerent nations forbear to make public the wastage of men, and private attempts are highly speculative and subject to serious gaps.

However, that the number of slain had run into millions was a general assumption in the very first year of the war. Having read daily of campaigns of vast armies, of attacks of infantry in mass formation, of great guns hurling projectiles weighing thousands of pounds, of

terrific and long-continued bombardments, of sweeping fogs of poison gases, of death rained from the sky and dealt from beneath the sea; having read of all these things the world recognized long ago that the war had taken an appalling total of human life.

The number of men engaged in hostilities shows how vast is the war, and from what a large supply the casualties have come. The numbers called to the colors of the various nations have been roughly as follows: —

	Men enlisted
United States	2,000,000
British Empire	7,500,000
France	6,000,000
Russia	14,000,000
Italy	2,500,000
Belgium, Serbia, and Portugal	1,000,000
Entente Allies	33,000,000
Germany	10,500,000
Austria-Hungary	7,000,000
Bulgaria	500,000
Turkey	2,000,000
Teutonic Allies	20,000,000
Total, all	53,000,000

Of this 53,000,000, representing able-bodied and skillful workmen, possibly a fourth can be said to have been killed or injured since the outbreak of the war. The stage of the war and the performance have been so gigantic that deaths in the first three years of hostilities were in the neighborhood of 7,000,000, while injuries leaving men invalids were more than 5,000,000. This means, to use a familiar comparison, that a number of

men equal to one eighth the population of the United States suffered death or permanent injury in the first three years of the war. The killed equaled seven per cent of our population, the maimed equaled five per cent.

The total of killed, as a matter of fact, has in the elapsed period of the war equaled the full number of men called to the colors by the British Empire. It has exceeded the number of the whole French army, and has been four times as great as the number of men now enlisted under the American flag. The total of killed and permanently wounded has reached an amount greater than the enlisted number of any single nation, except Russia, and even the 14,000,000 total of that nation is being crowded by the records of casualties.

While total figures by themselves are large, the actual death-rate indicated by the mortality records of the war is not more than 45 per 1000 per annum. Thus the loss of life has been about one in twenty-two each year. Referring to single campaigns on the Western Front, the Committee on Public Information at Washington recently made the statement that "figures, taken when the casualties were greatest in proportion to mobilized strength and combined with the highest proportion of deaths, show losses due to deaths from wounds and killed in action to be approximately 11 in every 1000 of mobilized strength." The statement added that the high-water mark of total casualties in the French army was reached early in the war at the battles of Charleroi and the Marne. In that period they were 5.41 per cent of the mobilized strength.

Statistics are often dry as dust, but when measuring

the carnage of war they register one of the most tragic calamities of all history. The nearest approach to the human sacrifice of this war is contained in the record of the Napoleonic Wars, which extended over more than twenty years and took toll altogether of 2,100,000 lives. Compilations made by the War Study Society of Copenhagen, from such information and statistics as could be secured, showed that in the first two years of the hostilities — August 1, 1914, to August 1, 1916 — more than 4,600,000 deaths occurred in all the armies engaged, while 11,200,000 soldiers were wounded, a third of them being made permanent invalids.

We present below a table estimating for three years to August 1, 1917, the loss of life among soldiers to the

	Two years August 1, 1914 to August 1, 1916	*One year August 1, 1916 to August 1, 1917*	*Total three years*
Dead: —			
England	205,000	102,500	307,500
France	855,000	427,500	1,282,500
Russia	1,500,000	750,000	2,250,000
Italy	105,000	52,000	157,500
Belgium	50,000	25,000	75,000
Serbia	110,000	55,000	165,000
Rumania	....	100,000	100,000
Entente Allies	2,825,000	1,512,000	4,337,000
Germany	885,000	442,500	1,327,500
Austria-Hungary	718,000	359,000	1,077,000
Turkey	150,000	75,000	225,000
Bulgaria	25,000	12,500	37,500
Teutonic Allies	1,778,000	889,000	2,667,000
Total, all	4,603,000	2,401,000	7,004,000

different countries engaged in the war, based on the Society's figures. The first column contains the list of dead in the first two years of the war, as estimated by the Society. The second column contains an approximation of the deaths of the third year of the war, the figures being arrived at by assuming that the casualties of the third year were at the same rate as those of the first two years. This basis of calculation is neither accurate nor satisfactory, but without official figures it at least gives some conception of war's destruction of life.

One reason for the wide margin between the losses of the Entente Allies and the Central Powers is the relative unpreparedness of the Entente at the beginning of the war, the disastrous retreat of France in 1914, and of Russia later from the Mazurian lakes and the Carpathians and in Rumania. France suffered tremendously in its early retreat to the Marne and later in its defense of Verdun.

Because it is fighting on interior lines without suffering disastrous retreats, and because of a highly efficient medical service, Germany has suffered relatively less than some of the other nations, notwithstanding that her offensives on various fronts have led her into heavy losses in dead. Nearly one third of her casualties are estimated to have been suffered around Verdun.

Russia has been the heaviest loser in man power, its total of loss in deaths, injuries, and prisoners being nearly double that of any other nation. Austria-Hungary also has been a heavy sufferer. In regard to the losses for Russia and Austria-Hungary, the great campaigns in the East are to be considered, these having

	Two years August 1, 1914 to August 1, 1916	*One year August 1, 1916 to August 1, 1917*	*Total three years*
Permanently wounded: —			
England	154,000	77,000	231,000
France	634,000	317,000	951,000
Russia	1,146,000	573,000	1,719,000
Italy	73,000	37,000	110,000
Belgium	33,000	16,000	49,000
Serbia	42,000	21,000	63,000
Rumania	....	60,000	60,000
Entente Allies	2,082,000	1,101,000	3,183,000
Germany	635,000	318,000	953,000
Austria-Hungary	533,000	266,000	799,000
Turkey	105,000	52,000	157,000
Bulgaria	18,000	9,000	27,000
Teutonic Allies	1,291,000	645,000	1,936,000
Total, all	3,373,000	1,746,000	5,119,000

been carried on by large forces in the open, over wide stretches of territory. Lack of communication and hospital facilities also have been a factor.

England's losses have been smaller than those of the other European Powers, owing to the time required to bring her full strength to bear in the war theater. Italy until recently was saved from extreme casualties through the confining of open operations on her mountain frontiers. Rumania, although entering the war late, suffered disastrously by reason of Germany's invasion. Belgium and Serbia, the two small States overrun by the German machine early in the war, lost heavily in proportion to population. Turkey has been a heavy loser, through waging war on a wide sweep of front from Gallipoli

through Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Armenia. Bulgaria has been, relatively, a small loser.

The number of men wounded in the war can only be roughly estimated. Many of the wounded are regarded as so slightly hurt that no reckoning of them is made in casualty lists; many are wounded a number of times, and their reckoning confuses the figures. More than five million men have been made permanent invalids in the three elapsed years of war, however. The accompanying table (on page 511) shows the number of the permanently injured, figures in the first column, showing the returns of the War Study Society of Copenhagen for the first two years, being made the basis for the estimates of the third year on the basis of a like yearly average.

Military experts agree that the killed in action and dead of wounds have never at any time in the war exceeded twenty per cent of the total casualties.

XV

THE ENTRANCE OF THE UNITED STATES

HISTORICAL NOTE

On the 31st of January, 1917, Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador to the United States, handed to Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, a note in which his Government announced its purpose to carry into full effect the ruthless submarine policy against which the Government of the United States had been protesting. The announcement declared that "a prohibited zone" had been mapped out by Germany, bordering Holland, England, and France, and including portions of the Mediterranean, and that on and after the next day, February 1st, ships of any nation from any port would be sunk without warning, save that for one American vessel a week, carrying passengers only, "a safety zone" would be established enabling this ship to pass to and from a designated English port in safety. In response to this decree the Government of the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany, February 3d, by dismissing Count von Bernstorff, giving him his passports; and recalling the American Ambassador, James W. Gerard, from Berlin. On the same day President Wilson addressed both Houses of Congress and announced the complete severance of relations between the United States and Germany. The policy adopted by the Government for the time being was that of "armed neutrality," and it was proposed to equip merchant ships to meet their foes, the German submarines. During the interval, while this policy was under discussion, it became plain that the German Government was determined to make good its threat, and on March 12th orders were issued to place armed guards on American merchant ships. This temporary policy came to an end with the address of President Wilson to Congress, April 2d, in which he asked Congress to declare the existence of a state of war with Germany. On April 6th, the House of Representatives passed a vote accepting the joint resolution which had already passed the Senate, and war was formally declared.

THE WAR MESSAGE

[1917]

BY WOODROW WILSON

I HAVE called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making. On the third of February last I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain or Ireland or the western coasts of Europe or any of the ports controlled by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean.

That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Imperial Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its undersea craft in conformity with its promise then given to us that passenger boats should not be sunk, and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy, when no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats.

The precautions taken were meager and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed.

The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals, along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Government itself, and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was, for a little while, unable to believe that such things would in fact be done by any Government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas where no nation had right of dominion, and where lay the free highways of the world.

By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meager enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view at least of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded.

This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside, under the plea of retaliation and necessity,

and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these, which it is impossible to employ, as it is employing them, without throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world.

I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of noncombatants, men, women, and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for. The lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be.

The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind. It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way.

There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation.

We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the Nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

When I addressed the Congress on the 26th of February last I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence. But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. Because submarines are, in effect, outlaws when used as the German submarines have been used against merchant shipping, it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks, as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible craft giving chase upon the open sea.

It is common prudence, in such circumstances, grim necessity, indeed, to endeavor to destroy them before they have shown their own intention. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all.

The German Government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend.

The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be.

Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best; in such circumstances and in the face of such pretensions, it is worse than ineffectual: it is likely only to produce what it was meant to prevent; it is practically certain to draw us into the war without either the rights or the effectiveness of belligerents. There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making: we will not choose

the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our Nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs: they cut to the very roots of human life.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking, and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be, in fact, nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps, not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war. What this will involve is clear. It will involve the utmost practical coöperation in counsel and action with the Governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to those Governments of the most liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may, so far as possible, be added to theirs.

It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the Nation in the most abundant, and yet the most economical and efficient way possible. It will involve the immediate full equipment of the Navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with enemy submarines. It will involve the

immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States already provided for by law in case of war, at least five hundred thousand men, who should, in my opinion, be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training.

It will involve, also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the Government, sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well-conceived taxation. I say sustained so far as may be equitable by taxation, because it seems to me that it would be most unwise to base the credits which will now be necessary entirely on money borrowed.

It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people, so far as we may, against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans.

In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty — for it will be a very practical duty — of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there.

I shall take the liberty of suggesting, through the several executive departments of the Government, for the consideration of your committees, measures for the

accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned.

I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the Government upon which the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the Nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world, what our motives and our objects are.

My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the Nation has been altered or clouded by them. I have exactly the same things in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the 22d of January last, the same that I had in mind when I addressed the Congress on the 3d of February, and on the 26th of February.

Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles.

Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances. We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same

standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states. We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war.

It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days, when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools. Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbors' states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover, and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried it may be from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the Nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic Government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion.

Intrigue would eat its vitals away. The plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia? Russia was known by those who knew it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart; in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude toward life.

The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character, or purpose; and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added in all their naïve majesty and might to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace.

Here is a fit partner for a league of honor. One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce.

Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and it is unhappily not a matter of conjecture but a fact proved in our courts of justice that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States.

Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people towards us (who were, no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish designs of a Government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing.

But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that Government entertains no real friendship for us and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience.

That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a Government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic Governments of the world.

We are now about to accept gauge of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the Nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power.

We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the Governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our right and our honor. The Austro-Hungarian Government has, indeed, avowed its unqualified endorsement

and acceptance of the reckless and lawless submarine warfare adopted now without disguise by the Imperial German Government, and it has therefore not been possible for this Government to receive Count Tarnowski, the Ambassador recently accredited to this Government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austria-Hungary; but that Government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and I take the liberty, for the present at least, of postponing a discussion of our relations with the authorities at Vienna. We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reëstablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts.

We have borne with their present Government through all these bitter months because of that friendship — exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the mil-

lions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it toward all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test.

They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose.

If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you.

There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us.

It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our for-

tunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness, and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

WITH THE AMERICANS AT THE FRONT

[1917]

BY GEORGE PATTULLO

[At the urgent request of the French Commission which visited the United States in April, American troops were sent across earlier than had been intended, the first contingent reaching France late in June. Before winter they were ready for their final training in the front trenches.
The Editor.]

Toward the end of October the first American contingent seemed to be about as letter-perfect in their work as could reasonably be hoped. There was even a danger that further application to the same training might make them stale. They had come along in grand style physically. Boys whose blouses used to sag on them like a middy last summer were now bursting the chest buttons of the same uniforms. And they had learned to perform like clockwork everything their instructors had taught them. They were a pretty fine lot of soldiers, as we used to know soldiers in those piping days of ease, before 1914. But they were not yet fighting men.

It was to make them fighting men that General Pershing put them into the front line with the French. There is a vast difference between learning things in a training camp and doing them opposite an active enemy, so the American commander planned to put the finishing touches on the first contingent by some work within reach of the Boche guns, to harden the men and teach them how to take care of themselves in trench warfare.

He selected a quiet sector for the purpose; probably he could not have found a more reposeful sector in all Europe. His idea was to round out training with as little fuss as might be, so that the men of the first contingent would be competent to instruct the green troops coming from America. And as soon as all had been given the experience the battalions were withdrawn.

That is all there was to it. The proceedings were devoid of fireworks. The Paris edition of an American newspaper solemnly announced that our forces had taken over a sector of the front during the dark hours of the night and that when dawn broke the astounded Germans were apprised of the event by the spectacle of the Stars and Stripes floating proudly from our parapets; but actually there was no moving-picture stuff whatever. The troops eased in with the French.

The more quietly it was done the better satisfied were the American and French commands. They wanted no blare of bands, and Old Glory on a front-line trench could wait until the trench was empty.

Moving out of villages back of the line the companies marched along the roads leading to the communication trenches and, arrived there, went in to relieve the *poilus* in platoon groups. It was very dark and the rain fell drearily. About the only persons who saw this movement were a few French soldiers *en repos* in the villages, some old men and women, and a little girl in a cape, who trotted along beside the marching column of one battalion, talking to the intent, silent men. As they reached the crossroads where they turned to go along the canal she stopped and waved her hand at them for luck. May Heaven bless her!

Here is a picture of the way you go in. Your experience will differ from this in the local setting and details when the time comes, more especially if you happen to be hurried up to support battalions that are being strafed; but in the ordinary course of events you will do it about the way the first contingent did it.

They have been keeping you back in a village during the training period, sixty or seventy or ninety kilometres behind the front. In plain sight is another village and there are American troops billeted there also. Everywhere you turn in this section of France you find them. The roads and fields are full of khaki figures; the streets of every hamlet swarm with them. And there is a hamlet every two or three miles.

Well, they have gradually seasoned you by the hardest kind of work. You are physically fit to tackle your weight in wild cats. Out on the training ground beyond the village you have practiced every form of trench work and open warfare until you do it automatically at command. And you have grown acclimated too; your billet, which used to be a storehouse with a hayloft in it, no longer seems chilly when the temperature is at a raw damp fifty-five degrees. Or if you have been living in one of the frame barracks provided, you don't begin to think of pneumonia every time the roof leaks or a cold wind comes tearing through a fissure in the wall. In fact, you're fit, my boy — fitter than you ever were in your life, not even barring the proud day you made the eleven.

On a day your battalion receives orders to get ready to move. Perhaps you know what is coming off, perhaps you don't. At any rate, that is none of your busi-

ness; all you've got to do is obey orders and keep your rifle clean. So you hustle round, pack your kit, stall off Abe Green when he inquires whether you feel like paying back that twenty francs you borrowed, and presently parade with the others in full marching order and your helmet on.

Strapped to your back is the kit — a full seventy pounds, and more. The official figures give the weight as something less; but I have weighed a dozen of them. In the kit you carry your bedding, which consists of three blankets, extra socks and extra shoes, mess tins and emergency rations, first-aid dressings, ammunition, everything you will require for a ten-day tour in the trenches. With bayonet and pick and shovel the kit is a sizable load. You bend forward as you march, and if it does n't sit snugly Heaven help you!

Long lines of motor-trucks are in the road. You pile into one of them; and when all is ready the driver lights a cigarette, says, "Well, we're off! Giddap, Sarah!" And a moment later you go careering out of the village. Behind you comes another truck, and another, and another — trucks are strung out as far as the eye can reach.

It is n't such a bad business, bowling along a country road in France, even in a motor-truck. The driver keeps his machine on the crown of the road and lets the automobiles that overtake him do the worrying. The wild warning shrieks of their sirens seem to fill him with a holy joy; a smile of infinite peace comes to his face as he holds the nose of the truck exactly in the middle. . . .

You pass through a score of villages and toward dusk arrive at one which shows the scars of war. The

stark ribs of ruined houses stick up through piles of débris. Where a "Jack Johnson" landed is a jumbled mass of bricks and twisted metal and shattered stone.

"That used to be the *mairie.*"

You're in the fighting zone now, but the trucks keep on; and it is dark when you arrive at your destination.

Everybody piles out and eases cramped legs. You are in a tiny village and few people are stirring. Opposite you is a café called the Cheval d'Or; through the window you make out the figures of several *poilus* seated at a table, drinking wine. There is a wide, old-fashioned fireplace at the end of the room and over it a woman is cooking supper on an andiron contrivance that holds a pan and two kettles. The order is given to fall in. The darkness deepens as you stand there in the road waiting for the command to move. . . .

"Companee! Atten-*shun!*"

Thirty seconds later you are headed for the trenches. Of course it has begun to rain. It falls with a steady, dreary murmur. The iron-hard road is covered with a thin layer of mud, deposited by the constant passage of trucks and wagons. The rain drips sadly from the tall trees standing like gaunt sentinels on either side. With your poncho hanging from your shoulders, and your head bent under the load of your pack, you tramp out of the village.

One of the boys tries to strike up a song.

"Silence!" barks an officer.

You turn a corner and follow a canal. Tramp, tramp, tramp — that and the rumble of the kitchens and machine guns are the only sounds. Some sparks fall from the swaying kitchens and dimly you discern the

outlines of the mules pulling the little devils so dreaded by infantry. Behind them are more doughboys.

The column is lost in the night both ahead and behind you.

The man next to you is breathing hard, and you wonder whether he is nervous; but you don't ask him. For it is your first time in, and everybody is keyed up.

A Red Cross ambulance dashes up from nowhere and pulls out to give the marching column right of way. Its driver flashes on his lights an instant.

"Turn that out!" cries an officer; and the blackness is worse than before.

You keep this up until the pack weighs about eleven hundred pounds and the man behind you is beginning to mutter: "Doggone, where are them trenches anyhow? In Rooshia?"

At last you are halted. You can't see anything but the road under your feet and the outlines of some trees, but the dark becomes peopled with strange shapes.

After a while your platoon is called to attention; the remainder of the company stands at rest. And before you can guess what's up you are marching along beside a hedge up a hill. The going is slippery, for you are on a dirt road.

You skirt an embankment from which come muffled voices. A curtain lifts and then you discern that what you took for a blur is the entrance to a dugout. A man in the doorway of the dugout says something to the platoon commander; but you are already past him.

Still uphill; the mud is harder to shake than a book agent. At last you reach comparatively level ground and march along beside more blurs. You hear voices

inside the blurs and occasionally see the tiniest streak of light; but though you strain your eyes you cannot make out what the blurs are.

"Artillery dugouts, I reckon; huh?" some one whispers, and the man in front of you stumbles.

"Zowie! Look out!" he warns, and next moment you plunge blindly into an opening in the earth.

You are now in the communication trenches. The mud is ankle-deep and it gives you plenty to do to keep on your feet and not hold up the line. No wonder they gave you all those hardening exercises! This — is — a holy — fright.

However, you manage to hold the pace. Twisting and turning; dipping downward; feeling your way along the wall of the trench; now you hit a stretch of duck boards and the walking is better. You see nothing but a pale streak of sky when you lift your head. Stumbling blindly in the wake of the man in front and swallowing in silence your rage against the man behind when he walks on the calf of your leg; about a million miles of this and the line halts.

There is whispering ahead of you. Now that you are used to the dark, you descry other forms than those of your comrades in the trench. A figure in a pale uniform pushes past you, going out. Another and another follow; they are the poilus your platoon is relieving.

The line moves slowly forward. You pass a dugout; then a dark opening from which a pair of legs protrudes, evidently a Frenchy has crawled into a funk hole to snatch a forgotten piece of property before he marches out.

It is your turn now. You are the head of the line; all

the men in front of you have taken up their positions. A French soldier standing close to a fire step moves back and you move into his place. He does n't speak to you and you don't speak to him. You simply take over the spot he has held and give your comrades room to move along. And so the relief goes forward.

Standing there, you wonder how far off the next man is. Presently comes an officer, who shows you the entrance to a dugout and gives some whispered instructions as to what you shall do in case of bombardment. Then he leads you to a cavity in the wall of the trench where the reserve supply of ammunition and the rockets are kept. You tell him you've got it all clear, and he passes on.

Once more you are standing on the fire step staring with smarting eyes into the dark. A machine gun is chattering somewhere in the night, and far away, from the edge of the world, comes a sullen muttering like a heavy surf on a seashore — the big guns at Verdun.

Suddenly a flare goes up in front of you. You catch a flashing vision of a valley and a bare slope; and there, right under your nose, is a tangled mass of wire entirely filled with Boches.

You let fly. In two minutes you have emptied the chamber; and then the sergeant arrives hot-foot to inquire what the blue blazes you are shooting at.

"There's a bunch of Boches out there in the wire," you tell him in a voice you strive to hold steady.

"Those are posts, man," he replies in disgust. "Cut that out!"

You relax and mop your brow. Gee, that was a close call! And abruptly you experience a blessed relief from

tension. No matter if you did make a mistake, you were on the job; a dim realization of that all-important fact gives you confidence. So you settle down for the long night watch.

An officer approaches, using a trench stick. It is nothing but an ordinary cane, with a steel point to help progress in the mud. Somehow the sight of him unarmed, with nothing but that little stick, gives you courage. There cannot be much danger if he goes round with a cane! Thus you reason. The officer's stick is one of the moral forces of trench warfare.

"How's everything?" he queries. "Feeling all right? That's the boy. We're all right now. We're in!"

There is the story of an entry into the trenches. It's a lot different from what you have been dreaming, *n'est-ce pas?* But that is always the way; the front is never like the mental picture you draw of it. There was n't a man of the first contingent who had n't indulged in day-dreams of what it would be like; not one of them came within a mile of the reality.

What happened at the front is more or less familiar to the American public. The Boche immediately grew attentive. He did not try anything very serious; but his artillery showed activity in spasms, and on the night of November 2–3 he put over a raid. However, the object sought by the American command was accomplished. Those battalions are fit for a crack at the Boches any day.

"What did we learn?" repeated a brigadier in answer to a query. "This: They went in boys; they came out veterans."

THE PRESIDENT DEFINES AMERICA'S WAR AIMS

[1918]

BY WOODROW WILSON

[On January 8, 1918, President Wilson delivered before Congress a momentous speech on America's war aims. Intended principally to hearten Russia in her hour of peril, his speech was endorsed alike by radicals and conservatives in Allied countries and was of the utmost value in uniting men of all shades of opinion in the resolve to achieve a just, democratic, and lasting peace. The first part of his speech dealt with the peace parleys then being held between the Teutonic Powers and Russia. The latter and more important part follows.

The Editor.]

There is no confusion of counsel among the adversaries of the Central Powers, no uncertainty of principle, no vagueness of detail. The only secrecy of counsel, the only lack of fearless frankness, the only failure to make definite statement of the objects of the war, lies with Germany and her allies. The issues of life and death hang upon these definitions. No statesman who has the least conception of his responsibility ought for a moment to permit himself to continue this tragical and appalling outpouring of blood and treasure unless he is sure beyond a peradventure that the objects of the vital sacrifice are part and parcel of the very life of society and that the people for whom he speaks think them right and imperative, as he does.

There is, moreover, a voice calling for these definitions of principle and of purpose which is, it seems to me, more thrilling and more compelling than any of the many moving voices with which the troubled air of the world is filled. It is the voice of the Russian people. They are prostrate and all but helpless, it would seem, before the grim power of Germany, which has hitherto known no relenting and no pity. Their power, apparently, is shattered. And yet their soul is not subservient. They will not yield either in principle or in action. Their conviction of what is right, of what it is humane and honorable for them to accept, has been stated with a frankness, a largeness of view, a generosity of spirit and a universal human sympathy which must challenge the admiration of every friend of mankind, and they have refused to compound their ideals or desert others that they themselves may be safe. They call to us to say what it is that we desire, in what, if in anything, our purpose and our spirit differ from theirs, and I believe that the people of the United States would wish me to respond with utter simplicity and frankness. Whether their present leaders believe it or not, it is our heartfelt desire and hope that some way may be opened whereby we may be privileged to assist the people of Russia to attain their utmost hope of liberty and ordered peace.

It will be our wish and purpose that the processes of peace, when they are begun, shall be absolutely open, and that they shall involve and permit henceforth no secret understandings of any kind. The day of conquest and aggrandizement is gone by; so is also the day of secret covenants entered into in the interest of particular Governments, and likely at some unlooked-for

moment to upset the peace of the world. It is this happy fact, now clear to the view of every public man whose thoughts do not still linger in an age that is dead and gone, which makes it possible for every nation whose purposes are consistent with justice and the peace of the world to avow now or at any other time the objects it has in view. We entered this war because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world secured once for all against their recurrence. What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in, and particularly that it be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world, as against force and selfish aggression. All the peoples of the world are in effect partners in this interest, and for our own part we see very clearly that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us.

The programme of the world's peace, therefore, is our programme, and that programme, the only possible programme, as we see it, is this: —

1. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

2. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

3. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

4. Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

5. A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Government whose title is to be determined.

6. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia, as will secure the best and freest coöperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy, and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing, and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

7. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored, without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all

other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

8. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

9. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

10. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

11. Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated, occupied territories restored, Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea, and the relations of the several Balkan States to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality, and international guarantee of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan States should be entered into.

12. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous

development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guarantees.

13. An independent Polish State should be erected, which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

14. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

In regard to these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right, we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the Governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists. We cannot be separated in interest or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end.

For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight and to continue to fight until they are achieved, but only because we wish the right to prevail, and desire a just and stable peace, such as can be secured only by removing the chief provocations to war, which this programme does remove. We have no jealousy of German greatness, and there is nothing in this programme that impairs it. We grudge her no achievement or distinction or learning or pacific enterprise, such as have made her record very bright and very enviable. We do not wish to injure her, or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade,

if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair-dealing. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world — the new world in which we now live — instead of a place of mastery.

Neither do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary, we must frankly say, and necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealings with her on our part, that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party, and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

We have spoken now, surely in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question. An evident principle runs through the whole programme I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundations, no part of the structure of international justice can stand. The peoples of the United States could act upon no other principle, and to the vindication of this principle they are ready to devote their lives, their honor, and everything that they possess.

The moral climax of this, the culminating and final war for human liberty, has come, and they are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity and devotion to the test.

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